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27. 343.

MORE MORNINGS AT BOW STREET.

'____and since you cannot see yourselves
So well as by reflection,—I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourselves
That of yourselves which yet you know not of.'

Published June 1827. by James Robins. & Co. Ivy Lane. Paternoster Row.

v S.H. 1827.

MORE MORNINGS

AT

BOW STREET.

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HUMOROUS AND ENTERTAINING REPORTS.

BY JOHN WIGHT,

OF THE MORNING HERALD.

WITH TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Your honour—it was the beer!

LONDON:.

JAMES ROBINS AND CO. IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXXVII.

343.

GENTLE READER,—

ART thou *wise?*—read this book; and thou shalt learn that there are times and seasons in which a manifestation of wisdom, is folly. Art thou *foolish?*—read this book; and thou shalt learn how small a manifestation of folly may lead thee into large troubles. Hast thou—as, indeed, is the case with most men—a *little wisdom* and a *little folly?*—read this book; and thou shalt learn to keep both the one and the other to thyself, instead of obtruding them upon other people, 'when there is no need of such vanities.' Otherwise, thou shalt be liable to manifold miseries;—*videlicet*:—the lie, given in thy throat; abrasions of the integument on the knuckles of thy right hand against the hard fore-teeth of the lie-giver; wringings of the chief ornament of thy visage, in return; the rude gripe of the watchman on thy

unoffending coat-collar, whereby he forthwith drags thee to his den; the scowling of his honour the night-constable; the throat-tearing clamours of the charge and countercharge; the hoarse command for thy being 'locked up down below;' the odour of the mouldy straw; the rattling of the rats in the darkness of thy cold damp dungeon; the pesterings of *pediculi*, localised therein; the dry parched throat, the splitting headache, the feverish skin, and the long, weary, wakeful hours thou must endure, until Master Constable has snored his morning snore, and shaved his bristly beard, and stored his stomach with coffee and its concomitants, and is ready at all points to carry thee to thy account before the magistrates, 'with all thy imperfections on thy head!' Then cometh thy broad-day-light march through the public streets—link'd with draggle-tail'd *drabs* and *divers;* escorted by the hobbling worthies of the watch, and led on by Master Constable himself, with six cups of coffee beneath

his belt, and the brass-clasp'd record of thy misdoings beneath his brawny arm; the laughter of the little boys at thy ruefulness; thy arrival at the police sweating-room, where thou shalt be stowed away, stewing amongst the 'vermin of the stews,' until his worship hath taken his seat on the bench, and thou hearest the cry of '*Night charges!*—Bring in the first book!' Then, the *public* office; the awful bench; the wide-eye'd crowd of gaping *quid nuncs;* the open-ear'd reporters, with sharp-pointed pencil in hand; the opening of the brass-clasp'd record; the announcement of thy name; the loud reading of thy registered misdeeds; the examination of witnesses in support thereof; the tittering of the aforesaid *quid nuncs;* thy unpractised and ill-managed defence; the portentous comment of the presiding magistrate—ending with, 'You must find *bail!*'—the '*This way, sir!*' of the attending gaoler—uttered with a key-clanking accompaniment; thy *locking-up* in his iron-bound

boudoir; thy callings through the key-hole for a messenger; the sending for thy tailor and thy boot-maker—to witness thy shame, look blue, and bail thee; thy shamefaced return to thy wondering family; the next morning's newspapers conveying to that wondering family, and to every corner of the land, a detail of thy disorderly doings;—then cometh the Sessions; the employing of solicitors; the retaining of counsel; the trial; the public gaze again—the laughter—the fine, the costs, and the *quod;*—from whence thou shalt not emerge to light and liberty until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.—And all this thou art called upon to do and to suffer, because, in thy folly, thou hast struck a wise man; or, in thy wisdom, hast pulled the nose of a fool!

But, peradventure, gentle reader, thou art in no danger of *watchmen* and *watch-houses*—inasmuch as thou art not given to *nocturnal* wanderings; but, be it known unto thee, that, if thou

art 'quickly moved to strike—or to strike quickly, being moved'—thou art little better than a mere *cudgel*, and art liable at all times, by day as well as by night, to be taken out of thy own management and put upon the shelf of the police.—Nay, though thou hast no pugnacious propensity whatever, but art as peaceable as a very post; yet—be it further known unto thee, there are manifold modes by which thou may'st chance to get upon the shelf abovementioned, without having struck a single blow, or pulled one solitary nose. Many of those modes are hereinafter recorded for thy edification; and should they serve no other purpose but to keep thee out of such perplexities, they will not have been recorded in vain.

It is a fact which no one need go about to controvert—because, if he does, he will not succeed—that for every *felon*, or petty larceny rogue, brought before the police magistrates, there are at least forty undoubted fools, and reputed wise men; who, 'for some trick, not

worth an egg-shell,' take up three-fourths of the time of the Court. I have, therefore, endeavoured —to the best of my poor ability—to lessen this sort of litigation by letting the litigants see themselves *veluti in speculum*, as the playhouse label has it;—by letting them *see* 'what a pretty thing a man is when he goes in his hose and doublet and leaves off his wit.' In doing this I have taken the liberty of obscuring real names—for, as 'a *rose* by any other name would smell as sweet,' so, also, will the wisdom of John Doe, or the folly of Richard Roe, be equally manifest if we call them John Nokes and Tom Styles.—And so, gentle reader, I leave thee to profit by it as time and chance may serve.

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DESIGNED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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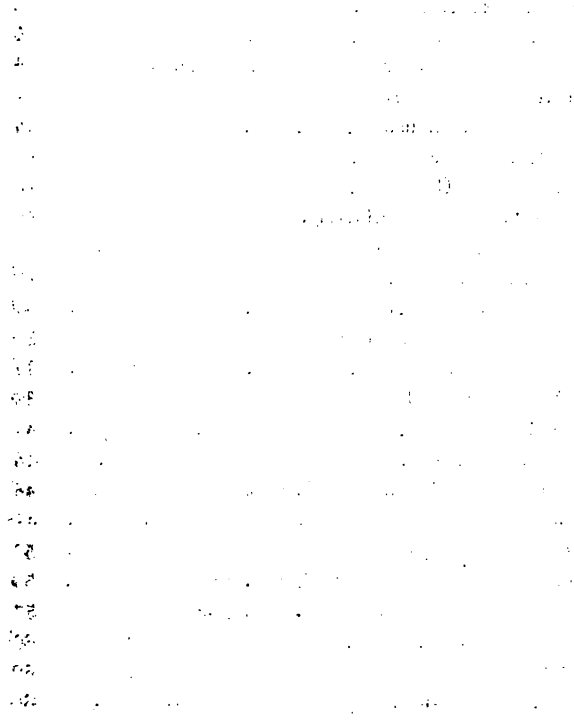

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MOVE ON, THERE!

UNLIKE LIKENESSES.

MORE MORNINGS AT BOW STREET.

UNLIKE LIKENESSES.

His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth—
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd.

Gay's Fables.

Owen Jenkins Cadwallader, Esq. a fine, tall, stout, broad-shouldered, bushy-whiskered Welshman; and one Mr. Pimpernel, a portrait painter; were brought in by a constable, who said, 'Please your worship, as I was walking along the Strand just now, I saw this big, fat gentleman (meaning Mr. Cadwallader) shove his head out of a first floor window, and shout *"murder!"* with all his might; and I saw this little gentleman (meaning Mr. Pimpernel) trying to pull the big, fat gentleman away from the window; and so, for fear they might do each other some damage, I bolted up stairs, and brought them both before your worship.'

Whilst the constable was telling his story, Mr. Cadwallader seemed dreadfully agitated and out of breath—

something after the manner of an impassioned turkey-cock; and Mr. Pimpernel, the portrait painter, was agitated too; but then his agitation manifested itself after another fashion—he was as pale and as quiet, outwardly, as a bladder full of lard; but you might see through the window of his eye that there was much anger at work within him.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the magistrate, 'what is the meaning of all this?' and in an instant, like the sudden uncorking of a couple of bottles of soda water, they began bubbling, and spirting, and fizzing forth their fury at each other, with such simultaneous vehemence, that it was impossible to report what they said, but we contrived to gather therefrom something of their affair, and that something was thus:—

A lady who had bloomed nearly fourscore summers, and who thought it would be cruel 'to lend her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy,' employed Mr. Pimpernel to paint her two portraits of herself; and after several sittings, she went to Margate, leaving Mr. Pimpernel to complete the portraits, and send them to her house in town.

Now, Mr. Owen Jenkins Cadwallader was at Margate also—whether in search of a wife, or of health, we know not; but it so happened that he saw this lady there; and, having ascertained that she was as rich as she was venerable, he right speedily fell in love with her; and, by a very easy process, they two became one. Meanwhile,

Mr. Pimpernel the portrait painter had painted the portraits, and had sent them to the lady's house, and in his opinion they were striking likenesses; but, when he applied for the money for painting them, he was told they were not at all like, and, unless they were altered, they would not be paid for. Well; Mr. Pimpernel offered to alter them—though he was well aware they would have been *more liked* had they been *less like*; and Mr. Cadwallader promised to send them back to him, but he never did send them back; and Mr. Pimpernel, weary of waiting for his money, directed his solicitor to serve Mr. Cadwallader with a copy of a writ. Mr. Cadwallader received the copy of a writ in a rage; and forthwith ordering his carriage, he, and his venerable bride, proceeded to Mr. Pimpernel's abode. Then, descending from his carriage, he left his lady love sitting all alone therein; and ascending Mr. Pimpernel's stairs, six stairs in a stride, he rushed into the room in which Mr. Pimpernel was painting, and said, 'My name is Cadwallader, and you are an infamous blackguard!' To which Mr. Pimpernel replied, 'Oh! I know you—you are the gentleman just out of *the Bench*, who went down to Margate a fortune hunting, and married a *she Methuselah!!*' Instantly Mr. Cadwallader put his hard-clenched fist against Mr. Pimpernel's countenance; and then Mrs. Pimpernel inserted her person between them, and called Mr. Cadwallader every thing but a gentleman; and then Mr. Cadwallader took Mrs. Pimpernel by the shoulders, and shook her

sorely; and then Mr. Pimpernel called to his maid servant to call a constable; and then Mr. Cadwallader popped his head out of the window, and called 'Murder!' Pestered past expression at this perverse proceeding, poor Mr. Pimpernel caught Mr. Cadwallader by the coat tail, and tried to drag him away from the window; but Mr. Cadwallader held fast, kicked out behind, and, as he kicked, he still cried 'Murder!' to the very great scandal of Mr. Pimpernel's apartments, and the wonderment of many passers-by; which scandal and wonderment the Pimpernels resolved to put a stop to as speedily as possible. So Mr. Pimpernel pulled away at Mr. Cadwallader's coat tail more vigorously than before; and Mrs. Pimpernel pulled Mr. Pimpernel; and Mrs. Pimpernel's mamma pulled Mrs. Pimpernel; and Peggy (their maiden of all work) pulled Mrs. Pimpernel's mamma—each behind each; whilst Mr. Cadwallader (still kicking out behind) endeavoured to maintain his position by seizing the window curtains; until at length, with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, 'Crash!' went the window curtains, and down tumbled the whole posse of pulling Pimpernels, bump backwards; down tumbled Owen Jenkins Cadwallader, Esquire, in the midst of the prostrate Pimpernels; and down tumbled the curtains, cranks, cornices, and clap-traps, on the top of them! Just at that awful moment in popped the constable; and having extracted Messrs. Pimpernel and Cadwallader from among the dusty draperies which enveloped them,

he brought them before the magistrate, without allowing them time even to brush their coats, or recover their breath.

And the magistrate held Mr Cadwallader to bail, to keep the peace towards Mr. Pimpernel; and Mr. Pimpernel went home triumphing.

UNLUCKY CONNELLY.

Charles Connelly was charged with having feloniously carried off a bundle of birch-brooms, from the door of a shopkeeper, in James Street, Covent Garden. He was seen to lift the brooms from the ground, place them on his shoulder, and walk away with them, as deliberately as though he had been regularly hired to the job.—'Hallo! you rascal,' said the shopkeeper's man, running after him, 'what are you going to do with them are brooms?' 'Sure, to make an honest penny of 'em where I could!' replied Mr. Connelly—'but if it isn't convenient just now, take 'em to ye again, with twenty welcomes, and I'll call some other time may be.' So saying, he threw down the brooms, and would have walked away, but the shopman, having no idea of this new mode of honest-penny-earning, gave him in charge to a beadle, who unluckily happened to be passing, and he brought Mr. Connelly before the magistrate.

Mr. Connelly is a native of Patland, and passed the first of his days, up to his ankles in *buttermilk*, on his

father's cabin t'other side Ballicasey in the County Clare. Since that, he com'd upon his travels to England, and weeded the gardens for them English, till he was fit to handle a scythe; and he handled the scythe, and did other odd jobs between whiles, until he was promoted to ramming down paving stones in the streets of London. But, as he said, though he had plenty of luck in the world, he never could get a bit of it to stick with him past two days at the longest; and now, in his forty-second year, and being six feet two inches high, and broad in proportion, he was lugged through the streets, which he had helped to pave, like a thief that had no honesty in him.—'Hear to me!' cried he, holding up both his hands, with a tattered catskin cap in one of them, and a woollen nightcap in the other—'Hear to me, yer worship, plase yer honour, while I say this to ye:—Perhaps I'm a graat blackguard at this time, else I wouldn't be brought to this *effeminate* bastely condition for a bunch of brooms at all; but I took more beer than my *belly* would hold convaniently, and by that manes some of it got into my *head*—and there it is at this time, bad luck to it! And if yer honour'll do me the laste bit of good in the world—ouply just to give me th' opportunity to get out of this:—it isn't GOD ALLMIGHTY, nor yer honour, nor all the world, nor any other jantleman, shall ever catch me lifting a *bunch of brooms* again—nor any other small matter at all!'

'I'll tell you what I will do for you,' replied his wor-

ship; 'as the owner of the property is not now present, I will send you to gaol until next Saturday; and then, if he chooses to prosecute, I will commit you for trial.'

'Long life to yer honour!' rejoined Mr. Connelly, 'for ye've the staff in yer own hands, and ye'll do what you like to me—ounly I think ye might just be letting me slip through this trifle without axing anybody's lave about it;—to disgrace me before my countrymen for a bunch of brooms—and *Easter* coming on shortly!'

'Aye, good bye t'ye, friend—I shall see you again on Saturday,' said the magistrate.

'And I hope, then, I shall see yer honour in good health!' responded poor Mr. Connelly—putting his night-cap of many colours upon his head, and following the gaoler to his strong-hold, in all the comfortable confidence of Irish hope.

And his Irish hope was not disappointed; for that very same night he was allowed to go at large on his word of honour—'*honour bright*,' that he would appear again at twelve o'clock on the following Saturday and be prosecuted—should the broom man think proper to proceed. He kept his word punctually—to his honour be it written; and his honour, and his eloquence together, made such a favourable impression on the broom man, that he declined the prosecution; and Mr. Connelly was consequently discharged.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY; OR, A TRIP TO THE REVIEW.

——— Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia
Contend with Cæsars and with Cannibals?
Ancient Pistol.

THIS was a case of assault and battery alleged to have been committed by Mr. John Waite upon the person of Mr. Samuel Pummel and others.

The parties, as the magistrate remarked, appeared to be strangely misnamed; for Mr. *Waite* was a tall, stern, stalwart, grizzly-whiskered, fiery personage, who looked as though he would rather *pummel* a man to powder than *wait* a moment for him; and Mr. *Pummel*, on the contrary, was a small-made, mild-spoken, fair-faced, cool-tempered youth, who would rather *wait* for ever than *pummel* any man.

It seems that Mr. Pummel, allured by his love of novelty and spectacle, determined on being present at Hounslow Heath in the summer of 1823, when the household troops were washed and reviewed by St. Swithin and the Duke of York; and, like a good young man, he also determined that his sister Harriet should share his amusement. He therefore put horse to whiskey, and away they went, rejoicing in the sunshine of the morning and the fresh loveliness of the trees, and the hedges, and the

honeysuckles, and the sweet smell of the hay-fields; as gallant, and gay, and full of life as a pair of young butterflies.

It seems further that Mr. Waite also went to the Review; not altogether for amusement, but as a matter of business as well as pleasure—he being military sutler and keeper of the Canteen in the Regent's Barracks—a ponderous purveyor of *heavy wet* and *blue ruin* to the Royal Horse Guards Blue. In this capacity, he first sent off a waggon-load of eatables and drinkables for the troops, and then took the road in a tilbury himself, with his thrice-feathered wife by the side of him—quite *a la swell*, and '*who but us*'-ish.

Well, both parties reached the Heath in safety, and every thing looked immensely brilliant. There were lots of satin-clad ladies, reposing in long lines of glittering open landaulets and barouches, their white plumes gently waving in the breeze beneath a canopy of many-coloured parasols. There were crowds upon crowds of horsemen and footmen;—gallant cavaliers, and cantering cockneys, and merry mechanics, and hearty agriculturists; gipsies and ginger beer, and tents and trenchers, and flags and fiddles—prigs, pugilists, imperial pop, and police officers; with *humming bub* and *chilly grub* of all sorts;—a conglomerative concatenation of comforts and comicalities quite pleasing to Mr. Pummel and his pretty sister. And it was equally pleasing to Mr. Waite and his spouse, who confidently calculated on a rare run upon their refectory.

By and by the Duke of York began to review the troops, and almost at the same moment St. Swithin—as if offended at the thunder of the cannon that announced the approach of the Royal Duke—popped his great watery head above the fir-trees in the distance, and began spouting away with all his might, till he made the Heath like one great shower-bath. There was nothing for it, however, but to 'grin and abide it,' as Mr. Pummel said; and so the Duke went on with reviewing the troops, and Saint Swithin went on with washing them; and as fast as he washed them on the outside, Mr. Waite washed them within—with his heavy wet; and the cannon roared, and the smoke rolled along the ground like waves of the sea, and the *aide-de-camps* galloped through it as if it had been —nothing at all; and the heavy troops charged quite *prodigious*, as the 'Courier' said; and the alacrity of the light troops was quite *amazing*, as the same journal said; and the captains and the generals shouted amidst the smoke and the water: and the trumpeters blew till they almost split their cheeks with blowing; and the kettle-drums couldn't sound much because of the wet; and Mr. Pummel, and his sister, and all the other folks (that could not get to shelter) stood huddling together and looking on for nearly three hours—until they absolutely smoked again with warmth, wet, and wonderment, and wishing it was all over.

At length it was all over; and Mr. Pummel, though somewhat disappointed that St. Swithin should take the

shine out of the thing by throwing a wet blanket over it, as it were, was nevertheless pretty considerably amused; and though he and Miss Pummel were completely saturated, they prudently and patiently determined not to go off the heath with the first rush, for fear of accidents, but to wait till the press was in some degree over—nay, he even suffered the troops to pass by before him, and derived an additional amusement in observing the pipe-clay streaming from their accoutrements over their blue jackets and rusty cuirasses, and in calculating how many gallons of water each man might carry away in his jack-boots. Whilst he was thus waiting, he saw a little boy of his acquaintance who had lost his party, and he very kindly took him up into his gig to give him a lift towards town. Presently, perceiving the coast tolerably clear, he moved on, and fell into a line of carriages which was gently leaving the heath. Other carriages closed in behind him, and they went along in excellent order. But in a minute or two up comes Mr. Waite in his whiskey; and, without waiting for his turn, he endeavoured to cut Mr. Pummel out of the line, by cutting into it himself. Mr. Pummel declined to be so cut out, and kept his horse's head close to the carriage preceding him. 'If you don't stop, I'll knock you out of your gig!' exclaimed the impatient and fiery Mr. Waite, with a face as red as a turkey-cock's—every drop of rain *fizzing* upon it as it fell. Mr. Pummel did not stop; indeed Mr. Waite would not wait for his so doing, even had he been inclined, but began flogging away at him with his

whip, and he flogged and flogged till the lash broke off. He then began pummelling away with the butt-end of it upon poor Mr. Pummel's head and shoulders;—nor did he confine his blows to poor Mr. Pummel alone, but he pummelled away at the whole party till Miss Pummel's bonnet was battered to pieces, and she fell fainting in the bottom of the gig with one of her front teeth nearly knocked out! The by-standers now interfered, and, whilst some of them forced his broken whip from his hand, Mr. Pummel demanded his name and address: but he, d——g every body, refused to give it; until finding he was known by some person in the crowd, he cried out, 'My name's Waite, and I'm always to be found at the Canteen, in the Regent's Barracks, and be d——d to you!' He was then suffered to go on: Miss Pummel, a very delicate girl of fifteen, was carried in a state of insensibility to the cavalry barracks on the heath; and, it was not until she had received medical assistance, and after a lapse of several hours, that she was able to proceed to town.

The gallant suttler, in reply to all this, assured the magistrate that there was not a word of truth in it.—He had served his Majesty nearly twenty years, and was not ashamed to own it!—'The fact was as this'!—he was not going to be kept waiting in the rain by gentlemen who didn't understand driving, and so he gave the word—'Stop—or take the consequence!' Whereby the gentleman got his wheel locked in his wheel, and then began to

whip him and his wife. He did not like that, for he'd go through fire and water for his wife; and so he whipp'd again; and if the gentleman got a little the worst of it—why it was the gentleman's own fault. He was sorry the lady was hurt in the scuffle, but he did not *intend* to hurt her, and he was willing to make her any reasonable recompense. He had plenty of witnesses at *Windsor* to prove that the gentleman struck him first, and the dents in his hat would show that he had come in for his share of the thumps.

Mrs. Waite corroborated her husband's statement, and said she was sorry to say the young folks had sadly forsworn themselves.

The magistrate, in pronouncing his judgment, said he had it on the oaths of four respectable witnesses that Mr. Waite was the first aggressor, and the conduct attributed to him was certainly not only violent in the extreme, but most unmanly. He could not have believed it possible that a man who had been a soldier, and was still connected with the army, could have so far forgotten himself as to beat an unoffending young woman.

The valiant suttler was then held to bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions; but we believe he made his peace with the Pummel's without appearing there.

"Anger," saith the adage, "maketh a man blind;" and therefore it is possible Mr. Waite did not see the young woman; a possibility the more likely, as he is said to be a very good sort of man.

LEATHERING *versus* LOVE.

But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally,
For she's the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley. *Old Song.*

Mr. Christopher Bright was brought up on an assault warrant, charged with having inflicted divers blows and bruises on the person of Mr. Theophilus Macdonald; or, in Mr. Theophilus Macdonald's own words, with *leathering* him.

Mr. Theophilus Macdonald, a youthful tailor, of very diminutive dimensions, had fallen in love with Miss Sally Bumstead—own sister to Mr. Christopher Bright's reputed spouse, and residing with them in a 'two-pair back,' in Bell Yard, Temple Bar. Now Mr. Theophilus Macdonald had been paying honourable court to Miss Sally Bumstead for nearly six months last past; but his courtship had given great offence to Mr. Christopher Bright—so great, indeed, that Mr. Theophilus Macdonald hardly ever went a courting to Miss Sally Bumstead that Mr. Christopher Bright did not send him away with boxed ears, or blacked eyes, or punched ribs, or some other bodily damage. Nevertheless, Mr. Theophilus Macdonald still continued to go a courting to Miss Sally Bumstead, for, uncomfortable as were the boxings, and blackings, and punchings, and leatherings aforesaid to his outward man, he had that within him which made them mere trifles. So, like the lover of other days, 'he let him

bang his belly full, and bore it all for Sally,' until Mr. Christopher Bright threatened to be the *death* of him; and then, as he said, he thought it high time to get the magistrate to put a stop to Mr. Christopher Bright.

Mr. Bright had nothing to say in his defence, except that Mr. Theophilus Macdonald carried a knife in his pocket for the avowed purpose of doing him some awful mischief. But as this was stoutly denied on the other side, and Mr. Bright had no proof of it, the magistrate ordered him to find bail to keep the peace.

In the next moment, as Mr. Theophilus Macdonald was walking away in triumph, a loud *smack* was heard at the lower end of the office.

'What is that?' said his worship, and he was instantly informed that it was Mr. Christopher Bright's reputed spouse boxing Mr. Theophilus Macdonald's ears. Whereupon his worship ordered her to be brought forward, and, not denying the fact, she also was ordered to find bail. So they locked her up with her reputed husband, and Mr. Theophilus Macdonald departed in peace.

BOTHERING THE CAUSE.

Messrs. Peter O'Rafferty and Andrew Sinnot, a couple of full-bodied Irish shoe-makers, were charged by Dennis Regan, an Irish watchman, who deposed that he found them at two o'clock that same morning in St. Martin's Lane, 'bothering the cause, and hating each other mightily.'

Mr. Peter O'Rafferty undertook to be spokesman for the defence, and, in so doing, he manifested a singular facility at *'bothering the cause.'* 'Sure enough, your worship,' said he, 'its all very true, we disagreed about a bit of a disagrievance between us, and so was *gooing* to settle it upon the street* of *coorse;* but the indifference of the consequence is nothing to the purpose, for we didn't think of offending nobody—past, present, or future, in the notion at all—letting alone our two selves may be; which is as much as to say, please your worship, "here we are as good friends as ever, and likely to continue—the beer and the *ould* one permitting." But that says nothing at all of *coorse;* and, if I might be allowed to express my opinion upon the point in consequence, I should say there isn't much the matter nor wasn't—barrin the watchman's duty, and that we obeyed in all points like honest men and good shoe-makers; but if he has anything indifferent to bring *forrut* upon the cause, that's another point, of *coorse*, and I am ready to answer it any shape.'

Mr. Andrew Sinnot was so satisfied with Mr. Peter O'Rafferty's oratory that he did not think it necessary to say anything; and, as Mr. Dennis Regan had nothing further to say in aggravation, they were both discharged upon payment of their fees; Mr. Peter O'Rafferty observing to his friend as they left the room, 'By me soul! Andrew, but there's two pots a-piece, and the *baccah*, the less for it this day, of *coorse*—bad luck to it!'

* To fight it out upon the spot.

A LATE CHARACTER.

My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations? They portend *choler*, if rightly taken. *Bardolph.*

A LAW-WRITER, from the neighbourhood of Clement's Inn—an elderly, well-clad man, of a dignified carriage, embossed countenance, and somewhat dictatorial delivery, was charged by Izzed Fare, a very ancient and quiet watchman of St. Clement's parish, with having been extremely disorderly at half-past three o'clock in the morning. 'There were three or four of 'em, your worship,' said Mr. Izzed Fare, 'all jawing and contending together desperately, and by that means making noise enough to wake a whole parish of people, let 'em be ever so fast asleep; which I told them to be quiet, and get along home; and they did go off, decent enough, all but this here Mr. Law-writer; for, instead of his minding what I said, he called to the others to come back again—"Here! come back," says he, "come back, and I'll *garhanty** you against the old rascal!" and accordingly I thought it my duty to take him to the watch-house for it.'

'For *it*!—for what?' asked his worship—'what do you call *it*? I have not heard, yet, that he did any thing worthy of imprisonment.'

'Why, for jawing† and contending, and making a

* Guarantee.

† *Jawing*—the extending and contracting of the jaws declamatorily,

noise and bother in the streets at after three o'clock in the morning, your worship,' replied the guardian of the night.

'Your worship,' said the law-writer, 'this is another instance of the overweening propensity in these fellows to exercise a rigour beyond the law.* I was within two doors of my own house, where I have lived in repute and respectability these twenty years, and yet he would not permit me to proceed thither.'

'Half-past three o'clock in the morning is a rather unseasonable hour for a respectable man to be disputing in the streets,' observed the magistrate, interrupting him.

'True, it is, your worship,' said the writer of the law, 'but I had been in the city, with some friends, and I could easily account for my time. But the fact is, these fellows have a dislike to me, because I have often interfered to prevent their iniquitous overstraining of their authority; and, as I mean to meet this matter at the Sessions, I shall forbear to trouble your worship with any further remark—I shall carry my character to the Sessions, and see if this man will dare to meet me there.'

'Dare!' responded Mr. Izzed Fare, 'I dare meet you anywhere, Mr. Thingummy; for you are one of the most troublesomest persons going, and well known to all the parish as a *late* character!'

* It is a lamentable fact that watchmen are so ill paid by the parishes, as to be tempted to provoke disorder for purposes of profit—or rather for the purpose of eking out a subsistence.

The law-writer, upon hearing this, became exceeding wroth—for indeed his face did bear certain *Bardolphian* tokens of late hours, and 'healths five fathoms deep;' and to have the cause of such a countenance publicly alluded to in this manner was enough to anger the most sober grog-bibber that ever tossed tumbler over lip. He, therefore, told the audacious Mr. Izzed Fare that he should make it his business to sift *his* character to the bottom, and lay the result before the parish board forthwith. But the sturdy Izzed, nothing daunted by this threat, replied, 'My character will bear sifting a good deal better than some folks's—I can have a good character from many of the first gentlemen in the parish, Mr. Thingummy; and I don't *vally* your threat—no, not *that* !'—snapping his stout old horny thumb and finger in token of defiance.

The glowing writer of the law was about to put in a rejoinder, but the magistrates put an end to the matter altogether, by saying, 'The watchman bears an excellent character with the parish officers, and the late hour at which you and your friends were up, in some measure corroborates his statement; but, as there does not seem to have been any great disorder committed, you are *discharged*. And let me advise you to leave the inspecting of the watch, in future, to those persons who are properly authorised so to do.'

SIMPSON AND CO.

One good turn deserves another.

Old Proverb.

Mr. Dennis O'Brien, an Irish tailor—or *teeler*, as he was genteelly pleased to pronounce it—was charged with having knocked down one Mr. Cornelius Simpson, without the consent of the said Simpson being first had and obtained.

Mr. Simpson is a first floor lodger in the house of a Mr. Smith, in Bedfordbury; and Mr. Dennis O'Brien is a lodger's lodger on the second floor of the same house. On Sunday forenoon, Mr. Dennis O'Brien was kicking up a great dust with the lodger, in whose lodging he lodged, about the loan of a clean shirt, or some such matter; and the other lodgers in the house, 'not liking a dust on a Sunday morning,' desired Mr. Dennis O'Brien to desist; but he, like a valiant tailor, scorned to be put down by word of mouth, and therefore they put him down by deed of arm; though without doing him any harm worth speaking of.—'Now, with all this,' said Mr. Simpson, 'I had nothing at all to do—I did not interfere with it either one way or the other, nor did I even go out of my own room; and yet, when Mr. Dennis O'Brien met me on the landing place after it was all over, he cried, "You are the man who struck me!"—and then, without saying

with your leave, or by your leave, or anything at all of the sort, he ups with his fist and knocks me down!'

Mr. Dennis O'Brien, in reply, assured the magistrate that this was not true. 'There was Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Smith, the landlord, and eight or nine more of them,' he said, 'came tumbling up stairs in *partnership*, and got me down, and tried their best to break my bones, and what satisfaction would I get if they did that, your worship? Mr. Simpson was in the Co. that I can swear with a clean conscience; and I can almost swear he was the man that give me the first punch in my *stummick*—saving your worship's presence. At all events, Mr. Smith, the landlord, had no business to be bringing up his forces to my room;—for you know, Mr. Smith,' added he, turning to that gentleman—'you know *when you took a knife to cut your wife's throat*, last Saturday week, I did not interfere between ye at all!'

Mr. Smith was very much scandalized at this singular appeal, and assured the magistrate he never dreamt of doing any such thing as cutting his wife's throat, in which assurance he was joined by his lodgers—though how they could tell what he had dreamt did not exactly appear. However, it had nothing to do with the matter at issue, and as Mr. Dennis O'Brien's assault upon Mr. Simpson was completely proved, Mr. Dennis O'Brien was ordered to find bail.

THREE MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
Tam O'Shanter.

William and Mary Warden, a newly-married couple, came voluntarily before the magistrate—Mary to complain of William, and William to complain of Mary; but Mary seemed to have the most cause to complain, for, though Nature had given her a pair of very fine black eyes, William, in his waywardness, had made their *lids* of the same colour—and that, too, by no very gentle operation—an operation which would lead one to believe that he considered the *wedding* ring as a symbol of the ring *pugilistic*. Be this as it may, however, we shall state their case for the benefit of the newly-married public in general.

William was in his twenty-third year, and Mary in her nineteenth; they had been married just three months; it was altogether a love match; Poverty had not peeped in at their door, and yet Love had already flown out through their window. And why had he so soon deserted them? Mary attributed his flight to William's excessive thirstiness; and William ascribed it to Mary's love of money—

which, as he very truly observed, is the root of all evil. Mary said William was cruel enough to strike her because she told him of remaining so long at the public-house. William, on the contrary, said Mary was of such a *desperate* bad temper, that she was continually bumping him about from chair to chair, and boxing his ears whenever he came home—not because he *spent* too much money, but because he did not *get* enough: she wanted him to live upon water-gruel, in order that they might become rich; and he wanted to enjoy the good things of this world as fast as they came to hand—'For,' said he, '*dum wivimus vivamus* is my motto!' Mary admitted she was not *particklar* good-tempered; and William admitted that he was ashamed of having struck Mary—'For,' said he, 'I love her as well or better than ever I did, and I shouldn't have *towell'd* her if she hadn't tempted me to it!' 'And pray how did she tempt you?' said the magistrate. 'Why, by boxing my ears,' replied William, 'and telling me I daren't hit her again.'

It was evident to their worships that there were faults on both sides. It was clear to them that Mary had thought to find her husband all perfection—or, at all events, that she was determined to make him so; and it was equally clear that, however William might love his wife, he had still some love to spare for an occasional jollification from home—that, in short, he could at *one time* sing—

When the heart of a man is *oppress'd* with *care*,
The *mist* is dispell'd if a woman appear.

And at another—

When the heart of a man is *plated* with *beer*,
The *bliss* is dispell'd should his *spouse* appear.

But of this jovial *penchant* they thought he might be cured, if his wife would give him soft words instead of boxing his ears; and, after recommending him to spend his *beer-money* at home instead of abroad, and censuring him severely for striking his wife, they seriously advised them to shake hands in kindness, and try each other for three months longer.

They shook hands accordingly, and left the office arm-in-arm, apparently very well satisfied with what had been done for them.

A CONFOUNDED WET-NURSE.

You baggage! I'll let you know the distance between a low-bred woman and a captain cap-a-pie. *Old Play.*

A PRETTY little young woman, named Betty Hamilton, complained that she had just been very ungallantly kicked by a certain gallant captain. The magistrate could scarcely believe it possible, but Betty Hamilton swore it was true, and so a warrant was issued against the ungallant gallant captain—for gallant he certainly is, however deficient in gallantry he may be; and as to his name, we had rather not mention it; because it is possible he may have repented him of the evil, and because the publication of his name might inflict a more lasting punishment than his offence would seem to call for. Let it suffice, therefore, that he is a beloved husband, of very gentlemanly exterior, and at least six feet high.

At the evening sitting of the magistrate the gallant captain was brought up in custody; and he came attended by his lady, his solicitor, and his friend. Betty Hamilton also came, attended by a decent matron, as her witness; and, according to their statement, it appeared that the captain had condescended to *kick* under the following circumstances:—

The captain's lady was in want of a wet-nurse lately; Betty Hamilton, though a spinster, had unfortunately be-

come qualified for such a situation; the captain and his lady engaged her, at a stipulated salary; and she entered upon the delicate duties of her office with an express understanding that she was to have a month's wages, or a month's warning. But she soon found that the captain's little one had a larger appetite than she had anticipated; the very first night she was called up three different times to administer to his unconscionable cravings; his mouth was always open, like a young sparrow's—except when he closed it to pinch her most unmercifully; and because she complained of these things the captain discharged her the very next morning without her month's wages. Betty Hamilton was of opinion that this was very uncaptain-like conduct, and therefore she forthwith sued the captain in the Court of Requests for what she considered her just rights—viz. a month's wages. Furnished with a summons for his appearance to answer her complaint in that court, she went to his house to serve it upon him, and, with her own little pledge of love in her arms, she knocked at his door. The door was opened by the captain himself; Betty tendered him the summons; the captain untenderly dashed it from her hand, and banged the door in her face; Betty picked up the insulted summons from the pavement, and again applied to the knocker, or the bell—she did not exactly know which; and the gallant captain once more opened the door, and, *sans ceremonie*, kicked Betty off the steps!—and with such a vengeance did he kick, that her poor little innocent

bantling was thrown from her arms upon the hard pavement.

The gallant captain stood before the bench, with his lady hanging on his arm, listening to this statement with great composure; and when Betty had said her say, and her witness had substantiated all that related to the kicking, he requested to be sworn before he began his reply. The magistrate told him, it was not the practice to swear a defendant; and, therefore, he began his defence without swearing, by declaring that Betty's statement was entirely false. He then went into a very minute history of the trouble he and his lady had endured in seeking for a wet-nurse—describing the lying-in hospitals they had applied to; the addresses of different wet-nurses they had obtained in consequence; the journeyings to and fro, after the said wet-nurses; their difficulty in finding a suitable one; and their eventually engaging Betty—though not perfectly satisfied as to her capabilities. Then, as to the terms of her engagement, he declared that, in consequence of her supposed incapabilities, he made it an express stipulation that she should leave at a moment's notice, provided she was not found suitable—not a syllable being said about 'a month's wages or a month's warning.' She came at ten o'clock at night to enter upon her situation, and gave herself airs innumerable—pretending that the child was too strong for her, and refusing to administer a sufficient supply, though in fact it was a remarkably weakly child; and, therefore, as she either was not, or would not be, suitable for the situation

she had undertaken, he discharged her on the following day—giving her two shillings to pay her coach hire back to the place from whence she came, and three shillings for the time she had been in his service, which was after the rate of twenty-five pounds per annum, the salary agreed upon between them. To his very great surprise, however, he received a lawyer's letter, a few days afterwards, claiming *six months*' wages. This letter he referred to his own solicitor, and he heard no more of that claim, or of Betty herself, until the day of the falsely alleged assault; when, as he was sitting in his drawing-room, he heard the door bell ring violently; and somebody said—'Here is that *confounded wet-nurse* come again!' He went to the door, a good deal annoyed of course; and she very rudely offered him a piece of paper, which he refused to take——

'There you were wrong, captain,' said the magistrate. 'It was a legal instrument, legally offered; and if you had taken it quietly, as you ought to have done, you would not have had the trouble of coming here.'

The captain replied that he refused to take it because he did not know what it was; and he then went on to say, that upon his refusing to take the summons, and telling her to go about her business or he would send for a constable to remove her, he had no sooner closed the door than she rang the bell four times, each time more furiously than the last. This was extremely annoying; and, again opening the door, he placed his foot against her person, and thrust her from the steps, but most un-

questionably he did not hit her; and as to her child falling from her arms, that was utterly false.

The magistrate listened to these conflicting statements with infinite patience, and having once more told the captain he was wrong in not receiving the summons, he directed Betty to serve it upon him then, which she did, *instanter*, without waiting for a second bidding; and then his worship directed the captain to find bail for the assault, at the same time observing that he did not understand the distinction between a thrust with the foot, and a kick.

Bail was immediately put in, and the parties withdrew to meet again—first, in the Court of Requests, about the wages; and then in the Sessions' House, about the assault.

PAYING FOR APPEARANCES.

A SPRUCE young fellow was charged by the keeper of an eating house with refusing to pay the proper price for a dinner he had that moment eaten.—The dispenser of victual demanded eightcepence, as the regular and established price of such a dinner as the one in question; but the young man contended that the regular price was but twelvepence; and, refusing to pay more, the cook handed him over to a constable, who brought him before the magistrate with such haste that he had not leisure to remove certain indications of boiled cabbage and mustard from the corners of his mouth.

The magistrate, having heard what each party had to

sby, told the young man he ought to pay the cook's demand; and, if he did not like such *high* prices, he should have dined at a less expensive house.—Whereupon the young man took out his money, and slowly counted it down upon the table, penny by penny, saying as he did so—'Ay, this comes of wearing my best clothes on a week day!—Because I had a new hat upon my head, and a good coat upon my back, they must bring my meat upon a *blue* plate, instead of a *white* one, and then charge me sixpence more for it, and be hang'd to 'em!'

CLASSICAL RECREATION.

An *ancient* way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting.
Butler.

A LITTLE, dirty, ragged, rough, old man, was brought before the magistrate at the instance of Dr. Butler, head master of Harrow School, the Reverend Mark Drury, one of the under masters, and Colonel Clitheroe, a magistrate of the county of Middlesex.

It appeared by the evidence of Colonel Clitheroe, and others, that great annoyance had been caused to the respectable inhabitants of Harrow and its vicinity by the young *gentlemen* of the school *recreating* themselves with *bear-baiting*; and that the prisoner was mainly conducive to the said annoyances by providing bears for the said young gentlemen to bait. It appeared further, that

the prisoner had been repeatedly forewarned by the magistrates, on pain of imprisonment, not to bring any more bears there; and that, upon being so forewarned, he promised, *upon his word of honour*, never to offend in like manner in future; but that nevertheless he again made his appearance there with a large bear, and great tumult and disorder did consequently ensue. Lastly, it appeared that the prisoner, not having the fear of the Vagrant Act before his eyes, was an incorrigible offender in the like practices, and so had been from his youth up.

Evidence of all these facts having been given, his worship called upon the prisoner for his name, his residence, and his defence; and he replied thus:—'Tummus Arrowsmith; thirty years standing in one house in St. George's Fields, and never did nothing but upright and downright between one man and another—Lord love you, gentlemen! and I hopes you'll be *mussiful* to me, for I'm an old man, and, by gosh, I was *lugg'd* into this here scrape clean against my conscience!'

'That is,' said Colonel Clitheroe, interrupting him, 'your conscience was not proof against the *two guineas* which had been promised you?'

'Nah! not for the matter o' that, your worship,' replied Tummus Arrowsmith, 'but the schollards tode me the doctor had gin 'em leave to have their *arternoon's diversion* that once; and they on'y wanted to *try on* a little *teeny tarrier* or two;—else, by gosh! I wouldn't ha' gone! And they tode me, besides, as me and the bear

should ha' plenty o' good wittles and drink; but instead of that we didn't get nor neither of it; and if I'd ha' known there'd ha' been such a rumpus as this here about it, I'd ha' seen the two guineas *hang'd* afore I'd ha' look'd at 'em! Be mussiful—do gentlemen—God bless you!—for the *schollards* am more to blame than me; and I were never brought afore your worships afore, not for nothing. Be mussiful for once, now—there's good gentlemen!'

Poor Tumsnus Arrowsmith's oratory was all thrown away upon their worships, for they committed him to the House of Correction as 'a rogue and vagabond—to wit a *bear-ward*;' there to abide the order of the magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled; and what became of him afterwards this deponent knoweth not.

GENTLEMEN AND THEIR PRIVILEGES.

——— Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? *Ancient Pistol.*

A PAIR of young 'life' inspired exquisites, whose names are of no importance to any body, were brought up from the subterranean apartments of Covent Garden watch-house—of which dreary abode they were sole inmates for the night—charged with having assaulted one Mr. Seaman, a sober, sedate, middle-aged tradesman.

One of the prisoners was a very delicate and pretty youth, with a superabundant spider-brush crop of bright yellow hair. He said he was from the Vale of Keswick, in Cumberland, a native of that delightful district, and he had recently left its lakes and its romantic mountains on a visit to the metropolis. His companion in misfortune was a tall swarthy-complexioned youth, of rather a forbidding and judge-like aspect. He said he was of the law,—articled to the law, and resident in London. They both seemed perfectly at their ease, and bore themselves superbly, as though utterly careless of the issue.

Mr. Seaman deposed, that as he and a friend were passing along King Street, on their way home, between one and two o'clock in the morning, they were met by

the prisoners; who rudely and wantonly *shoved* them off the footpath. His friend turned round and asked the youthful swaggerers why they did this—at the same time expressing his opinion, that they could not be 'gentlemen,' or they would not have acted so ungenteelly. In the next moment his friend was floored, and what became of him he knew not, for he himself was so belaboured by the enraged gentlemen, that, for nearly ten minutes, he scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels. He called aloud for the assistance of the watch, and, with some trouble, the gentlemen were carried to the watch-house.

The gentlemen entered upon their defence somewhat simultaneously, so that it was difficult to follow it exactly; but, as well as we could collect it, it was thus:—The yellow-haired Palemon of the Lakes said he was not aware of having pushed against those persons; whose conduct he thought was very impertinent, when directed towards gentlemen—

'Yes,' said the dark brown clerk of the law—'Yes, to be told we are not gentlemen!'

'You must be aware, sir,' said the laker, 'that is, I dare say you will readily admit, that gentlemen are not to —that is, the privileges of a gentleman are—'

'To be told we are not gentlemen,' chimed in the lawyer—

'Is most obnoxious to the privileges of a gentleman,' added he of the lakes.

And in this manner they went on, continually interrupting and eking out each other's sentences, till they were both interrupted by the magistrate, who observed that he had always understood it to be one of the distinguishing traits of a gentleman to be ready to apologize civilly for any offence he might have unintentionally committed.

The young lawyer replied again, 'Yes, sir, but when we were told to our faces that we were not *gentlemen*—what could we do?'

'Any thing,' rejoined his worship, 'any thing except proving the truth of the accusation, by acting like *blackguards!*'

There was another charge against them by the watchman, whom the laker knocked down because he would not let him sit upon the table in the watch-house.

The laker, in reply to this charge, contended that it was one of the privileges of a gentleman to *sit* upon a table if he chose—or, at all events, being once seated on a table, he was not to be got off it unless solicited respectfully.

The magistrate was of a different opinion, and they were ordered to find bail upon both charges.

AN UNTAMED SHREW.

One Mrs. Mary Scarsfield was brought before the magistrate by a constable, who deposed that he found her bestriding her prostrate husband, and trying, with all her might, to choke him!

Mrs. Scarsfield had something so very termagantish in her appearance, that it was evident to every body she would consider the choking of half-a-dozen husbands a mere trifle. Her age might be about forty-five; her person was tall, and very lean; her skin was like wet parchment; her mouth wide, her lips blue and shrivelled, her nose flat, her eyes bloodshot, and almost as prominent as a lobster's;—and there she stood, with folded arms, and scowling brows, in *full-proof* scorn of the event—

> —— A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every fury seem'd to set her seal,
> To give the world *assurance* of a *shrew*.

Her husband, Mr. Scarsfield, was quite as meagre in person as herself, but he appeared to be a very harmless sort of fellow; and, poor man, he seemed sadly moiled with his matrimonial miseries.

He had been wedded to Mrs. Scarsfield twenty-six years, he said, and it was God's mercy that she had not utterly destroyed him long ago. Instead of loving him, and honouring, and obeying him, as in duty bound, she ruled him with a rod of iron, drank him out of house and home, kept him always poor, and made his life so miserable, that at one time he went into the army as a common soldier, in the hope that "some friendly ball" would put an end to his troubles and his life together.

The magistrate desired him to confine himself to the affray which had brought them before him.

"Your worship," said he, "I was sitting by the fire with

my wife, talking tolerably quiet, and at last, about ten o'clock, "Mary," said I; "I'll go to bed;" she made no reply, and I went to bed; and whatever possessed her, I know no more than the child unborn, but I hadn't been in bed many minutes before she rushed into the room, and pulled me, bed, bedstead, and all, slap into the middle of the floor! Lord bless you, sir! chairs, tables, pokers, fenders, fire shovels—nothing came amiss to her! She heaped them upon me like fury; and, as soon as I could disentangle myself from them, she flew at me, tore my shirt off my back, and there was I scampering about stark-naked—saving your worship's presence—and she smacking me round and round the room with a fire shovel. Only think, your worship, of being *smacked* with a *fire shovel!* Would any *good* wife do that, I should like to know? I cried murder! and, the neighbours coming tumbling in, she was stopped in her career, and I got some of them to sit up with me all night for fear of her.'

The poor man was so oppressed with his recollections of that horrible night that he could get no further. He continued to hold up the tattered remnants of his shirt, reduced to a mere shred, and to dwell upon the shocking details of the fire shovel operation; so that, after all, it was left to other witnesses to describe the affair which brought them before the magistrate.

By the testimony of these persons it appeared that she had spent the whole of that day in what she called *looking up* her husband, but which was, in fact, raising a riot about the house of his employer; and that upon her hus-

hand earnestly requesting her to go home, she seized him by his neckcloth, threw him on the floor, and would have strangled him had he not been extricated from her grasp by the united strength of three or four men.

Mrs. Scarsfield had nothing to say in her defence, except that her husband was an idle fellow, and wanted 'looking up,' and that he beat *her* as often as she beat *him*.

The magistrate ordered that she should find bail to keep the peace, and, in default, she was committed to prison.

As the officers were taking her away her half-relenting husband offered her some silver. 'Here, Mary, love!' said he, 'put this money in your pocket—may be you'll want it.' 'You be d——d, and your money too!' replied *Mary, love!* and, snapping her fingers in his face, she passed on to her cell.

A SAILOR 'HARD UP.'

> And he began to eye his pipe,
> And then to pipe his eye.
>
> *Sally Brown.*

James Hackett, a weather-beaten little fellow in a sailor's dress, was charged with having stolen an old ink-glass, and a small superannuated handle-less table bell, from a jeweller's shop in Long Acre. He was seen to walk deliberately into the shop, take the bell and the ink-glass from the desk, and walk out again with them as deliberately as he had walked in.

When first brought into the office he seemed in a very

'de'il-me'-care' sort of humour; but when he was placed at the bar, and the witnesses began to give their evidence, he began to whimper—squeezing the tears out one by one, screwing up his visage, and shaking them off as they oozed, and every now and then muttering '*Hard up* at last!'

When the witnesses had said all they had to say, the magistrate roused him from his lachrymose—and therefore rather unsailor-like reverie—by asking him what he had to say for himself? Upon which he left off piping his eye, and opened a thundering defensive broadside something after this fashion:—'Do I look like a thief?—Let any man here present—merchant's mate, captain, or commander, overhaul me, and see whether I'm a thief or a sailor! and if he says *thief*, I say he's a liar! I'm no thief, your honour, that's flat. I was born and bred a sailor—served my time in Waterford, and belonged to the admiral's barge at the taking of Washington. After that, we went and took St. Mary's; and see here, your honour, here's a precious thump I got in taking her!'

As he said this he stripped up his sleeve, and showed a large scar upon his well-tattooed wrist.

The magistrate told him all this might be very true—'But,' said his worship, 'what has it to do with your stealing this bell and this ink-stand?'

'Shiver me! if I knows any thing about bells and ink-pots,' he replied. 'I met Sir George Cockburn coming across the Park, yonder, yesterday; and "Jem Hackett,"

says the admiral to me, says he, "it won't do for you to be rolling about the world doing nothing in this way," says he; "here's eight shillings for you," says he; "go down to Somerset House, James," says he, "and get an order to go aboard the tender." "Thank your honour, and I will," says I to the admiral, again; and after that I meets Bob Grimes, and some more shipmates, and we turn'd-to for a drink, and we were hard-a-weather for all night—'

'But why did you go into this man's shop?' said his worship, again interrupting him; 'what had Sir George Cockburn's giving you eight shillings to do with your stealing these things?'

'We were hard-a-weather all night, your honour—Bob Grimes and the rest of us,' continued Jem Hackett—raising his voice—'hard-a-weather all night; and where I went, or what I did, split me if I know. If so be I went into the man's house—and I suppose I did, or else your honour wouldn't say so; but if I did, I went into look for *swipes*, I reckon:—your honour, it was *swipes* I wanted—and not inkpots. But here I am—*hard up!*'

He then gave the names of the ships he had served in, and the magistrate ordered that he should be detained until some inquiry could be made respecting him—being no doubt of opinion that, if he was really going on board the tender, it would be the best way of getting rid of him; and, his story turning out to be true, he was allowed to ship himself on board the tender accordingly.

THE THREE THIMBLES.

THE THREE THIMBLES.

I haunt wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings; and my revenue is the silly cheat.—A prize! a prize! *Autolycus.*

The landlord of a public-house in Whitcomb Street appeared, upon summons, to answer the complaint of John Francis Panchaud, a foreigner, who accused the said landlord with having conspired, with other *gentlemen* unknown, to deprive him of a 10*l.* bank note, at Ascot races.

In order to a better understanding of this case, and for the benefit of the *greener* lieges of our Sovereign Lord the King, it may be as well to premise that all races, fairs, and other such-like conglomerations of those whom Heaven has blessed with more money than wit, are frequented by many minor members of 'The Fancy,' who are technically called *flat-catchers*, and who pick up a very pretty living by means of a quick hand, a rattling tongue, a deal board,* three thimbles, and a pepper-corn. The game they play with these curious articles is a sort of Lilliputian game at cups and balls; and the beauty of it lies in dexterously seeming to place the pepper-corn under one particular thimble, getting a *green* one to bet that it is there, and then winning his money by showing

* In general, the deal board is supported upon three legs, which can be taken out in a moment and used as cudgels; but in this instance an old tea-chest supplied their place.

that it is not. Every operator at this game is attended by certain of his friends, called *eggers* and *bonnetters*—the eggers, to *egg* on the *green* ones to bet, by betting themselves; and the bonnetters, to *bonnet* any green one who may happen to win—that is to say, to knock his hat over his eyes, whilst the operator and the others *bolt* with the stakes. And this pretty little game they call 'the *thimble rig*;' and it was by venturing a trifle upon this game that Monsieur Jean Francois Panchaud lost his 10*l.* note.

M. Panchaud was at Ascot races, and he there saw this landlord defendant, and several other gentlemen, betting away, and apparently winning 'lots of sovereigns' at one of these same thimble and pepper-corn boards. 'Try your luck, gentlemen!' cried the operator; 'I'll bet any gentlemen any thing, from a half-crown to five sovereigns, that he doesn't name the thimble *as* covers the corn!' M. Panchaud betted half a crown,—won it;—betted a sovereign—won it;—betted a second sovereign—*lost* it. 'Try your luck, gentlemen!' cried the operator again—shifting his thimbles and pepper-corn about the board here and there and everywhere in a moment; and, this done, he offered M. Panchaud a bet of five sovereigns that he could not 'name the thimble what covered the corn.' 'Bet him! bet him! why don't you bet him?' said the landlord defendant—*nudging* M. Panchaud on the elbow; and M. Panchaud, convinced in his 'own breast' that he knew the right thimble, said, 'I shall betta you five sovereign if you will not touch the thimbles

again till I name.' 'Done!' cried the operator; and M. Panchaud was *done*,—for laying down his 10*l.* note, it was caught up by *somebody*, his hat was thumped down over his eyes, the board was upset, the operator and his friends vanished 'like a flash of lightning;' and M. Panchaud was left, full of amazement, but with empty pockets, and the landlord defendant standing by his side. 'They're a set of rascals!' said the landlord defendant; 'but don't fret, my fine fellow! I'll take you to somebody that shall soon get your money again;' and, so saying, he boldly led him towards the royal stand, where he introduced him to Bishop and Smith, the police officers, as a gentleman who had been very ill-used; at the same time telling them that he had no doubt he could point out the cheats. The affair was immediately mentioned to Sir Richard Birnie; and, by his direction, Smith accompanied the landlord defendant round the Heath in search of the said cheats; but he did not meet with any that he thought proper to point out. During this perambulation, he admitted to Smith that he had betted at the game at some particular table in order to induce others to bet, but that he had nothing to do with the one in question. It was afterwards ascertained, however, that he had been seen betting as a decoy at this same table, repeatedly, in the course of the day; and it being known that the house he kept was the resort of thieves and cheats of every kind, the present proceeding was instituted against him, as a *participeps criminis* in the robbery of M. Panchaud.

In his defence he denied that he had ever admitted any

ting at any game of the kind; and he appealed to M. Panchaud whether he had not manifested the greatest regret at his loss; and whether he did not take him directly to the officers in the hope of recovering his property.

"Oh! yes," replied M. Panchaud, "you took me the *wrong way!* The thieves ran one way, and you took me the other, you know. Ah! ah!—You know what you are about—you took me the *wrong way*—Ah! ah!"

The landlord defendant stoutly protested his innocence; and an old man, a friend of his, gave him an excellent character; but, maugre all his protestations and the advocacy of his ancient friend, the magistrate held that there was quite sufficient evidence to detain him, and he was detained accordingly; but, such is the glorious uncertainty of the law, he was eventually discharged for want of sufficient evidence to warrant his commitment for trial.

A STRAY MELKSHAMITE.

George Whateley, a scarlet-gartered bumpkin, in a velveteen coat, was seen to make seven unsuccessful dips into seven distinct pockets at Epsom races; and, lest he should succeed with the eighth, the patrol took him into custody.

The prisoner gave himself an excellent character, and denied that he had dipped at all. He said further, that he was a distressed agricultural labourer from Melksham, in Wilts; and having got acquainted with a fiddler, on the

road up the country to see for work, he went with the said fiddler to Epsom races, where he might have been *squeesed* up tight against many gentlemen in the crowd, but to say he put hand to the pocket of one of them was quite a *non-comprehension*—for all the folks at Melksham knew him to be as honest as any *labouring* man could be.

The magistrate asked him if he knew the name of the clergyman at Melksham?

'Know him!' replied he, 'ay, I knows him as well as I knows my own faether—only I cawnt think of his naame just now.—Dang his name! what is it?—(*Scratching his cranium.*) Oh! its Philip—*hould* Philip Andrews; and a better *saum-singer* there isn't going in all Wiltshire, let the 'tother be which he may!'

'Ay, I thought I should find you out,' said his worship; 'the name of the clergyman at Melksham happens to be Smith.'

'Smith! O dang it, Mr. Smith be the *paason!*' rejoined the Melkshamite—'I thout you'd meant the—what they call'n the *clark*—the *saum-singer*, like. Mr. Smith be the *paason*—he be a *houldish* sort of a chap, beant he? and he have got a son a *paason*, haven't he? Sure I knows 'em well enough! and all the folks in Melksham knows me as well as I knows them, for I were born, bred, and reared i' th' *plaace*.'

The magistrate committed him for a fortnight to the House of Correction, and advised him to go back to Melksham as soon as he could.

MEMOIR OF
'A WOMAN OF PLEASURE.'

——Or, in plain terms, sir, a *mercenary drab*;—one whose occupation is the giving of diseases—bringing down rose-cheek'd youth, and seasoning the slaves for tubs, and baths, and all-shunn'd poverty. *Shakspeare.*

Mrs. Pearce, otherwise 'Lady Barrymore,' was brought in one morning by a posse of parish constables and street-keepers, to whom she had been given in charge by the landlady of a gin-shop in St. Martin's Lane; but, her ladyship not being in a fit state to be put upon her defence, the hearing of the charge was postponed until the evening; and in the meantime her ladyship was consigned to the watch-house.

This *lady*, it is well known, was once, like *La Belle Harriette*, the hired *chere amie* of a *Noble*man—and of many another man; but, unlike *La Belle Harriette*, instead of turning her calling to double account, by looking out for a respectable bookseller to publish a list of those who hired her, it is her ladyship's pleasure to be *always drunk*. When we say always, we mean always when she is out of prison; for she is, unfortunately, so obstreperous in her cups, that she is seldom at large more than three days between Sessions and Sessions. And

when she leaves prison she is never at a loss for the means of getting drunk—she has only to call at the first *bordel* she comes to, and send up her name to the directress thereof, and the directress is glad to purchase the safety of her windows by handing her ladyship a shilling or two. Her ladyship then repairs to the nearest gin-shop; gets gloriously drunk; dances about the streets, *a-la-bacchante*; and, if she is lucky enough to get sober again without getting into prison, she levies a similar contribution upon the next *bordel*; and so on, until at length she has the misfortune to knock down some ill-natured person, who sends her before the magistrate, and the magistrate commits her to prison once more.

On the present occasion, when the magistrate had taken his seat in the evening, it was announced to him that 'Lady Barrymore' was then 'tolerably sober;' and he directed that she should be brought in. Her ladyship was accordingly ushered into the bar between two gaolers; for, even when '*tolerably* sober,' she is not always able to keep her fair fists from taking great liberties with those who presume to censure her conduct; and therefore she was brought from the cell to the bar with as much caution as the people at Exeter 'Change would remove a lioness from one den to another.

It appeared, by the evidence against her, that she had that morning gone into a gin-shop at the corner of New Street, St. Martin's Lane, and demanded to be instantly supplied with a pint of ale; to which demand the landlady

demurred—she being of opinion that her ladyship had already taken as much as she could conveniently carry. Whereupon her ladyship was exceedingly wrath; and tried to tear up the gin-pump from the counter; and pelted the landlady with her own pots; and did so many other queer things, that at last it was found necessary to call in the constables, as aforesaid; and, with much trouble, and divers kicks on their shins and cuffs on their ears, they contrived to convey her ladyship to this office.

The magistrate told her ladyship he was sorry she would not leave off these strange fancies; for he was really afraid she would some time or other do that which would bring down a very serious punishment upon her.

'Sir, you are a gentleman, and, if I have offended you, I ask your pardon,' replied her ladyship; 'but I hope you will not listen to what such a *low* woman as this says against me?'

'Indeed, but I must listen to her,' said his worship; 'and you must find sureties for your keeping the peace towards her.'

'*Then bl—t her! I'll smash her to hell!*' screamed the woman of pleasure; at the same time making a desperate attempt to leap over the bar at the shrinking landlady; but the gaolers were prepared for such a movement, and, grasping her ladyship round her arms, they bore her back to her cell with a quickness and dexterity only to be accounted for by the great practice she has given them.

FOUND OUT.

Hymen (they say) is a wag,
A conjuring rogue who prevaricates;
Who will change a poor man to a *stag*,
And a couple of doves to a *pair o' cats!*

Mr. Peter Cooksey was charged with having grievously maltreated his wife, in return for the trouble she had taken to 'find him out.' She had long suspected that he was no better than he should be amongst the ladies; and, because she succeeded in *finding him out*, he 'turned to and gave her a black eye, as purple as a mulberry!'

Now, Peter Cooksey was by no means a likely-looking subject either for dispensing black eyes, or doing any thing *faux pas*-ish in the way of gallantry. On the contrary, he seemed to be remarkably cool, peaceable, and subdued:—his age, some fifty, or thereabout; his garments, apparently much more elderly; his person, much too small for his garments; his voice, a mere murmur; his head, bald and shining, except a scanty valance of thin brown hairs on the hinder part; his eyes, mild and unlustrous as a pair of bottled-gooseberries; his cheeks, lank and inclining inward; and the two pippin-shaped orifices which projected over his mouth were well stored with brown rappee. But, notwithstanding all these exceedingly unpromising personal qualifications for any thing extraordinary, he had been *found out*. His wife, a little, dumpy, pains-taking sort of woman, assured the

magistrate that Peter was not so pious as he appeared to be. He had long been in the habit, she said, of absenting himself from home for days together, and for a long time she could not think what in the world he was after. But at length she and her neighbours agreed to watch him; and so they watched him and watched him, up one street and down another, until at last they watched him into a house, somewhere near Sloane Street, and there they pounced upon him, just as he was sitting down to tea with a damsel, young enough to be his daughter, and very dirty withal; and Peter was so angry at finding himself *found out*, and getting his ears well boxed to boot, that he gathered up his time-wasted hand into a clenched fist, with which he struck his liege lady full on her left eye, and kicked her gossips out of doors.

In reply to this charge, Peter had little or nothing to say—or if he had, he did not take the trouble of saying it; for these were the only words he uttered:—'Your worship cannot imagine how much I was provoked.'

Then the magistrate ordered that he should find bail; but, being unable to do so, he was locked up; and, in the evening, his wife sent him a *clean shirt*, in order that he might take his imprisonment comfortably.

SHAKING A DOCTOR.

A TALL, stately, wholesale tea-dealer was brought up in custody from Strand Lane watch-house—to which dreary receptacle of rats, damps, and disorderlies, he had

been consigned in the middle of the preceding night, for an alleged assault on the person of a dumpy dealer in physic—a yard and a half of man, nicely powdered at one end, jockey-booted at the other, and as black as an undertaker between.

It appeared in evidence that the tall tea-dealer, and a long friend of his, met the short man of medicine, in the middle of the night, on the middle of Waterloo Bridge; the tall tea-dealer and his lengthy friend, 'a *leetle* elevated in liquor;' and the man of medicine as 'sober as a judge.' They were utter strangers to each other, but somehow the tall tea-dealer took it into his head that he had seen the short man of medicine before; and therefore he asked him to go and take a glass of wine at the Covent Garden *Finish*—or at any other *Finish* which he might happen to prefer. Now, whether it was that the man of medicine considered the word 'finish' as a reflection on his profession; or whether he was thinking of his patients at the moment, and was therefore impatient at being disturbed, did not exactly appear; but so it was, that the tall tea-dealer had no sooner made the wine-bibbing proposition above-mentioned, than the man of medicine offered to toss him for a *bottle* of wine; at the same time angrily observing, he would wager a trifle that neither the tall tea-dealer, nor his lengthy friend, had the value of such a thing in their pockets. The two tall ones were now angry in their turn; and the tea-dealer did but take the little man of medicine by the collar—just to shake

the ill-humour out of him, as he said, when the man of medicine called the watch, and the tall tea-dealer found himself in the watch-house before he well knew what was the matter!

The magistrate, having listened to all that could be stated on either side, said he was of opinion that it was 'a very silly piece of business.' He had no doubt the parties were *both* very well *finished* at the moment of their meeting on the bridge; and, as no great harm had been done to the complainant, he would recommend him to be satisfied with an apology, otherwise the defendant must find bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions.

The tall tea-dealer vowed he would not apologize; the little man of medicine would be satisfied with nothing less; and so they went out to altercate a little, which, having done, the affair went off without further interference on the part of his worship.

HOW TO MANAGE A HACKNEY COACHMAN.

——If a better system's thine,
Impart it freely, or make use of mine.
Horace.

Among the watch-house prisoners brought before the magistrate one morning was a young man who described himself as a solicitor. He was a pensive, slender youth, clad in mud-embrowned black; and he had been put into the watch-house about five o'clock the same morning by a little lobster-faced hackney-coachman, who now came forward and charged him with having refused to pay his fare, and with boxing his ears because he asked him for it.

It appeared that the pensive solicitor had been supping with a friend in the neighbourhood of Walworth, and in returning home, about one o'clock in the morning, along West Lane, he somehow or other got into a muddy ditch—an accident which will sometimes happen to gentlemen who sup out with their friends—especially when the night happens to be wet and windy, as it was in this case. Whilst he was in the ditch, and was casting about in his mind how to get out of it, he heard the sound of coach wheels coming that way; and, this giving him courage,

he made a desperate sprunt or two, and crawled out just in time to hail the coach—which very luckily was a hackney coach, and unhired. The coachman did not much like to have anything to do with the solicitor, for, as he said, 'the gemman was *shining* with mud and *slush*;—which am *werry* detrimental things to a coach lining.' However, he turned the cushions bottom upwards; and the shining solicitor took his seat; promising to sit as upright as he could, and directing the coachman to drive to No. —, Essex Street, Strand. They reached Essex Street soon after two o'clock in the morning; and coachee demanded four shillings—his legal fare; but at the same time expressing a hope that 'the gemman would give him another shilling, on account of the *slush*.' The solicitor assented; and telling coachee to wait a few minutes, whilst he fetched the money, he went into the house and shut the door. And there coachee stood, kicking his heels, and wishing all muddy solicitors at the *diable*, for more than half an hour. At last he heard somebody, at the top of the house as he thought, calling '*coachee!*'—and looking up, he saw the solicitor in a white night-cap, leaning out of the second floor window. 'Hallo, sir! Here am I,' said the coachman. 'I say—*coachee*,' rejoined the solicitor, from the window; 'I say, *coachee*—you may go; for I've no money for you to-night!' and, having so said, he shut down the window. 'Well, that's a *rum go* as ever I know'd!' said coachee; 'but it won't do for me—I shan't stir till I've got my

money, *blow me* if I do!' This threat was said to the winds, for the solicitor was busily at work uncasing himself in his dormitory. But coachee was as good as his word; he would not budge without the *blunt*; and, with more zeal than good manners, he plied the knocker almost incessantly, until after four o'clock—when the door suddenly opened, and out popped the solicitor in a rage. 'You rascal!' said he—giving the astonished coachman a good sound cuff on his left ear—'You rascal! I know how to *manage you!* I'll make you suffer for this confounded insolence!' With paper and pencil in hand, he then proceeded to take the number of the coach—as the *second* step towards *managing* the coachman—the cuff on the ear being the *first*; but unfortunately the coachman took the *management* out of his hands by giving him in charge to a watchman who happened to come up at that moment, and who, without the slightest remorse, conveyed him to the watch-house;—and there he remained until he was brought before the magistrate.

Thus far was the coachman's statement; and it further appeared by the night constable's account, that the solicitor, when in the watch-house, began to doubt his capacity for managing a coachman; for he endeavoured to prevail upon coachee to take three and sixpence in part payment—promising to pay him the remainder, if he would call upon him in Essex Street, next morning.

The solicitor, in his defence, pensively admitted the *ditch*, the *distance*, the *drive*, and the *mud*; but he de-

clared that the coachman demanded *nine* shillings, in the first instance, instead of five, as he had alleged; and it was therefore that he refused to pay him—being convinced that nine shillings was much too much. As to the cuff on the ear, he said that was a gross exaggeration, inasmuch as it was but a push, to push him away from the door at which he had made such an unseemly noise.

Fortunately for the coachman, however, he had a witness—a waterman, who heard him demand five shillings only, and who also saw the solicitor box his ears.

His worship recommended the solicitor, whenever he wished to manage a hackney-coachman in future, to pay his demand, whatever it might be, and then summon him before a magistrate; and he then directed that he should pay the coachman, in the present instance, for the whole time he had been detained.

This amounted to *thirteen* shillings; and, the unlucky solicitor having paid it, the magistrate asked the coachman whether he meant to proceed for the *assault*. 'Indeed I do, your worship,' replied coachee, 'for it was a desperate hard thump; and I never was so ill-used before in all my life, take it altogether.'

'Then he must put in bail for his appearance at the Sessions,' said the magistrate; and the solicitor was removed by the gaoler; but subsequently he *managed* to get coachee to withdraw his complaint, and upon paying the office-fee he was discharged.

TERENCE MAHONEY AND HIS TWO TROUBLES.

If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Measure for Measure.

Miss Marguerite Fitzhenry was charged with having *clawed* Mrs. Ursule Broadbent from the very *top* of her forehead to the tip of her nose; and Mrs. Ursule Broadbent was charged with having scandalously outraged the propriety of Miss Marguerite Fitzhenry's drab beaver bonnet; and both of them were charged by Mr. Terence Mahoney, the watchman, with having been 'bastely *hob-stroppylus*' in Leicester Square—'shame for 'em!'

These ladies are dealers in love, and not yet driven, by lack of custom, to publish their '*memoirs*.' Mrs. Broadbent is *broad* enough of all conscience, but not at all *bent*; on the contrary, she is as upright as a drum-major; and as fat withal as the catastrophe of a Cape sheep. Miss Fitzhenry, on the other hand, is tall and slender; and she appeared before the magistrate with her torn drab beaver in her hand, and enveloped from head to foot in a grey woollen opera cloak, which seemed to have done good service in its time.

Mrs. Broadbent vowed and declared to his worship, that as she was walking through Leicester Square, 'about her *lawful* business,' between ten and eleven o'clock on Fri-

day night, Miss Fitzhenry came up to her, and, 'without even a *how d'ye do?*' clawed her from the very *top* of her forehead to the *tip* of her nose!—as aforesaid.

Miss Fitzhenry, in reply to this '*tip-top charge*,' declared that Mrs. Broadbent '*interteen'd* an *inteppethey* to her,' on account of a young man who was formerly *acqueynted* with her; and that, so far from her having clawed Mrs. Broadbent, Mrs. Broadbent flew at her with immense *hetred*, and totally *spifflicated* her best drab beaver!

Mrs. Broadbent replied, and Miss Fitzhenry rejoined; and at length they each referred his worship to Mr. Terence Mahoney, the watchman.

Mr. Terence Mahoney was therefore called forward, and, placing himself exactly between the two ladies, he gave the following account of the matter:—'Plaze yer honour, I'm watchman in that, an I'll tell yer honour all about it in no time. This lady—' pointing with his *right* thumb to Miss Fitzhenry—'struck that lady'—pointing with his *left* thumb to Mrs. Broadbent;—'no, faith, that lady struck this lady—but this lady struck that lady first; and then this lady—*ladies* I call 'em, God forgive me! but they're both *women* may be, and no ladies at all; for they walks my bate, late and early, this twelvemonth, an I knows 'em as well as I knows me own wife—that's *by sight*, yer honour; and so this lady struck that lady, and there was a skrimmage immadently. "Hallo! come out o' that," says I—"and all the folks looking at ye!" but they took no heed to me, and bastely hobstroppylus they was, and divil a bit of *clawing* there was in it—barrin

the bonnet, yer honour. "Come out o' that!" says I, but they wouldn't; and that struck this, and this struck that, and then this struck that again, and at last this cried *hob*-scond!—'

'Cried *what?*' asked his worship.

'*Hob*-scond, yer honour,' replied Mr. Terence Mahoney.

'And pray what did she mean by that?' asked his worship.

'Why, then yer honour—bad luck to me! if I know what she meant at all,' replied Mr. Terence Mahoney;—'but sure enough she cried "*hob*-scond!"—HOB-scond, yer honour.'

Mrs. Broadbent begged to explain. The word she made use of was 'abscond'—when Miss Fitzhenry clawed her so unmercifully, she politely requested her to *abscond*.

'Didn't I tell yer honour that?' said Mr. Terence Mahoney. 'Och! sure but I know everything that's talked upon me own bate, else I wouldn't be a watchman five years last Christmas, and no complaint agin me at all at no time; and, "Come out o' that with your skrimmaging," says I; and "*hob*-scond!" says she; and they wouldn't heed to me, and so I tuck 'em both to the watch-house, yer honour; for sure they're the *ownly two troubles I have in life!*'

'You did right,' said the magistrate; 'and as you have now made out their offence so clearly, they shall both find bail for their better behaviour in future.'

'Many long lives to yer honour!' responded Mr. Terence Mahoney, and the ladies were both locked up.

MAJOR CODD'S DUCKS.

James Noble, a sprightly young man, calling himself a supernumerary servant in the employ of Major Codd, of Kensington, was charged with having beaten Samuel Cousins, against the peace, &c.

Samuel Cousins was a gardener by profession, and in possession of a certain field, adjoining the mansion of Major Codd; which field was once in Major Codd's possession; and, according to Samuel Cousins' account, Major Codd would be very glad to have it in his possession still. In one corner of the said field is a pit; and, as Samuel Cousins was repairing the dam of this pit, the defendant, James Noble, leaped over the fence, and came swaggering into the field as though it was his own. Samuel Cousins asked him what he wanted there. 'What's that to you?' said James Noble; 'I shall come here without asking your leave.' 'Will you?' said Samuel Cousins; 'I'll let you know you shall not. You are a trespasser, and I desire you will walk off instantly, or I shall be under the necessity of walking you off in double quick time.' 'Tut!' said James Noble, 'I arn't to be frightened in that fashion.' So then Samuel Cousins took him by the arm, and would have walked him off in double quick time, as he had promised to do; but he found it a far more difficult job than he had expected; for James Noble, instead of walking off, turned short round, and gave Samuel Cousins three distinct blows before he was aware that he had any intention of proceed-

ing to such an unpleasant extremity. But wiser men than Samuel Cousins have miscalculated consequences before now; and, as there is more merit in knowing how to redeem an error than in committing it, great credit is due to Samuel Cousins for the presence of mind he displayed on this occasion. Finding James Noble would not walk off in double quick time, and having no relish for a fourth blow, he wisely left him to walk off in his own time; whilst he himself repaired to this office in search of redress for the three distinct blows he had actually received.

James Noble, in his defence, pleaded that he had been very ignobly treated by Samuel Cousins, and he laid the whole blame of the matter upon Major Codd's ducks. According to his account, the field to which Samuel Cousins laid claim was not a field, but 'a sort of a kind of a common;' in which folks beat carpets, boys played at cricket, and donkeys dined daily. And then, as to the pit, it was well known to be the common resort of all the ducks in the village, particularly of Major Codd's ducks, for whose use 'it lay uncommon handy.' On the day of the alleged assault, Major Codd's ducks were disporting themselves among the duck-meat on the surface of the pit as usual, and James Noble, as he said, was contemplating them from one of the back windows of the Major's house, when he perceived that Mr. Cousins and his son were there maliciously setting a bull-dog to worry the ducks. This he conceived to be very improper conduct towards the ducks, and therefore he went into the field

with the intention of protecting the ducks from further insult, and with the hope of prevailing upon them to come home. But he had no sooner entered the field than Mr. Cousins seized him by both arms, and threatened to make a duck of him, by throwing him into the pit amongst Major Codd's ducks. Now he was very well aware that Mr. Cousins had a very great antipathy not only to him, but to everything that belonged to Major Codd; and thinking he might therefore attempt to put his threat in execution, he endeavoured to prevent it by striking him; but he assured their worships that, instead of three blows, he gave him only one, and that one was a very little one.

He was ordered to find bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions.

TOM THE GARDENER.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Others are mad if they behold a cat.

Shakspeare.

Mr. Barnabas Potter, of the parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. was charged with having assaulted Celestina, the wife of Jonathan Griggs Pinkerton, of the same parish, shoemaker, by smiting her on the left side of her head with a certain blunt instrument—to wit, a blue and white earthenware jug, value one shilling and ninepence, against the peace, &c.

It appeared by the evidence of the said Celestina Griggs

Pinkerton, that she resides, with her husband, in a house adjoining the one occupied by the said Mr. Barnabas Potter; and that, on the day named in the information, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, as she was standing at the front door of the said Mr. Barnabas Potter, in quiet conversation with his housekeeper, the said Barnabas bounced upon her with a blue and white jug of water in his hand; which water he did then and there *shy* right in her face; and upon her asking 'what's that for, Mr. Potter?' he 'hot her' on the left side of her head with the said blue and white jug so violently, that the said jug was shivered into twenty pieces, and her head materially damaged. Moreover, the said Celestina Griggs Pinkerton deposed, that she knew no cause for the violence of the said Barnabas—except that her Thomas was in the habit of going into the garden of the said Barnabas, and rather misbehaving himself, occasionally; and in answer to a question from the magistrate, she explained that 'her Thomas' was a fine 'tabby Tom;' who, being young and foolish, was much given to roving abroad; though she made him wear a collar, and did everything she could do to keep him at home.

Mr. Barnabas Potter, in reply, admitted that he did smite Mrs. Pinkerton's head with his blue and white jug, in manner above-mentioned; but pleaded, in justification thereof, that she came upon his premises in defiance of his interdiction to the contrary. It was notorious, he said, that Mrs. Celestina Griggs Pinkerton and her tabby Tom were the annoyance of the whole neighbourhood, inasmuch

as the said tabby Tom was continually committing the grossest improprieties, and was therein aided, abetted, and encouraged by the said Celestina Griggs Pinkerton. In particular, the said Tom was in the habit of coming into the garden of him (the said Barnabas), and improperly watering his gooseberry trees; and, upon his complaining of the fact to the said Celestina Griggs Pinkerton, she had the wickedness to reply, that she had no idea her Thomas had been given to gardening, but since it was so, she should consider herself fairly entitled to a portion of the gooseberries he had helped to cultivate! This was the reason why he (the said Barnabas) forbad her to come upon his premises; and, as she had dared to do so, in spite of his interdiction, he thought himself fully justified in breaking his blue and white jug against her head, as aforesaid.

The magistrate told him he was mistaken; and held him to bail for his appearance to answer her complaint before a jury of his countrymen at the Quarter Sessions.

JONES *versus* MILLER.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Shakspeare.

Mr. Jeremiah Miller was charged with assaulting the person, and cutting the throat, and breaking the best black chip bonnet of Mrs. Mary Jones, the sprightly spouse of Mr. Griffith Jones, Cambrian purveyor of *sky-blue* to a very large proportion of the worthy tea-drinkers of St. Clement Danes.

Mr. Jeremiah Miller is a *green islander*, who, after many vicissitudes, has settled down as a *green-grocer*, and picks up a pretty little living by the dispensation of *praters*, parsnips, and pot-herbs, from his own rented place in that lane of slops and fog which leadeth from St. Clement's Church-yard to the mutton manufactories in Clare Market. He is a great contemner of soap and water, and has a mortal antipathy to razors; but he is a man of a merry temperament withal; and it was this merry temperament that brought him into his present predicament with Mrs. Jones.

'And please your worship,' said Mrs. Jones, 'as I was standing on a step opposite Jerry Miller's shop last night, he and his second wife, and the first wife's daughter, and two or three others of 'em, sallied out at me, and basted me shameful, and dragged me about by the hair of my

head, and cut my throat with a piece of broken glass, and ranted my best black chip bonnet all to tatters!'

This was an awful charge; but, awful as it was, Mrs. Jones could not deliver it without laughing. 'Here, your worship,' she continued, holding the tattered bonnet upon one hand, and a quantity of hair in the other—'here, your worship, here's my bonnet, and here's my hair pulled off my head, and here's my throat cut, as you see!' Here she pointed to a scar on her fair neck; and still she smiled and tittered, and seemed to have much ado to help laughing outright.

His worship complimented her on the good humour with which she bore so many injuries, and asked her what provocation so sweet-tempered a person could possibly have given.

'Why, sir, I only laughed at a song Jerry Miller was singing,' replied the merry Mrs. Jones. 'I heard him singing in his little morsel of a shop, and I could not help laughing—it was so very funny!' and then she laughed again at the recollection of it.

His worship expressed some curiosity to know what song it was that could still excite her mirth, in spite of so much ill-treatment; and, with some pressing, she said it was something about—

Oh! there was a barber, whose name it was Pat,
And to him came the butcher's wife, greasy and fat,
Singing—*twaddle um, tweedle um, twido!*

It was admitted on all hands that such a song, well

sung, must be irresistible, especially in that particular neighbourhood; and the magistrate asked Mr. Miller what he had to say for himself.

'Laws bless your life and soul, sir!' replied Mr. Miller —'there isn't a *monny-syllible* of truth in it from beginning to end! It's all spite and *jillisy* agen me, because she's got into a holy alliance with the green-grocer's shop over anunst mine. "And what are your praturs a pound, Jerry Miller?" says she. "Dont be axing the *price* when ye don't want the *praturs*, Mrs. Jones," says I; and with that she stoops down and grabbles up a double hantle of slush'—

'What is *slush?*' said his worship.

'Wet hay and *sludge*,' replied Mr. Miller—'and she grabbles up a double hantle of slush, and slaps it right at me!'

'That was very *wrong*,' said his worship.

'Sure it was,' rejoined Mr. Miller; 'and with that my people went out at her and there was a bit of a *skrimmage*, but I never laid my own fist upon her at all; if I did, there isn't a *pratur* in Common-garden this day!'

Mrs. Jones, in reply, declared that there was not a *monosyllable* of truth in Mr. Miller's statement; and she called a disinterested witness, who swore that he saw Mr. Miller and his wife take Mrs. Jones up in their arms and *shove* her head right bang through a pane of glass in a shop window—battering-ram fashion; and that was the way her throat was cut.

This witness also corroborated all the other material points in merry Mrs. Jones's story, and Mr. Jerry Miller was ordered to find bail; whereupon he withdrew, exclaiming—'Oh, laws! Oh, laws! there's neither law nor justice to be had in this wicked world!'

MR. BARNARD'S GEESE.

Mr. Jonathan Carr was charged with an outrageous assault upon Mr. Anthony Claudius Barnard.

Mr. Anthony Claudius Barnard is a *tailor*, and so is Mr. Jonathan Carr—Mr. Barnard the master, and Mr. Carr the man—that is to say, the *servant*; or, to avoid offence, perhaps it would be better to say, Mr. Barnard is the employ*er*, and Mr. Carr the employ*ee*. Mr. Carr is an excellent and clever operative when he is sober, but when he is drunk he is 'a very d—l incarnate.' Mr. Barnard is fully aware of this, and therefore whenever Mr. Carr is so-so, he locks his door to keep him out, for fear he should do him some mischief. One Sunday, Mr. Barnard, whilst sitting at breakfast with Mrs. B., was aware of Mr. Carr making for his house zig-zag fashion, and therefore he called out to Mrs. B. to shut the door. She did so; and Mr. Carr deliberately clambered up stairs into the workshop, from whence he descended in a few minutes with two *sleeve-boards* and three irons 'which we call "*geese*," your worship,' said Mr. Barnard. Well,

Mr. Barnard peeped through the keyhole, and seeing Mr. Carr running away with his geese in this shameful manner, he opened the door, and caught him by the coat tail just as he was passing. Upon this Mr. Carr dropped the geese, rushed into Mr. Barnard's room, and, seizing a knife, swore he would *disbowel* him. The other people of the house, however, interfered to prevent this dreadful operation; and, a constable having been called in, Mr. Carr was disarmed and carried to the watch-house.

In his defence he assured the magistrate that he was *always so* when he was drunk; and his worship, in order to keep him from being *so*, for a time at least, ordered him a month's exercise in the *wheel*, under the then new Vagrant Act—which said, 'if any person shall arm himself with any gun, pistol, sword, hanger, bludgeon, or other offensive weapon, with intent to assault any other person, he shall be deemed a rogue and vagabond, and dealt with accordingly.'

JONATHAN IN LONDON.

An American gentleman—at least a gentleman in appearance, who described himself as an American, and who gave his name *''Squire Enoch Tatham,'* was brought up one miserably rainy morning, in a pretty considerable d——d dirty condition, from Covent Garden watch-house —to which place of durance he had been consigned on the

previous night, for non-payment of his supper at a tavern in Covent Garden.

He was a man of a fine florid complexion, easy address, and fashionable attire; but, poor gentleman, his fashionable attire was sadly deteriorated by the adventure he had undergone. His superfine light blue coat was bedaubed with something that looked as though it had been ejected from one of the newly-invented antidigestive pumps; his drab kerseymere unmentionables were variegated with broad patches of pure market mud; and though he wore a superb gold watch, with many trinkets of fine gold thereunto appended, he had neither hat nor cravat! But, then, he wore his coat close buttoned to the top in front, and the collar turned up behind to keep his neck as warm as possible under the circumstances.

It appeared by the evidence of the waiters, that 'Squire Enoch Tatham came to the tavern, evidently rather *non compos*, in a hackney coach, about eleven o'clock at night, and refused to give the coachman more than *three-pence* for his ride. Coachee told him he was a *rum customer*, and refused to take the three-pence. 'Squire Enoch Tatham then offered him *four-pence*, and peremptorily refused to give more. Coachee talked of sending him to the watch-house; but one of the waiters saved him the trouble, by paying the shilling he demanded; and then coachee drove off, and 'Squire Enoch Tatham went into the hotel, and called for oysters and punch. Oysters and punch were supplied to him until he had eaten and drank

to the amount of three shillings and three-pence; but he would neither pay for these good things, nor refund the shilling for the coach-hire; and, after a long altercation, he was given in charge to the watchmen, who would have had him go *perpendicularly* to the watch-house, but he chose rather to go *upon all fours*; and that was the way his *drab slacks* came to be so be-mudded.

Before the magistrate he shewed so much republican impatience at having to wait till his turn came, that when his turn did come, his worship ordered him to be placed within the *bar*; and from that pretty considerably awkward station he addressed the magistrate thus:—

'What is the meaning of all this? Why am—'

'What is the *meaning* of your eating an innkeeper's property, and then refusing to pay for it?' said the magistrate, interrupting him.

'*Property!*' rejoined 'Squire Enoch Tatham—'it was *filth!* Why am I to have filth put into me, and then be called upon to pay for it? Where is the justice of that? —I assure you it was *filth*, and it created a *nastus* in my stomach—a very disagreeable *nassau* indeed.'

'A *what?*' asked his worship, with much surprise.

'A *nassau*,' replied 'Squire Enoch Tatham; which he afterwards explained to signify a rising of the gorge—a sort of stomachic indignation; and thence it was understood that by *nassau* he meant *nausea*. He then went on to argue, that—as what he had eaten would not sustain with him, he ought not to be called upon to pay for it;

and that—even supposing it had remained, and his system had derived all the advantages which might be supposed to be consequent thereon—the proper mode of proceeding against him for the recovery of the cost would have been by *civil action*, and not by *watch-house;* and upon these grounds he contended that his detention was altogether illegal.

'Unless you pay the money, sir,' said the magistrate, again interrupting him, 'I shall consider you either a lunatic, or a——something worse, and deal with you accordingly.'

'Well, if I must—I must,' replied 'Squire Enoch Tatham, and, very reluctantly taking a sovereign from his pocket, he withdrew with the waiters and discharged the account; and then he was discharged himself.

A PATIENT HUSBAND.

Wedlock's a glorious thing,
Blessings be on the beginning on't;
Should your neck break with the string,
Sweet is at least the spinning on't.
Hymen's Ball.

James Pettit, a pure Emerald, appeared in custody, to show cause why he should not enter into sureties to keep the peace towards his own lawful wife. Mrs. Pettit, at this time, was a matron fast sinking into the vale of

years; but she had still enough of beauty left to show that she once was a maiden of no ordinary charms. Mr. Pettit had also passed his grand climacteric, and the suns of many summers had sallowed his cheeks, and purpled his nose, out of all reason.

Mrs. Pettit deposed, generally, that she had been separated from her husband nearly four years; that during those four years he had left her to provide for her children how she could, in London, whilst he was wallowing in whiskey in Dublin; and that, now she was got into a comfortable practice as a monthly nurse, he was just come back from Ireland on purpose to annoy her—following her wherever she went, threatening to do her a mischief, and thundering at the doors of her employers until he collected crowds of people about him. All which she humbly prayed his worship to put a stop to, by binding Mr. Pettit down to the peace; and in this prayer she was joined by her son—a fine strapping youth of nineteen.

Mr. Pettit heard all this with great composure, and then opened at once with his defence, in form and manner following:—'May it please your worship, I shall tell your worship all the rights of it from end to end, if your worship will ounly hear to me.'

His worship desired him to be as brief as possible.

'Your worship, I've no *brief* at all about me, but I've got every thing in my head, and more in my heart—where its like to be to the end of it, God bless me! for I'm an ill-used man. When I was a young man, ounly

eighteen, your worship, and not like what I am now, I fell in love with Mary Hogan, only seventeen, and here she is, Mrs. Pettit now, and the mother of twelve childer, to testify it. Accordingly we got married, and had childer in plenty, and at that time I was steward at Saunders's Grove, and quite happy and comfortable considering. Then, please your worship, she was at me to be going into something for ourselves, and we took a public-house a good bit from Dublin, and had every thing dacent about us, till she went off with a boy of that same village, and I didn't know where she was till she came back to me and asked me to forgive her, and I did, for I loved her above the world and all that's in it. Accordingly, please your worship, we went on again mighty right for a bit, and should till this present but for the people; for, let me be at market, or let me be everywhere, they said "here comes a cuckold!" and "there goes a cuckold!" and it was nothing but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, go where I would, please your worship. "Well, Mistress Pettit," says I, "its very bad to be bothered in this way," says I; "for no deed of my own, Mistress Pettit," says I; "and let us go over the water to England," says I, "where we shall hear no more of it may be *with luck*," says I. "Fait," says she to me again, "you may go by yourself, and I'll come to ye sometime, and bring the childer," says she—for we'd two of 'em at that same time, and this to the fore is one. "No," says I, "I shall take one of 'em with me for comfort, and the other shall stay here till ye come

yourself—and may be he'll show you the way the sooner, Mistress Pettit," says I. Then, please your worship, I com'd over the water, with one of the lads we had, and I got me a place in a calico-warehouse, at Manchester, and I wrote letters upon letters to her to come to me, but she took no notice of the letters at all, and come she wouldn't by no manes; and says I to myself, this is mighty odd. Then, please your worship, after some years, she com'd to me at last with five childer more than the one I left with her, and almost at downlying with another—God forgive her!—for I did myself, being a peaceable man at at all times. "Well, Mrs. Pettit," says I, "and ye've brought me plenty of *childer* with ye; have ye brought the *money* and the other things I left with ye, Mistress Pettit?" says I. "No, faith, that haven't I," says she, "for I left the money in a strong box, and all the things safe in the place at home," says she; and I said no more at that same time. After a bit, she was brought to bed of the child that she had, and one morning says she to me, "James," says she, "I'll go to the chapel, and get it christened," and she did, but she didn't come back to me, and I asked after her where I could, and says they to me "sure she's gone back to Ireland to fetch the treasure she left in the strong box!" "Divel burn the strong box," says I, "and the woman together, before she's the death of me!" and I went to the chapel and she wasn't in it, nor had been all that day; and word com'd to me that she was gone on the top of the boat to Liverpool, to be off to Ire-

land, to a man she had—that's Tim Martin, at my own place in Ireland'—

But it is impossible we can follow Mr. Pettit through *all* his own matrimonial miseries in his own words; we must therefore content ourselves with stating that he followed Mrs. Pettit to Ireland, and found all his worldly goods in possession of Tim Martin, who told him he was tired of the concern, and kindly offered to restore every thing to him—except Mrs. Pettit, whom he declared he knew nothing of, ounly that she was gallivanting in Dublin; that upon getting this information he borrowed Tim's horse, and rode over to Dublin in quest of her; that, when he found her, he told her he had got a *hint* of her bad doings, and she said it was all false; that he bought a pillion in Dublin, and brought her away upon the back of it in spite of herself; that he afterwards sold off all that he had, and, bidding Tim Martin good-bye, brought his wife and property to England out of further mischief; that he got a place in the India House, and after that came to be a *padroul* of St. Clement's; that they lived a very uncomfortable life, and about four years ago he went back to Ireland, quite sick and tired; but 'unable to forget ould times,' he came once more to England to seek a reconciliation with his wife and finish his life with her as he had began it, but she most unnaturally shut the doors in his face and would not speak to him.

It is not to be supposed that the magistrate listened to this history of Mr. Pettit's whole life without showing re-

peated signs of impatience; but nothing but physical force could have stopped Mr. Pettit in his career; and when he had concluded, it was but just to hear Mrs. Pettit in reply, so that the business was spun out most tediously; and eventually the magistrate, having told the parties they were both much to blame, ordered the warrant to be suspended over Mr. Pettit *in terrorum*.

DOING A DUFFER.*

A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him; and drive him to a *non com.*

Dogberry.

James M'Gragh, a slim, dirty young fellow, was placed at the bar on a charge of *double* duffing a Mr. Gow.

Mr. Gow, it appeared, whilst walking through Leicester Square, was accosted by a man with 'will your honour buy a nice gold chain and seals?' Now, Mr. Gow had read about *duffers* in the newspapers, and had made up his mind to 'have a turn' with the first he met, and 'do him as dead as a herring.' So, he *looked* at the 'gold chain and seals.' 'What do you ask for them,' inquired

* A *duffer* is a worthy whose 'revenue is the silly cheat.' He lieth in wait for simpletons at the corners of the streets; and, having caught one, he persuadeth him to believe that a brass seal is a gold one—that Scotch calico is French cambric, and so diddleth him accordingly.

Mr. Gow. 'What would your honour like to give for them,' asked the man. 'I have only a sovereign about me,' replied Mr. Gow. 'Well,' said the man, 'if you have no more about you, I must be content with that,'—and so the bargain was concluded; the man walking away with the sovereign, and Mr. Gow with the '*gold* chain and seals.' Now Mr. Gow had an idea that he could meet with an officer in Rupert Street, and thitherward he bent his steps, nothing doubting but the *duffer* would wait in Leicester Square for his return. Before he reached Rupert Street, however, this Mr. James M'Gragh overtook him, and asked, 'I say, sir, what did you give my brother for the gold chain and seals?' Mr. Gow readily replied that he had given a sovereign for them. 'I have a much handsomer set than his,' rejoined Mr. James M'Gragh, 'that I should be glad to sell cheap.' 'Another *duffer!*' thought Mr. Gow, 'and I'll kill two birds with one stone;' at the same time winking his eye at himself, as it were. He then told Mr. James M'Gragh that he had only a guinea about him; and Mr. James M'Gragh, after inquiring whether he had not a little silver as well, consented to take the guinea; which Mr. Gow immediately paid, and received in exchange the aforesaid *handsome* chain, seals, &c. Mr. Gow then hurried on to the spot where he expected to find the officer, but he was disappointed, for no officer was there; and thus, for a time, ended Mr. Gow's crusade against the *duffers*. But, some days after, as he was making his way through broad St. Giles's,

musing on these things, he accidentally met Mr. James M'Gragh, and, seizing him by the collar, he held him fast till an officer came up, and to him he was given in custody.

Mr. James M'Gragh, when called on for his defence, described himself as an '*ex*-hawker'—that is to say he once had a hawker's license, but he had omitted to renew it. His business was to travel through the country selling good goods *what* was well worth their *value*; 'and,' said he, 'the prosecutor offered me his own price.'

The magistrate observed that he had rendered himself liable to a penalty of ten pounds for hawking without a license; and he called upon Mr. Gow to produce the goods in question; but Mr. Gow, in his zeal to *do a duffer*, had forgotten to bring them with him. So then the magistrate committed Mr. James M'Gragh for further examination, which examination Mr. Gow forgot to attend; and eventually Mr. James M'Gragh was discharged for want of evidence.

GRUMPY MEG.

Margaret Grumpage, better know about 'Common Garden' by the characteristic title 'Grumpy Meg,' was charged with riotous conduct in the public streets, and with having knocked down a gentleman unknown.

Grumpy Meg is a little, dirty, dumpy, orange-coloured woman, cased in coarse bagging, and lined with gin. A

beadle deposed that, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, he saw her disputing with a gentleman at the corner of Bow Street; 'And at last,' quoth the beadle, 'she took up her fist, and at one blow knocked him clean in the kennel!"

'*Clean* in the kennel!' said the magistrate; 'I should have supposed that any person in such a place could not be very *clean*.'

'Why no, your worship,' replied the beadle, 'he was not very clean, for it took him half an hour to scrape the dirt off of him.'

'Then why did you say he was clean?' asked his worship; and master beadle explained his meaning to be, that the gentleman was knocked 'clean off the pavement into the kennel;' which was as much as to say, that he was *clean* when he was knocked, but *dirty* when down; and, this point settled, he proceeded to state that the gentleman did not choose to appear against her, having, as he alleged, had quite enough of her. 'But,' said the beadle, 'I took her to the watch-house for fear she should serve somebody else the same trick.'

His worship now asked Grumpy Meg what she had to say for herself; and Grumpy Meg, with a little bit of a bobbing curtsey, replied '*Raather tossicated*, your worship.'

She had nothing more to say, and the magistrate ordered that she should find sureties for her abstaining from such troublesome '*tossication*' in future.

A SIMPLE ONE.

And I beheld, among the simple ones, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house.

Proverbs of Solomon.

Miss Eliza Taylor and Miss Amelia Smith, two gaily dressed nymphs of the *pavé*, were charged by a genteel-looking young man, named Ebenezer Pipps, with scratching his face, lugging his hair, boxing his ears, rending his coat, and putting him in bodily fear.

The *ladies* had induced the *gentleman* to see them home, but when there, instead of returning him kindness for his courtesy, they rudely demanded *hard cash* from him; and, because he did not choose to empty his pockets for them, they treated him with *hard blows*—scratching his poor face from forehead to chin, lugging his curls, till they stood out 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine;' boxing his ears, till they sung like a tea-kettle; rending his new olive surtout from skirt to collar; and even threatening to '*split his skull*' with the poker! And he declared his firm belief that they would actually have performed this latter operation, had he not made his way to the window, and, by lustily bawling out 'Murder!' brought the watch to his assistance.

The magistrate, addressing the demolished beau, said, 'I hope, young man, the treatment you have received will be a *memorandum* to you not to go to such places again;'

'Indeed, your worship,' replied Mr. Ebenezer Pipps, 'I was very unwilling to go—excessively unwilling; but they used such *mild expressions* that I apprehended no danger whatever. I really thought——'

'Pshaw!' interrupted the magistrate; and then he asked the *ladies* what they had to say for themselves?

The *ladies* had nothing to say for themselves, and therefore they were committed to prison; whilst Mr. Ebenezer Pipps crept out of the office, blushing through his scratches like a charcoal fire through a gridiron.

A PROUD COACHMAN.

James Barber, the driver of a hackney chariot, appeared upon summons to show cause why he should not be fined according to law for wilful misbehaviour to his fare—Mrs. Maria Beaufair, a widow lady of property, residing in Parliament Street.

Mrs. Beaufair had hired his chariot to carry herself and another lady from her house in Parliament Street to an evening party at a friend's in Grosvenor Place. The ladies wished to go round by Charing Cross, because it was the most open and public way; but coachee would have it that the best way was through Westminster and Pimlico. However, the ladies persisted; and, getting upon his box in high sulks, he drove off with them towards Charing Cross. When he came opposite Drum-

mond's Bank he put his horses into a gallop, and drove round towards Spring Gardens so furiously, that the ladies were very much alarmed; and Mrs. Beaufair pulled the check-string and requested him to drive more temperately—as they were not in a hurry. Whereupon coachee, without more ado, pulled up to a dead stop, got down from his box, opened the door with a bounce, and very *civilly* said—"As you don't like my driving, *marm*, you had better get out!' Mrs. Beaufair told him they had no objection to go on with him, provided he would drive at a more moderate pace, and she earnestly entreated him to shut the door and go on. But no; coachee's pride was touched, and he positively refused to have any more to do with them,—he wasn't to be taught how to drive by *ladies* at his time of life; and at length both ladies were obliged to alight, unprotected in the crowd, and take refuge in the pastry-cook's shop at the corner of Spring Gardens.

Coachee was as lofty in his defence before the magistrate as he had been in his conduct to the ladies. He said, he was obliged to put his horses into a gallop for a moment to clear some difficulty in the way, and it was *too much* for *ladies* to tell a man of his experience what he ought to do under such circumstances!

His owner now came forward; and, quite as loftily as the man, told the magistrate that there was not a better coachman, chariot, and horses, going in London; and he must say he thought it was a very annoying piece of pre-

sumption in ladies to dictate about driving,—especially in such a '*crack turn-out*' as his.

The magistrate told them they were two of the most presuming fellows he had ever met with; and he then convicted the dignified driver in the full penalty of *3l.* with costs, and in default to be committed to hard labour, in the House of Correction, for thirty days.

The owner paid the penalty—though very much against the will of the driver; who, for some time, very magnificently insisted upon going to prison, and thereby becoming a martyr, as it were, to his independence.

WATCHING FOR WATCHES.

A watch what won't *go*, is good for nothing.
Bill Soames.

A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING elderly man, named Turner, was brought before the magistrate one morning by a

crowd of clamorous people, who charged him with having fraudulently deprived them of their *watches*.

The old gentleman, it seems, had opened a little shop in Holywell Street, about nine weeks before, and gave it out that he was a watch-maker. He was an entire stranger there; but his sedate manners, good apparel, neat cards, and divers elderly watches duly displayed in his little nicely-painted window, soon procured him the confidence of the whole neighbourhood; and many a watch 'what wouldn't go' was confided to his care—not only by passing Christians, but by most of the Jews in that excessively Israelitish street. For the first month or so it was all very well—a month was nothing for the repairing of such superannuated family watches as those; and, even when he had done the needful repairs, why, they wanted regulating and regulating day after day; so that, what with repairing, and what with regulating, the watches still remained with him until he had more than fifty in his possession. His Hebrew neighbours had long thought that so much regulating was very irregular; and one Saturday many of them determined to look him up sharply as soon as his shop should open on the following Monday morning. But, alas! on Monday morning his shop did *not* open! All Holywell Street was in alarm; they beat upon his door; they called aloud through his key-hole—'Mr. Turner! Mr. Turner!!' but no answer was returned; and 'Mine Got! ve am *dish'd!*' was the

universal cry. Even until the going down of the sun the little shop remained fast closed; and then came one of those distressful-looking personages, called a *broker*, and, with his dusty, dingy, cobwebby assistants, in less than twenty minutes he cleared away all Mr. Turner's *sticks*—that is to say, his counter, his stool, his little empty box, his coffee-pot, and his umbrella without a hook. This done, the broker locked the door again, put the key in his pocket, and departed. But Mr. Moses Hyams—one of the unfortunate persons who had been rendered watchless by the absconded watchmaker, determined to discover his retreat, if possible, by watching the steps of the broker—not doubting, as he said, but it was 'a *done* thing.' So Mr. Moses Hyams followed the broker, and watched him up one alley, and down another, until he saw the counter, and the stool, and the coffee-pot, and the other things, lodged in a blind shop, near Clare Market; and then the door of the blind shop was shut, and all was quiet again. But Mr. Moses Hyams had vast patience when he thought of his family watch, and he watched the door of the blind shop, even until the the tenth hour; and then the door opened, and a man came out, and Mr. Moses Hyams thought within himself that he would follow him. So he did; and he followed him until he entered the public house called the Seven Stars, in Drury Lane. And Mr. Moses Hyams entered the house also, and there he saw the wickedly watch-full Mr. Turner, seated in a

corner smoking his pipe, behind a pint of porter. And Mr. Moses Hyams said to him, 'Mr. Turner, I'm come for my watch?' and Mr. Turner, taking the pipe from his mouth, and laying hold of the handle of his pint pot, replied, 'Mr. Hyams, you shall have it in the morning.' But Mr. Hyams would not be thus '*fobb'd* off' with an empty fob; and, seizing Mr. Turner by the collar of his new black coat, he told him he would either have his watch that moment, or he would give him to the watchman to take to the watch-house, for a wicked 'swindling *waggabond*.' Then Mr. Turner laid down his pipe, and said he hoped Mr. Moses Hyams would not act so ungenteelly; but Mr. Moses Hyams was very angry, and said he would. So the watchman was called in, and he carried the false watch-maker to the watch-house; and thence he was brought before the magistrate, as before stated, surrounded by many persons whom he had rendered watchless.

When these persons had stated their clamorous claims, the magistrate asked Mr. Turner what he had to say for himself; and he replied that he was a very honest, but unfortunate, old man; for just as he had opened his little shop, and thought to get a comfortable *lively-wood*, the consequences of a *cognovit* came upon him, and swept away every thing he had in the world. But, he said, if the gentlemen would only give him *time* they might all depend upon having their watches again, as surely as

though they were at that moment safe in their respective fobs.

'He has got his *wocket* full of *potches!*—I beg pardon—he has got his pocket full of watches!' exclaimed one of the gentlemen—a sandy-haired unctuous looking personage; and thereupon

His worship desired Mr. Turner to turn out the contents of his pockets upon the table instantly, or he would order an officer to do it. 'For,' said his worship, 'I am very much inclined to think that you opened your shop, and obtained the watches of these persons, with a fraudulent intent.'

'*Ra-lee*, your worship, it's no such thing,' replied Mr. Turner; at the same time slowly disburdening his capacious waistcoat pockets, first of one watch, and then of another, till *five* venerable dumpling-like silver watches were displayed upon the table; and then he ceased.

'Come, try again,' said his worship.

Mr. Turner sighed; and, trying again, he gradually produced *four* others—three from his breeches pockets, and one from his fob.

'Are those all?' asked his worship, 'or shall the officer assist you in looking for the remainder?'

Mr. Turner assured his worship, upon his honour and his conscience, too, that those were all.—The rest were gone—swept away by the strong hand of 'an *execution* upon the *cognovit*.'

Some of these watches were claimed by, and delivered to, the persons present; and then his worship ordered, that the unclaimed ones should remain in care of the clerk, and that the luckless Mr. Turner should remain under *surveillance* of the turnkey until further inquiry could be made respecting him.

Seven days did he remain under that same surly surveillance; and, on the eighth, it appearing to the magistrate that he was honest, though unfortunate, he was, upon his friends undertaking to satisfy everybody, allowed to walk away.

A PERPLEXED HUSBAND.

'Trulye he taketh upon him a great thing, and hathe manye cares in hys minde, muche to muse uppon, needeth muche counsayle, needeth longe experyence, and oughte to choose amongest manye women, that thynketh to rule one onelye wyfe by reason.'

Diall of Princes.

Mrs. Dorothea Wilkins, a comely, well-dressed matron, was brought before the magistrate, charged with having threatened to take away the life of her husband, Mr. Peter Wilkins, a respectable master builder.

'And is it possible, Peter!' said Mrs. Wilkins, when she saw her husband standing before the bench ready to give evidence against her—'Is it possible, Peter, that it should come to *this* at last?'

Peter made no reply; but, looking steadfastly at the magistrate, he told how he had been wedded many years to Mrs. Wilkins, and how—saving the first year or two, he had found matrimony to be but a very sorry piece of business, and how sorry he was that he ever had anything to do with it. 'For,' said he, 'Mrs Wilkins is a woman of such a termagant spirit, that I can get no peace with her.'

'No, Peter Wilkins!—there is no peace for the wicked!' cried Mrs. Wilkins, interrupting the thread of his narration, and shaking every feather in her bonnet.

Mr. Wilkins resumed. He repeated that she was a woman of such a termagant spirit that he could get no

peace with her—she was eternally at him, about something or other, so that his life was a burden to him. Yet he could have borne that—he could have found in some part of his soul a drop of patience, to bear him up against the terrors of her tongue—but he had recently discovered that she had *another* husband!—

'Don't tell *lies*, Peter Wilkins! Don't tell *lies!*' exclaimed the gentle Dorothea—'you have not discovered any such thing. No! Peter Wilkins, I had suitors in plenty before I saw you, and I was fool enough to be wheedled over by you to turn off the honest men and marry the *rogue!* No, your worship, no; I never entered a church with any other man than Peter Wilkins, and I defy him to the proof! for I will not live under the slander.'

His worship here observed that unless Mr. Wilkins meant to prosecute his wife for the alleged bigamy, he had better not have said anything about it; and he reminded him that she was here at present on a charge of having threatened 'to do him some bodily harm.'

Mr. Wilkins replied that she had repeatedly threatened to take away his life.

'I threaten your life, Peter!—I threaten your life!' exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Wilkins; 'never, never, never, never! I never threatened your life, Peter; no, Peter, no!'

'No!' cried Mr. Wilkins, seemingly a good deal astonished in his turn,—'No? didn't you jump into the

gig, as I was driving up Long Acre, and *cuff* me shamefully?'

'Pooh! Peter, do you call *that* threatening your life? And if I did cuff you, hadn't I cause for it? Haven't you deserted me—your lawful wife, to live with that good-for-nothing fat old toad, Mrs. *Mims?* Haven't you, Peter Wilkins?'

Peter was silent; but his worship requiring some explanation touching this said 'Mrs. Mims,' he explained that having separated himself from Mrs. Wilkins, in consequence of his having discovered that she had another husband, he had taken lodgings in the house of Mrs. Mims; and he begged to assure his worship that Mrs. Mims was a most respectable lady.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins—'*Mother Mims* a most respectable lady! Why, Peter!—have you lost your senses? Your worship, she has not one morsel of respectability about her, as you shall hear:—Last Christmas Day I went to her house to look for my husband, which I had an undoubted right to do, for I had not a sixpence in my pocket to get me a dinner; and, behold you! when I went in, *there* sat Peter Wilkins! and *there* sat the most respectable Mother Mims! and *there* stood a large plum-pudding! and *here* stood another large plum-pudding! and *there* stood a sirloin of beef! and *here* stood a dish of mince pies! and neither the *respectable* Mother Mims, nor my precious Peter Wilkins, had the heart to ask me to take a bit of any thing!'

Here Mrs. Wilkins wept;—and Peter cried '*Pshaw!*'

'Don't *pshaw* me, Peter!' said Mrs. Wilkins, drying her tears—'I'll not endure it, Peter Wilkins! And didn't your respectable old toad—when she saw my blood was up, and she feared I should batter you both with her confounded plum-puddings—didn't she try to coax me to be quiet with her. "Now *don't* put yourself in a *passion*, Mrs. Wilkins—pray don't—that's a dear lady—Now do sit down, and let us take a quiet glass of brandy together—now do, that's a dear Mrs. Wilkins." Foh! how I hate the fat wheedling wretch!'

The magistrate admonished Mrs. Wilkins to keep her temper; but Mrs. Wilkins was so full of what she called 'Mother Mims's mummeries' that she could not. She affirmed that the 'respectable old toad' only wanted to wheedle her into sharing Peter Wilkins between them! 'But,' added she, 'that shall never be!—I'll have no *partnerships*, Peter; and if you like her better than me—after having been your lawful loving wife for fifteen long years, she may have you altogether; but, by jingo! you shall *maintain* me, Peter.'

Peter appeared perplexed; but the magistrate began to manifest signs of impatience at the length of their talk, and therefore Peter took pen in hand to sign his deposition, declaratory of his fear that Mrs. Wilkins intended to do him some grievous bodily harm; whereupon Mrs. Wilkins suddenly clapped her hand before Peter's eyes, and, pushing him back from the paper, she very pathetically conjured him not to perjure himself by signing it.

'Don't sign it, Peter!' said she. 'Why will you perjure yourself? You know it is a *lie*, Peter, and why will you perjure your precious soul by signing to a lie? Do what you will with me—prison me, and punish me, how you will, Peter, but do not—do not sign that false paper!'

Peter relented—he laid down the pen—the magistrate recommended him to be satisfied with her word of honour that she would not annoy him in future; the word of honour was given, on condition of his abstaining from *Mother* Mims; the condition was accepted, and these *turtles* withdrew.

MRS. NORAH KELLY AND HER COMELY SPOUSE,

OR A NEW WAY TO SUPPRESS EVIDENCE.

Mr. Patrick Kelly, a very comely young Irishman, was brought before the magistrate on a peace warrant which had been issued at the suit of his wife, Norah—a tall, gaunt, awful-looking, snuff-taking matron of fifty.

When the case was called on, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and their half-score of witnesses, were arranged before the table, Mrs. Kelly regarded her comely young spouse in silence, with a strange mixture of the fierce and tender; and then, absorbing a rousing pinch of *raale blackguard*, she ejaculated 'Och, *Pathrick*, *Pathrick!* why wouldn't ye be *aisy* till ye come to *this!*' She then absorbed another hearty pinch of the *raale*, put her box into her

pocket, and, curtsying to his worship, she opened her complaint thus: 'Plase yer magistrate, fifteen months agoe, at Barney Moriarty's waking, I first clapp'd me eyes on Misther Pathrick Kelly—here he is to the fore to deny it if he can; but he can't;—an I thought he was the swatest cratur to look upon that ever lay down by the side of a lady; an he was afther spaking to me about that same, an I tuck him to me for me husband;—but sorrow a bit he was the nice cratur I tuck him for, an I now gooes in fear of me dear life by raison of his *wallopings*—here he is to the fore to deny it if he can; but he can't;—an yer magistrate will just plase to bind him down to the law to trate me as a loving husband ought to do—plase yer magistrate.'

His worship told her it was quite out of his power to enforce the *loving tratement* she desired;—the most he could do would be to order him to find sureties to keep the peace; and, before he could do even that, he must have proof that she had reason to believe her husband intended to do her some bodily harm.

'Thank yer magistrate kindly!' replied Mrs. Norah Kelly—'an if I get the *pace*, the *love* will come after, may be! An here's Phalim O'Dogherty, plase yer magistrate, come to be a bit of a witness for me, in case ye likes to be axing him.—Come *forrut* Phalim! an be after telling his honour a little bit of the rights of it.'

Mr. Phelim O'Dogherty, a little tottering old man, came forward accordingly, and began saying something about his having seen Mr. Patrick Kelly strike at his wife

with 'a graat big blethering knife;' but he was soon stopped in his evidence, for the word *knife* had scarcely passed his lips, when Mrs. Kelly took his head under her arm, and began stuffing her shawl into his mouth so earnestly that the poor old man was nearly choked.

'What are you about?' said the magistrate—'leave the man alone!'—Mrs. Kelly, however, went on with her stuffing operation until she had crammed great part of the shawl into the old man's mouth, and then she began dragging him out of the office; but, by this time, the officers had interfered, and, with some difficulty, released him from her grasp. 'The foolish *ould cratur!*' exclaimed Mrs. Kelly, as they pushed her away from him,—'why does he *spake* what isn't *dacent* to be *tould* afore *jantlemen!*'

She had brought him there to be a *bit* of a witness only, and he, like a noodle, was going to tell the *whole* truth;—which would probably have brought a severer punishment on her husband than she wished — for, as she said, she did not want 'to punish *Pathrick* overmuch.' But nothing could induce the old man to utter another word; nor would any of the other witnesses open their mouths, lest Mrs. Kelly should stop them up as she had stopped his; and therefore the magistrate asked Mr. Kelly what he had to say in his own behalf. 'Fait, then, yer honour, I *wallops* her a bit, now and then sure,—but it's only for her *snuff* and her *jealousies!*' replied Mr. Kelly; and thereupon he was *bound down to the law* not to wallop her at all—either for snuff, or for jealousy, or for any thing else.

MICHAEL IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.

MICHAEL IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.

Och! *love* is the sowl of a nate Irishman.
Irish Melodies.

Messrs. Michael Brien and Callaghan M'Carty presented themselves before the magistrate, begging that he would be pleased to settle matters between them; they having battered and bruised each other until they were quite tired, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

'An plaze your honour,' said Mr. Callaghan M'Carty, 'this one alongside o' me is Mykle Brien, the father-in-law to me, becaze I married the daughter of him, Norah Brien that *was*, but Mrs. M'Carty that *is*—now she's me own lawful wife, long life to her! for she isn't the likes of him at all, nor like to be, plaze God, but paceable an quiet—barrin a shmall dthrop onst in the twelve months, in regard of St. Pathrick, or a thrifle that away, and the very pathern of her ould mother, plaze your honour. An last night, plaze your honour, Mykle Brien wallop'd the ould woman, an she run'd out of his place and cum'd into mine, an we tuck her into't, and giv'd her a dthrink o' beer to wet her sorrow, for she's ould an hardly dealt by, the cratur! an a bit afther comes Mykle Brien hisself, wi' th' dthrink in his head and the vingeance in his heart agin her; an "Where is the ould divel?" says he to me through the keyhole, for meself made the door fast as he shouldn't come into't. An "Get along wid ye paceably,

Mykle Brien," says I; "sorrow a bit I'll let ye into it this night at all!" says I. "Divel burn ye to keep me out of it, and me own lawful wife in it this blessed time!" says he. "Be asy, Mykle," says I; but plaze your honour he wouldn't, for he cum'd in at the windy* the wrong ind foremost—savin' your honour's prisince; for sure he cum'd in wid his behind before, mighty ondasint, in regard of the throwsers wantin mindin; an I tuck the blow-bellis† out o' th' corner an fitch'd him a clane slap wi' th' broad of 'em upon his wrong ind, to knock him out of the windy agin, into th' sthreet; but he roul'd innert‡ instid—right acrass the table; an the beer, an the backy, an the little bits o' tay-tackle, was all upset—an "Where is the ould divel?" says Mykle. But he couldn't see her at all, in regard of the big taty-kittle she clapp'd over his head to shut up his eyes, for fear he'd be afther wallopin' her agin. "Be asy, Mykle," says I, but he wouldn't, for he blasphamed desperit bad inside the taty-kittle, though Corny Keogh, his wife's sister's second cousin, larrup'd the top of it wid a sallow§ he had to make him asy, an meself wattling him wid the blow-bellis at the t'other ind; but he wouldn't be asy at all for us, plaze your honour, like a world's rogue as he is! Thinn the neighbours cum'd in to keep the pace, an divel a bit of pace there was in it, but a great skrimmage;‖ and at last Mykle twisted his fayturs out o' the taty-kittle, an tuck the blow-bellis clane

* Window. † The bellows. ‡ Inward. § Willow cudgel.
‖ Riot.

away from meself; an, by the Powers! he gives me a mighty swate clout on me head wid 'em. Och! but me own place spinn'd round me like a windy-mill wid the stunnia* of the clout I got from him!'

'Then the fact is, he broke your head?' said the impatient magistrate.

'Nat altogether, your honour,' replied Mr. Callaghan M'Carty, 'or meself wouldn't be here spaking may be; but he left his *mark* upon me.' This 'mark,' a lump about the size of half a cricket ball, on the very top of his head, he pointed out to his worship's notice; and then he concluded his case by stating, that, before he had time to 'return the compliment,' the watchmen came in and 'broke up the skrimmage,' by driving Mykle and the neighbours home to bed; and therefore he and Mykle met, next morning, 'cool and comfortable,' and agreed to 'take the *law* upon each other;'—in furtherance of which agreement they had now waited upon his worship.

It was now Mykle's turn to *spake*. Poor Mykle seemed to have come off second best in the skrimmage; for, over and above the wattling inflicted upon his *wrong end*, his whole countenance was so bruised and swollen that it looked more like a ripe melon than any thing else. 'And bad luck to yur blow-bellis, and yur taty-kittle!' he began, at the same time looking any thing but *cool* and *comfortable* towards Mr. Callaghan M'Carty; 'bad luck to yur blow-bellis, and yur taty-kittle, for its meself won't be able to

* Stunning.

sit in pace this fortnight by rason of the wattling I got from ye on the sate; but I never saw nother of ye than just a graat big blaggard! Your wurtchip, the ould woman's a bad ould woman, and dthrinks more than she harns;* though she takes a bushel o' fruit into the shtreet every day, and brings none of it back to spake of; and its bekase I loves the ould cratur above all the world that I larrups† her now and then, and can't bear to see the mother of thirteen childer taking dthrops in a gin-shop when she's got a good husband at home in her own place; so if I didn't love her, I wouldn't be afther larruping her at all, but let her roul about in the kennel like a dthrunken baste‡ instead; and what for is it that 'Carty locks her up from me? Sure I'd all the right in the world to go it afther her, and I did; and I was smashed all to pieces among 'em, with bellises and taty-kittles, plaze yur wurtchip, as yur wurtchip may persave; for Corny Keogh clouted the taty-kittle not half so much as he clouted my shtoulders; and when—'

'I will hear no more of this stupid nonsense!' said the magistrate; 'go along about your business, and if you dare to break the peace again I will hold the whole gang of you to bail.'

'That's jest what we want!' cried Mr. Callaghan M'Carty. 'Indeed an it is, yur wurtchip!' cried Mrs. Mykle Brien; but the officers showed them the door, and the divil a bit of law they got to bless themselves with.

* Drinks. † Beat. ‡ Beast.

POVERTY AND DESPAIR.

Say, ye oppressed with some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor teaze
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
How could ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How could ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Crabbe.

A POOR, and apparently half-famished, old man, of diminutive stature, was brought before the magistrate by Dallas the street-keeper of St. Mary-le-Strand, who had taken him into custody under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

Dallas had observed the poor old creature earnestly engaged in whetting a worn-out pen-knife on the boards under the gateway of Swan Yard, opposite Somerset House. There was something so strangely agitated in his manner of doing this, that the attention of the officer was attracted, and, walking to a little distance, he continued to watch him unobserved. Several times the old man ceased from the operation of whetting, to feel the edge and point of his knife; and at length, turning to the wall, he muttered a few words, and suddenly plunged the knife twice into his throat. The officer immediately ran up,

and, seizing his hand, endeavoured to wrest the knife from him. The old man struggled violently to repeat his blow; but the officer succeeded in preventing him. Feeble as he was, however, he grasped the knife so firmly, that it was with difficulty it was taken from him. The blood was now flowing profusely from the wounds he had given himself, and he appeared dreadfully exhausted. Dallas immediately carried him to a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who dressed his wounds. There were two deep incisions, but neither of them mortal. These having been dressed, he was taken before the overseer of the parish, who bountifully gave him a whole shilling, and directed that he should be carried before the magistrate in the evening. In the interim, Dallas, with a humanity not often found in persons of his description, took him home to his own house, instead of the watch-house; and, to use his own words, he there fed and comforted the poor old creature with the best he had. During his repast the old man informed him that he was a native of America; that he left that country forty years ago, and had spent the last twenty-nine years as a seaman in the British service; but, becoming past further labour, he was turned adrift some few months ago, and since then had been gradually starving in and about Plymouth: that he had strolled up to London, with the hope of being sent home by the American Ambassador: but that gentleman could do nothing for him, because he had served in the British navy; and after wandering about the streets for two or three days and nights,

without either food or lodging, he had made up his mind to end his life and his miseries together.

Whilst the officer was relating these circumstances to the magistrate, the old man appeared totally unconscious of what was going on: he stood gazing upon the floor in melancholy abstraction; and it was not until the magistrate had spoken to him several times, and elevated his voice considerably, that he lifted up his face to reply.

The magistrate asked—'Is it possible that you seriously intended to destroy yourself?'

The old man regarded him in silence for nearly a minute; and then, in a voice scarcely audible, he replied:—'Why should I live?—I am sixty-one years of age—I am forgotten by every body—I can labour no longer—and I am starving in these wearisome streets. I have asked *three* people to-day for food, or the means to purchase some, and they have passed me unheeded; and I have not tasted anything since nine o'clock yesterday morning, till this good man gave me something this afternoon.—Old, and poor, and forgotten, as I am, why should I live?—I have no home, no country, no friends; I am full of pain and misery, and why should I live?'

The magistrate pointed out to him the wickedness of self-destruction. The old man shook his head and sighed.

In answer to the interrogations which were afterwards put to him, he stated that his name was George Bailey, and that he was a native of Norfolk, in Virginia; that he left America in the year 1781, and went to France,

where he resided till the year 1793; that he then, in order to avoid the conscription, entered as a volunteer on board a French privateer, the Phaeton, in which vessel he was taken prisoner by the ——— sloop of war, and transferred to the British service, in which he had remained ever since; sometimes in the merchant service, and sometimes in the royal navy. The books at Somerset House, he said, would show the truth of his statement, as he could name every vessel he had served in.

The magistrate told him he could do nothing for him except sending him to gaol for a short period, and when that expired he would be as bad off as ever.

The old man gazed intently on the magistrate for a few seconds, placed his hand upon his side, which appeared to give him great pain, and replied—'I hope not, sir—my sufferings will soon be over—I shan't trouble anybody much longer.'

'Do you wish to be sent to gaol?' said the magistrate.

'Any where,' replied the friendless one; 'send me any where out of these long wearisome streets—send me any where, so I can but die in peace, and I will bless you for it! It is horrible to wander about these noisy streets hour after hour, and day after day, begging in vain for a bit of bread, and lying down at nights amongst wet straw and rotten leaves, all sick, and faint, and hungry, and full of pains. Oh, send me any where out of the *streets*, sir!'

The miserable man uttered this with such pathos, that every person in the office was moved, some even to tears, and the magistrate directed that he should be taken to Tothill Field's Bridewell, there to remain until something could be done for him.

GUNPOWDER JACK.

Messrs. Burton and White were charged with having assaulted one John Whitmore—a poor old man, who, having been blown up into the air some half-dozen times as an operative gunpowder maker, is at last settled down into a sweeper of a crossing in the Strand, and a grower of brown terrier puppies. The defendants are heavers of coal—a pair of fine, brawny, woolly-headed, fantailed, shallow-topped, beer-swallowing blusterers; and old John Whitmore—or *Gunpowder Jack*, as his friends call him—complained that, as he was carrying a basket of his brown terrier puppies, one of the defendants held him by the collar, whilst the other bit off the ends of his puppies' tails!

The brutes contented themselves with giving a laughing denial to the fact, and the magistrate held them to bail for their pains.

DEVILLED KIDNIES.

"You're a baggage, the Slyes are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *ponces pallabris*; let the world slide. *Christopher Sly.*

Among the disorderlies scraped together in course of the night was one Mr. John Sniggles—a tall and well-dressed, but sadly be-mudded, elderly.

This Mr. John Sniggles had been found by a watchman in Long Acre, at one o'clock in the morning, stretched out fast asleep upon the cold wet pavement; and the watchman being of opinion that it must be a remarkably uncomfortable lodging for a tall elderly gentleman, very charitably endeavoured to rouse him up. But Mr. John Sniggles was too much of the temperament of *Christopher Sly* to take this kindly. 'Come, get up, sir,' said the watchman; 'and don't lie sleeping here, in the open air, like a rogue and wagabone.' 'You lie! you rascal! the Sniggles are no wagabones,' muttered Mr. John Sniggles; 'go hang yourself, and let me alone.' 'Poor gentleman!' ejaculated the watchman, 'he's sadly overtaken in liquor; and if he *lays* here much longer he'll catch the *roomytiz*.' So saying, he took Mr. John Sniggles under the arms, and, with much ado, set him up an end. 'Take *that!*' said Mr. John Sniggles—giving the watchman a point-blank poke in his beer *depot*—'take *that!* and I'll tell you what, you rascal, if you meddle with me again, I'll be hanged if I don't knock your brains

out!' And then Mr. John Sniggles deliberately laid himself down upon the pavement again, and tried to go to sleep; but the watchman, having no notion of being poked in that manner, instantly called his brethren of the watch together, and they carried Mr. John Sniggles, riggling and kicking, to the watch-house.

The magistrate asked Mr. John Sniggles what he had to say in his defence.

'Sir,' said Mr. John Sniggles, 'I had been taking a supper of *devil'd kidnies!*—and a—I suppose I—'

'That is,' said his worship, 'you suppose you adopted that cool lodging, in the hope of counteracting the heat of your supper. But why did you strike the watchman?'

'Why, sir, I—I—a—' replied Mr. John Sniggles, 'I—that is—I suppose—the watchman—if it *was* a watchman—was—a—very officious, as they generally are.'

'Oh! yes,' said his worship, 'they are very officious—very officious indeed—especially to gentlemen who are given to sleeping on the pavement; but as it happens to be their duty to be officious in such cases, they must not be beaten for it; and therefore you will put in bail for your appearance to answer the assault at the next sessions.'

Mr. John Sniggles was then walked away by the gaoler; but we believe he was afterwards let go, without bail, upon the intercession of the watchman himself; who no doubt had some *substantial* reason for not pressing the matter further.

VILIFIED PORK.

Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Honest Iago.

A SMALL, but very fat, pork-butcher from the Neiroway in Chandos Street, with three slices of pickled pork in his right hand, duly displayed upon a piece of clean white paper, presented himself at the door of the office one evening, and said, 'For God sake let me speak to the magistrate this instant!' The office was full of people at the time, but there was something so mysteriously excited about the pork-butcher, that the door-keeper instantly admitted him; and he as instantly began working his way with many a grunting squeeze through the crowd, until at length he stood before the table, panting for lack of breath, and pale as he who peeped through Priam's curtains in the dead of night.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said the magistrate, looking at the pork-butcher with some astonishment.

'Why, sir!' said the pale and panting porkman; 'why sir—let me—let me, ask you, whether these here slices of pickled pork—pickled pork—don't look very, very nice?' As he said this, he thrust his slices of pickled pork across the table, under the very nose of the magistrate; and his worship, pushing back his chair, replied, 'My good friend, I really do not understand you.'

'Not understand me!' exclaimed the still panting pork-

man, 'not *understand* me!! Why, sir, that identical pork has been vilified, and slandered, sir, by an infernal scoundrel, sir! and, sir, my character is blasted, sir! and what the upshot may be, Heaven knows! Only let me ask you, sir, or any other gentleman—who *is* a gentleman, does this pork look as if the pig it belonged to had *died*? that's all—only answer me that.'

'My good man,' said his worship, 'the pig must have died, otherwise you could not have brought part of it here, in pork, you know!'

'Don't trifle with my feelings, sir! for pity's sake don't trifle with my *feelings*!' cried the porkman; and then, elevating his voice, he continued, '*Died*, sir! it did not die! it was *killed*—it was regularly killed, sir! I am ready to make oath that the pig, to whom this pork belonged, died the death of a pig, *naturally*, and properly, by *sticking*; and yet the villain who bought these identical slices at my shop, not an hour ago, is come back with a mob at his heels, swearing it died by the *visitation of God*! Is this to be borne, sir? Is my character to be blasted in this way? Character, sir, is every thing in a Christian country; and what, above all things, is a *pork-butcher* without a character! Do, sir, I beseech you! examine them slices of pork, and tell me what I ought to do.'

The worthy magistrate assured him that he was no judge of the article. 'If, indeed,' said he, 'you had boiled and served it up to me with a nice chicken, or

I might have been able to pronounce upon its merits; but in its present state I really cannot.'

The poor porkman was not to be thus satisfied: he turned to several other gentlemen round the table, and earnestly besought their judgment on his pork; and when, at length, one of them told him he thought it looked very nice,' he exclaimed, 'God bless you, sir! you are a real gentleman!'

At last, the magistrate directed an officer to go home with him, and see whether there was any disturbance about his house; and, shortly after, the officer returned, saying, the crowd had dispersed, and the porkman's wife had prevailed upon him to go to bed and compose himself.

AN AUCTIONEER ASTRAY.

Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of *brandy and water*, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! *Michael Cassio.*

A most respectable man—a man of middle age, sedate bearing, extensive business, and high reputation—one whose calling is the *knocking down* of estates, was called upon, before the magistrate, to answer for the knocking down of a watchman, the abusing of women, and the demolition of parish property. He was brought up in custody from St. Clement's watch-house, one cold De-

cember morning, with his dress shoes and black silk hose covered with mud; his inexpressibles inexpressibly torn; his nether lip sadly lacerated; his upper one bruised and swollen; and his whole person manifesting as much misery as any sober citizen need desire.

There was a multitude of witnesses against him, and by their evidence it appeared that the follies which had brought him into this distressful state were briefly these: Between twelve and one o'clock on the preceding night—or rather that same morning—he went into the alamode-beef house in Clare Court, kept by the widow Thomas, and, seating himself in one of the boxes up stairs, he called for a glass of brandy and water. It was handed to him, and he drank it off. He then called for a second bumper, and having ingulphed that, he called for a third; but the widow refused to supply him with any more—in her opinion he had drank more than enough before he entered her house—it was late, her company was all gone, she wished to close her house and go to bed; and she sent up a civil message to him, beseeching him to pay for what he had drank, and depart in peace. Whereupon he came down stairs, and, to her great astonishment, told her he had been robbed in her house—or, as he expressed it, the house had robbed him of a diamond pin, four sovereigns and a half in gold, and his watch; and therefore he demanded that she should give him credit for the brandy and water he had drank, and lend him seven shillings wherewith to procure him a bed for the night. The widow was

mightily indignant at hearing this—'for the tithe of a hair was never lost in her house before.' So she told him flatly that she did not believe a word of it, nor would she lend him a single sixpence; and, moreover, she told him if he had no money he was welcome to the brandy and water, so he would only leave her house. But he would not leave; and, after a full hour's altercation, the widow called in the watch, and treated her troublesome customer with a night's lodging in the watch-house. For this, as he had no money, he ought to have been much obliged to her—he wanted her to lend him seven shillings to pay for a bed, and she found him a bed for nothing; and, though the bed she found him might be a hard one, it would have been still harder upon her to be kept out of bed all night, a butt for a battery of hard words. However, he viewed the matter in a very different light—though, for the first hour or two after he was locked down, he took it quietly enough; but towards five o'clock in the morning he awoke in such a fury, that, in a very short time, he had totally demolished the watch-house table; battered the shutter of the strong room to splinters; tore a watchman's coat 'to ribbons;' and floored the self-same watchman by a smashing blood-splashing blow on his proboscis!

The magistrates expressed their astonishment that a person of such high respectability should have demeaned himself in the manner described, and asked him what account *he* had to give of it?

'Why, sir,' replied the rueful gentleman, 'it is true that

I went into this woman's house; it is true that I drank two glasses of brandy and water there; it is true that I wished to have a third glass of brandy and water; it is true that she refused to let me have it; it is true that I had not money to pay for what I had drank; and it is true that I wished her to lend me seven shillings to pay for a bed. But it is *not* true that I told her I had been robbed of my watch; for, on the contrary, I offered her my watch as a security for what I requested, and I even put it into the hand of her servant for that purpose—'

'Certainly you did, sir,' said the girl of the house, interrupting him—'certainly you did, and by the same token you snatched it away again with such a *vengeance*, that the seals pulled the skin off my hand in *twenty* places! And you know that before you pulled your watch out of your pocket, you swore ten thousand oaths that you had been robbed of it.'

The poor bruised gentleman had nothing to say in reply to this; but he assured the magistrate that he had indeed been robbed of a diamond pin and four sovereigns, and, to the best of his belief, he was robbed of them in that house;—though he had no idea in what way.

Their worships observed that the house was a very reputable house, and as he was so much inebriated before he went there, it was very probable he might have lost them elsewhere.

So he was ordered to put in bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions; but we afterwards heard that he

found means to make his peace with all his adversaries; and we were pleased to hear it; for, to do him justice, he seemed heartily ashamed of his situation; and every man who takes a cup too much is liable to the same misfortunes.

WRINGING THE WRONG NOSE.

Mr. Finch was charged with wringing Mr. Gough, jun. by the nose. Mr. Finch, according to his own account, is 'a licensed *wittler*' over the water; and Mr. Gough, jun. is the son and heir of Mr. Gough, sen. a seller of cabbages by commission in *Common Garden*. It was five o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Gough, jun. was busily engaged in Covent Garden market, superintending a consignment of cabbages from Battersea, Mr. Finch came up to him, and, taking him by the nose, said, 'Now, sir, I shall just take the liberty of *wringing* your nose!' And wring it he did, most unmercifully, for full five minutes thereafter; though why, or wherefore, Mr. Gough, jun. knew not.

Mr. Finch, in his defence before the magistrate, said, 'Sir, I am a licensed *wittler* over the water, and a man of early habits, and fond of a cup of coffee. This morning I came to Covent Garden betimes to look out for some cheap mushrooms—for my wife is uncommon fond of a drop of *catch-up* to her chops; and when I had done my business in the mushroom line, I went under the pi-

basics to take a cup of coffee, very naturally, and I said to one of the women what keeps coffee-tables there, "Missis," says I, "I'll thank you for a cup of coffee not too sweet—for I'm no great friend to the *grocer*," says I —just in that manner. Well, she filled me a cup of coffee; and as I was a-drinking of it—sup by sup, for it was very hot—there comes a desperate thump upon the side of my head—either from a *fist*, or a *stick*, or a *stone*, I couldn't be sure which. Howsever, it was a *lungeous* hard thump; and as I was a-looking about me, very naturally, to see where it *cam'd* from, I saw this here young man sit *sniggering* among the cabbages. "Oh!" thinks I to myself—"you're the chap what did it!" and so I went up to him and pulled his nose;—but I shouldn't have scratched it so much, only my nail was a little bit jagged, and he wriggled about so desperately.'

A number of witnesses declared that Mr. Gough, jun. was entirely guiltless of the thump on the head which Mr. Finch complained of; and, therefore, Mr. Finch was held to bail for his unprovoked attack upon Mr. Gough, jun.'s nose.

A LIFT FOR LOVE.

JOHN BENSTON, owner and driver of the hackney coach No. 1196, appeared upon summons to show cause, if he could, why he should not be fined, under the Hackney

Coach Act, for wilful misbehaviour in the exercise of his profession.

The facts, as alleged against him, were these:—Medlicott, a patrol belonging to this office, was on duty in Gray's Inn Lane, on the preceding Sunday night, and he there saw the coach No. 1106 going towards Battle Bridge; the coachman was seated in the middle of the box, and on either side of him was a damsel, one of whom was driving—and driving so furiously that they were 'out of sight almost in no time;' so that Medlicott had no opportunity of meddling with them at that time. But in about an hour after, it being then after twelve o'clock at night, he saw the same coach coming down Gray's Inn Lane towards Holborn, at the same furious rate as before, with nobody on the box but one of the aforesaid damsels; and she was flogging away at the horses with all her might. Medlicott now thought it high time to interfere, and therefore he rushed forward and seized the horses' heads; at the same time striking them over their noses with his staff to make them stop—which was at once very cruel and unjust; for it is a hundred to one that the poor horses would willingly have stopped if the lady would have let them. However, what with thumping them on the nose, and what with checking upon their bridles, he contrived to stop them—though not before his own head and shoulders had received divers dishonourable visitations of whipcord from the driving damsel—or the *coachwoman*, as he called her. Having thus brought

the horses to a dead stand-still, he ordered the damsel to dismount; which she did, though with a very ill grace, and many condemnations both of his eyes and limbs. He then opened the coach door, and who should be inside but the other damsel and the coachman, fast asleep in each other's arms! 'Hallo!' cried Medlicott, 'what's the meaning of this, Master Coachee?' To which coachee replied—rubbing his eyes and rousing himself up as well as he might—'I say Poll! drive on, and be d—d t'ye! Touch 'em up under the flank, and they'll *goo* like winking!' 'I'll take care *Poll*, don't touch 'em up anywhere,' said Medlicott; 'and if you don't come out and take charge of them yourself, I'll take you to the watch-house, and your coach and horses to the Green Yard!' This threat brought coachee wide awake; he got out, shook himself, mounted the box, wished Medlicott at the devil, bade the damsels good night, and toddled soberly on his way.

The magistrate told Medlicott he had done wrong in not putting his threat of the watch-house and the Green Yard in execution; and he then asked the defendant, John Egerton, what he had to say in his defence.

'Verily, your worship,' replied John Egerton, 'I be'nt guilty. Do I look like a man, at my years, to be running such rigs as them ere? Howsomever, look how I may, though it was my coach, I wasn't out with it that ere night—being in bed and fast asleep at the time, as my

wife can come forward to testify; and therefore as I wasn't there—by a *comparity* of reasoning it couldn't be me.'

Medlicott would not take upon himself to identify the person of the coachman, though he was positive as to the number of the coach; and therefore the magistrate called upon John Egerton to give up the name of the driver, since he denied being the driver himself.

'*Must* I tell?' said John Egerton.

'Indeed you must,' replied his worship, 'or else I shall hold you responsible.'

'Why then,' said John, 'it was *my son Jonathan!* and I wish they had *tooken* him to the watch-house—whereby my horses would have been all the better for it—for my son Jonathan is but a *random-ish* sort of a chap.'

Under these circumstances John Egerton was discharged, and a summons issued against his son Jonathan.

Next morning Jonathan duly made his appearance, attended by his mother; and the above-mentioned evidence having been read over to him by the clerk, his worship asked him what he had to say to it?

'Why its all very good in point, that there,' replied random-ish Jonathan, very phlegmatically, 'coz its true I did give them there lasses, what's mentioned, *a lift for love*; but as to driving *fooriously*, and all that ere, I deny it, coz that there lass what was on the box can drive a coach as well as any other man in London, be the t'other which he may.'

Jonathan's mother then addressed the bench in mitigation, assuring his worship that Jonathan was as good a lad as ever broke bread, and she had never known him misgiven (query, *Miss*-given) before.

'Then, in that case,' said his worship, 'I shall only fine him *forty shillings*, instead of 3*l.* as I might do; and I hope it will be a warning to him not to be *misgiven* a second time.

Jonathan said he 'could not pay no such money, and therefore he must *serve it out* in prison.' So to prison he went; but he had not been locked up more than ten minutes before his mother came back and paid the fine, together with seven shillings costs; and then *Miss*-given Jonathan was set at liberty to give another '*lift for love*,' as soon as he should think proper.

A LADY'S MAN.

Mr. Michael Connor, one of the *gentle craft* in the *ladies line*—or, as he called himself, 'a lady's man *cord-winder*'—that is to say, a lady's shoemaker—was charged with an assault on Mrs. Alice M'Carthy, the spouse of a St. Clement's watchman.

Mrs. M'Carthy had an errand to do on Saturday night; and, being a stranger in the place, she did not know the way to it. In this dilemma she meets Mr. Michael Con-

nor—'And pray, sir,' said she, 'would ye be after telling of me the way to *Cleer* Market if you plase?' A mighty civil question, this, one would have thought, but it seems Mr. Michael Connor thought otherwise; for, instead of answering his fair countrywoman, he gave a bubbling '*hiccup*' or two, and then knocked her down in the mud.

'Well, Michael, what have you to say to this?' asked the magistrate—'was this fit conduct for a "*lady's man*" do you think?'

'Your honour,' replied the taciturn Michael, 'your honour—it was the *beer!*' Which was as much as to say, we presume, that beer had made him drunk, and being drunk he did not know what he was about. Be this as it may, not another word could be got from him, and he was ordered to find bail.

SQUIBB THE CORINTHIAN.

They called me a Corinthian, a lad of mettle.
Prince Henry.

Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. of cider-cellar-in-Maiden-Lane celebrity, appeared among the *disorderlies* brought to this office one morning from Covent Garden watch-house.

According to the evidence, he and about twenty 'other *gentlemen*' were 'kicking up a dust under the Piazzas at four o'clock that same morning.' The watchman desired them to depart, and not stay there disturbing the peaceable inhabitants. They all did depart, except the said Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N.; and he, setting his arms a-kimbo, told the watchman 'he'd see him d——d first.' Whereupon the watchman took him before his honour the night constable. His honour, after having heard both parties, ordered Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. to be set at liberty, on his undertaking to get himself home to bed as speedily as possible, and not offend in like manner in future. But Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. no sooner found himself at liberty, and once more breathing the free air of the streets, than he repented him of the conditions he had made with the enemy, and again set *Charley* at defiance—even so far as to *show*

fight. Charley, without more ado, again seized Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. by the collar, and reconducted him to the watch-house; and, as they went along, Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. indulged his taste by *gnawing* Charley's knuckles; so that, by the time they reached the watch-house, his hand was severely wounded and covered with blood; and the lips and chin of Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. bore bloody proof of the cannibal-*ish* repast.

This was the substance of the evidence in chief; and it was stated, moreover, that Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. was the most *troublesom'st* customer on the Covent Garden beat, inasmuch as he kicked up a row of some sort or other every morning of his life, at the self-same hour.

Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. in his defence, pleaded *excessive intoxication*.—All he knew about the matter was, that Charley seized him by the cravat, and twisted it so tight, that he was as black in the face as an unwashed chimney sweeper, after a week's work in winter. Besides, he said this particular Charley had a spite against him, because once, when they were in a place together, Charley pulled him out of it by the leg, which he thought a very awkward and ungenteel mode of extracting a gentleman, and they had a bit of a set-to at sparring in consequence, the issue whereof was for some time doubtful, but at last Charley got the worst of it, and had owed him a grudge ever since. In addition, he said Charley was an

ungrateful fellow, for many was the glass of gin he had treated him with!

The magistrate asked what 'place' it was that the watchman had pulled him out of by the *leg*? But Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. hung down his head and was silent.

His worship next asked the watchman whether it was true that he had frequently drank *gin* with Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq.? Charley denied it bitterly. But he admitted that he had once or twice taken a cup of *coffee* with the said Marcus Aurelius; and he submitted that this was no reason why he should not do his duty.

Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. R. N. positively affirmed that they had often drank *gin* together as well as *coffee*; and, as he declared that he could produce 'evidence of the fact,' the magistrate permitted him to go, in custody of an officer, to collect witnesses for that purpose; but after being absent some time, he returned without any, and looked as though he would have been glad to get out of the *concern*—even though he were 'extracted by the *leg*.'

The magistrate told him, however, that his habits, even on his own showing, were disgraceful to himself and the service to which he belonged.—'I am ashamed,' said his worship, 'that a person having the exterior of a gentleman, and stating himself to be an officer in his Majesty's service, can unblushingly come here and avow such habits.'

The unfortunate Marcus Aurelius Squibb, Esq. of the Royal Navy, was then ordered to find bail for his appear-

once at the Sessions; and the watchman was told that if the gin-drinking charge had been proved, he would inevitably have been discharged from his employment.

TOM CONOLLY AND HIS POTATOES.

A STURDY little fellow, who called himself 'Tom Conolly the *potaty* scourer,' was brought in by a posse of parish constables, who charged him with having created a great riot and uproar in Drury Lane. There were ten or twelve all fighting together, they said, and Mr. Conolly appearing to be the most furious of them, they took him into custody, and the others dispersed themselves *immadently*.

The outward man of Mr. Conolly gave evident proofs of a recent *row*, for he had only half a coat; his shirt, waistcoat, and trowsers, were covered with mud; and his nose—what little he had of it—was bleeding terribly.

'What have you to say for yourself?' said the magistrate.

'Say for *meself!*' exclaimed Tom Conolly—'well then yer honour may well ax that—for if I don't say it for meself, nobody will say it for me! Plase yer honour, I was coming out o' th' *coort* with a sieve o' clane potaties on my head, an just at the turn of it—that's the *coort*—some crater gives me a big thump o' th' nose. "Blood an' ouns!" says I, "what's that for?" an down goes meself

an the potaties a top o' me, plase yer honour! an I gets up again, an looks about me a bit, but divel the man di *did it* could I see for certain—so I leather'd away at the *thick of 'em* where I could, plase yer honour! an wouldn't yer honour do that if ye'd a sieve of clane potaties knock'd off yer head?'

'Not *exactly*,' replied his honour; and, having given Mr. Conolly a little advice for his future government in such emergencies, he ordered him to be set at liberty.

'Well, then,' rejoined Mr. Conolly, 'that's just what I expicted from yer honour—in regard of them potaties clane down in the mud! an *long life* to yer honour, if it plases God to take ye to-morrow!'

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Is that the law?—why, then, the devil give him good of it! I'll stay no longer question.

Shylock.

MICHAEL JACOBS, a young Israelitish hawker from Bristol, and William Jones, a Welsh servant of his, were charged with having cheated a *London Jew!*

The London Jew, so cheated, was one Mr. Shadrach Boaz, from Bevis Marks—a venerable old man in a well-worn black gabardine, and his keen hawk-like visage handsomely valanced with a seven-inch orange-and-grey beard. 'I vash come out mine house this morning,'

said he, 'to go 'bout mine calling old closhe, and in Barkyley Shquare I vash meet vit theshe two *plackarts*, Got d—n 'em!'

'Gently, gently! Mr. Shadrach,' cried the magistrate, 'we must not have such language in this place.'

'S'help mine Got! pleash your worrysheep,' said Shadrach, 'all the patience vash gone out me to theenk of 'em!' He then told a long story, by which it appeared that, as he was walking through Berkeley Square he met Michael Jacobs and his man Jones, and they offered to sell him a 'prime pargain'—to wit, two pieces of fine Irish cloth;—Michael, the young Jew, telling Shadrach, the old Jew, that Jones was valet to a nobleman who had bought the said Irish cloth for his own use; but, not thinking it fine enough, had commissioned Jones to sell it. Shadrach was willing to deal, and requested to see the cloth. Michael drew it forth from his bag—assuring Shadrach that each piece contained twenty-seven yards; and, as it was done up, *secundem artem*, with bands of silk and silver, and the manufacturer's hieroglyphics and the royal arms duly displayed, he refused to have it opened; for opening it would quite spoil its appearance. The venerable Shadrach, little thinking one of his own nation would take him in, requested to know the price; and Michael demanded five pounds for the two pieces, at the same time affirming that it was worth four shillings a yard. Whereupon Shadrach made a small calculation in his own head, and having thereby ascertained that two

pieces, of twenty-seven yards each, at four shillings a yard, would be worth at least ten pounds—he boldly offered *forty shillings* for it. This was refused, but at last he carried it off as his own for *fifty* shillings.—'I vash so pleash'd vit my pargain,' said Shadrach, 'that I vash say to myself—the Jew ish a fool!—But he vash not a *fool* —bot a d——n *plackgart*;—for when I took the claut home to mine own housh, s'help me Got! it vash not Irish claut, bot d——n nashty *calicoe*, of eightpence a yardt!'

Michael Jacobs, in his defence, assured the magistrate that the story of the nobleman and his shirts was all a pure invention of Mr. Shadrach's. 'Your vorship,' said he, is Mister Shadrach thought he wash buying *shtolen* goodsh, at no price at all to shpeak of, and if he wash taken in a little bit, it sarves him right.—Besides, I can prove, your vorship, that I did not get ten shillings by the job. *He's* a Jew, and *I'm* a Jew; and if I can't get ten shillings out of one of my own nation—who am I to get it out of?—for Christians are more sharp, as what Jews are, nowa-days!—and how am I to pay four pounds a year for my license, and three and sixpence a day to the young Christian, here, to carry my marchindize?'

His worship told him he was not to obtain money by fraud, either from Jews or Christians.

'Vhy, your vorship,' interrupted Michael, 'I musht talk for my goods, as my goods can't talk for themselves!—and if a Jew musn't talk he musht *shtarve!*'

Jones, the 'young Christian,' denied that he had taken any part in the transaction;—candidly acknowledging that he was too much occupied in laughing at one Jew *diddling* another!

'Well,' said the magistrate, 'you must find bail to answer his complaint at the Sessions.'

'Bail!' cried Shadrach—'what is the use of bail? I want my *monish* back again.'

'But I cannot get your money back again—you must prosecute for the fraud,' said the magistrate.

'Prosecute!' exclaimed Shadrach—'what, and lose my *time* as well as my monish!—Give me my nashty calicoe, and let the plackgartz go.'

And so saying, he walked off with his bad bargain, determined to make the best of it as time and chance might serve.

THE FACT IS——

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.

Ay, marry, Sir John;—the which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

That can hardly be, Master Shallow.

Shakspeare.

A PROFESSIONAL gentleman, of Cambro-British extraction, and very lordly bearing, occupying a very pleasant set of chambers, in the Temple, had the misfortune to be brought before the magistrate for horsewhipping a milkman.

The milkman—a poor fustian-jacketed, blue-aproned, muddy-booted, smooth-pated, simple-looking, quiet-spoken, young man, modestly approached the magisterial table, and said—'I am a milkman, please your worship—'

'The fact is, *Mister* Magistrate,' said the professional gentleman, who was lounging with one elbow on the table, quite at home, as it were—'the fact is, Mister Magistrate, I admit having assaulted this man; and therefore, I should presume, nothing more need be said about the matter until we come to the Sessions?'

The magistrate said he had rather hear the complainant's own story, for it might be there was not sufficient cause for going to the Sessions at all.

Then the milkman began his story again, with 'please your worship, I am a milkman,' but the thread of his

discourse was so repeatedly snapped short by the professional gentleman, with his '*the fact is*,' that we must content ourselves with giving what the learned call a synoptical review of it, otherwise we shall be wasting time, ink, and paper, without making the matter understood.

The fact is, then, that the professional gentleman and the milkman were both natives of that corner of these realms which has always been famous for toasted cheese, goats' milk, leeks, and cloud-capp'd mountains; and though the destinies had decreed that when they came to London one should deal in *milk* and the other in *law*, there was nothing to prevent them from 'stabling their horses together,' provided they both had horses to stable; but *the fact is*, the *man of the law* had a horse and no stable, and the *man of the milk* had a stable and no horse; and so far everything was quite pat and comfortable; for the one got a stable for his horse, and the other got rent for his stable—each party, not excepting the quadrupedal one, being completely satisfied. However, in process of time—at a time when there was five pounds due to the *milkman* for the rent of this stable—the *law-man* went to *quod* without paying it; and thereupon the *milkman* became very disconsolate, for he had a wife and family to provide for, now, with nothing in the world but his milk. What became of the horse—whether it went to quod with its master, or whether it got another master before the quod-*ee* in question was quod*ded*—did not appear; but it was quite clear that it disappeared from the stable some

days before the quod*ding* took place. *The fact is*, that the professional gentleman—or man of the law—was so overdone with duns, that, finding his professions would pacify them no longer, he had prudently resolved to dovetail the law of arrest with the law of insolvency, and so do his duns, as it were, by 'taking the benefit.' Before he did this, however, he sent for his countryman, the milkman, to the quod in which he was qualifying; and said to him—'*The fact is*, Master Milkman, I owe you five pounds.' To which Master Milkman responded—'Ay, indeed, sir; the which I beseech you to let me have home with me.' But the man of the law knew a trick worth two of it. 'Why, *the fact is*,' he continued, 'I am about to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act; and, as I am likely to be opposed, and don't wish you to lose any thing by me, if you will not help to oppose me I will pay you every sixpence as soon as I come out.' The milkman was satisfied with this profession from his professional countryman, and did not oppose him; but he found that his professions were professionally faithless; for, though he 'took the benefit and came out,' he never attempted to pay one farthing, and even laughed at the milkman for expecting anything! Finally, *the fact is*, that the man of the milk met the man of the law accidentally at the very door of his chambers, and, touching his hat, expressed a hope that he would pay him, in consideration of his family; whereupon the man of the law hastily ran up stairs, and when the poor milkman was waiting in a

sort of semi-expectation of the money, the man of law came down again with a horse-whip, and laid it over his head and shoulders most unmercifully—that is to say, he paid the rent for his horse with a horse-whip; and then having called the well-whipped milkman 'a presuming Welsh rascal, for daring to annoy a *gentleman at chambers*,' he took up his right-hand fist, and knocked the milkman down. And thence came the present proceeding before the magistrate.

'Why, sir, *the fact is*,' said the professional gentleman, when his worship called upon him for his defence, 'that I did owe this man five pounds—I have no wish to deny it; though you are aware that I am not legally bound to pay.'

'But,' said his worship——'Ay, ay,' said the professional—'I know what you are about to say, and I know that, as a man of honour, I am bound to pay it; and *the fact is*, I will pay it; but I must do so at my own convenience, you see.'

'I have nothing to do with that,' said his worship; 'what have you to say to the assault?'

'Why the fact is, sir,' he replied, 'the man came to my chambers, and demanded his money in the most alarming manner.'

'Lord bless us!' cried the milkman, lifting his eyes to the ceiling—'how can you say so! You a *lawyer*, and tell such lies! Oh dear! Oh dear! did anybody ever hear the like!'

The lawyer, however, repeated the like again, and added, that being excessively provoked at the rudeness of the man, he did fetch down his horse-whip and give him 'one severe cut;' but as to the knocking down, that was a mere fetch of the milkman's imagination.

He was ordered to find bail to answer the complaint at the Sessions; but long before the Sessions came on he contrived to back out by doing the needful.

RUDE ATTEMPT UPON A MERMAID.

A PERSON entered the office, in great consternation, and claimed the protection of the magistrates in behalf of *himself*, his *mermaid*, and his *sapient pig!*

He had taken a house in the Strand, he said, for the exhibition of *these curiosities* (himself, the mermaid, and the pig), and was showing them to a party of ladies and gentlemen on the preceding evening, when two rough blackguard-looking fellows—one of them in a *black silk gown and mustachios*—applied for admission. He told them he could not think of admitting them in that queer dress among the genteel company then in the rooms; but, if they would either wait till the company was gone, or would come again in the morning, they should be accommodated. No, they would have no denial, and made such a disturbance, that he was obliged to close his doors, and shut them out; when they raised a mob about the

house, and went away at last, swearing they would come again, on the next night, and blow up himself, barbecue his pig, and split his mermaid! and, as he verily believed they intended to do all this, he prayed their worships' protection.

The magistrate asked him whether it was the same mermaid that had been exhibited in St. James's Street, and which had then recently been made a ward in Chancery?

'Oh dear no!' replied the troubled exhibitor, 'but its much the same sort of thing, and quite as good.—Perhaps your worship will understand it better by perusing one of these here bills, if your worship will take the trouble.'

So saying, he took a bundle of handbills from his capacious pocket, and handed one of them to the magistrate. It was edited thus:—'The *Mermaid* and *Swinish Philosopher* as one exhibition. The public are most respectfully informed that the *wonder* of the *deep*, the *Mermaid*, so extraordinary a creature that she must be seen *to be believed*; with that great curiosity the *Sapient Pig*—an animal that far exceeds anything yet seen for his intelligent *performances*, so extremely *striking*, that *it* has the appearance of reason. Those ladies and gentlemen who may condescend to visit him, may rest assured they will be gratified beyond description, and the exhibitions will be found a *fine example* to the *rising generation!*'

The exhibitor's eyes flashed with exultation as the magistrate looked over this admirable composition; and

when his worship returned it to him, he requested him to retain it as a '*memento* of the most *astonishingest curiosities* that ever was *invented!*'

With respect to his mysterious visitors—the man in the black silk gown and mustachios, and his companion—his worship told him not to be alarmed, for in all probability it was the mere frolic of some drunken idlers; but if he really apprehended they would put their threat in execution, he had better be provided with the nearest parish constable, and give them into his custody.

With this advice the exhibitor was obliged to be content—at least, it was all he could obtain by his application; though he had evidently calculated that the whole *posse comitatus* would be ordered out for the protection of 'himself, his mermaid, and his sapient pig.'

AN INDIGNANT WATCHMAN.

A LITERARY gentleman appeared to answer a watch-house charge, preferred by Mr. Dennis Mack—an Emerald watchman of St. Martin's parish.

'At two o'clock this morning,' said Mr. Dennis Mack, 'this here gentleman, and four others—or five, may be—was going along New Street, and knocking the fire off the nether end of their cigars down into the areas of the houses—"Don't do that," says I. "Why not?" says they. "Becase ye'll set fire to them houses, may be," says I. "We'll just do what we like," says one of 'em. "Will ye?"

says I. "Yes we will," says another of 'em; "and ye'd like to be thrusting yer hand down the pockets of us, and fishing up half-a-crown!" says he. So I took him right off to the watch-house.'

'For what?' said the magistrate.

'For making a bother in the streets, and firing the areas, and *dispersing* my carack-ter,' said the indignant Dennis Mack.

The gentleman and his friends declared that not half so many words passed as Mr. Dennis Mack had represented. They were walking quietly along, and one of them might knock the ashes from a cigar; but they had no recollection of it. The first notice they had of Mr. Dennis Mack's attention to them, was a sort of indistinct growl from him as he was lying, apparently drunk, in a doorway on the other side of the street. One of the party made some joking remark in reply; and in the next instant Mr. Dennis Mack seized him by the collar, and dragged him away to the watch-house, where he wished to give charge of the whole party, but the night constable refused to receive it.

The magistrate instantly dismissed the charge, and told Mr. Dennis Mack his conduct should be narrowly looked to—'I think you are a fool, and not fit for your situation,' said his worship.

'Very good, yer honour,' replied Dennis Mack, as he walked away—'very good—but I've scholarship enough to know them chaps was all drunk, and *dispersed* my carack-ter that I had seven years.'

KEEPING THE PEACE.

KEEPING THE PEACE.

How dreary and lone
The world would appear,
If woman were none!—
What could we do? Where should we go?
How should we wander in night and woe,
But for woman to lead us?

Bowring's Obras Amberes.

One Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson, a small and elderly personage, in large Hessian boots and greasy buckskin *tights*, with a black patch on his proboscis, *a-la-Munchausen*, was charged with an assault and battery on the full-spread person of a Mrs. Deborah Carter.

It appeared by Mrs. Deborah Carter's statement that Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson, though a little man, has large notions of his authority as a husband; and, having a wife of manageable dimensions, he takes frequent opportunity of letting her know who is master, by 'pummelling her with his *fistes*.' On one occaion lately, when he was about to pummel his spouse with his *fistes*, in order to convince her that *bohea* tea, at five shillings a pound, was more economical than *hyson*, at six; his wife, having no wish to be so convinced, took refuge from the storm in Mrs. Deborah Carter's room; and because the said Deborah interposed her comely person between them, merely to keep the peace, he made a 'desperate leap' at her, scratched her cheek in five places at once, and tore her

cap 'to tatters.' All which leaping, scratching, and tearing, was fully confirmed and substantiated by a remarkably lean lady, whom fat Mrs. Deborah Carter brought forward as a witness; and the magistrate asked little Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson, who stood before the bench with his little wife beside him, what he had to say for himself.

'Why, please your good worship,' replied little Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson, 'I think its werry hard I can't administer a little comfortable correction to my own wife, without being interrupted by Mrs. Carter. But she's a complete *she-terrific!* She cares no more for beadles, constables, and all them sort of folks, than if they were so many fleas to be cracked with her thumb-nail! and though she's got a husband six feet three inches long, and fourteen *stun* weight, she can take him up, shake the *tantrums* out of him, and clap him into bed as quiet as a little child—which she often does; and you can't deny it, Mrs. Carter.'

Mrs. Carter smiled, and Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson proceeded—

'Then, as to my having assaulted *her*, please your worship, why, I had no sooner got into her room, than she took me up by the hair of my head as a cat would a mouse, lifted me clean off the floor, out of the room, and set me down on the landing-place. So I'll leave your worship to guess who ought to have come here to complain;—and, besides, your worship will please to observe I've got the bridge of my nose cracked into the bargain.'

Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson illustrated the *lifting* by seizing himself by his hair, and drawing it up so vigorously, that he almost lifted himself from the floor; and whilst he did so, his little *well-managed* wife assured the magistrate that what her husband had said was *quite correct*—'Mrs. Carter lifted him up,' said she, 'like a little doll; and though it was quite shocking to see how he kicked and sprunted, and though his cries were enough to melt a heart of stone, she refused to put him down till she had carried him, dangling in that awful manner, quite on to the landing place; and there he was so mystified, as it were, that he tumbled down and broke his poor nose against the wainscoting.'

The magistrate said he was sorry that Mr. Jenkinson had suffered so much in the affray; but, as it was not denied that he had committed the first assault, he must put in bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions. And so poor Mr. Jonathan Jenkinson was locked up; and his excellent wife, having said what she could to comfort him, went away to seek for friends to bail him; though fat Mrs. Deborah Carter, and her lean witness, told her she was a *poor easy fool* for her pains.

FALSE COLLARS.

It has been a practice with the cynically-inclined and comfortably-off part of mankind, to sneer at those economic substitutes for clean linen, and very great preservers

of soap, yclep'd *dickies* and *false collars;* but we have no doubt that the publication of the following case will put to silence the said sneerers, and bring false collars into very general use:—

Mr. John Henry Bertram was charged with having committed an assault and battery on the person of Mrs. Anne Archer; which assault and battery was denied *in toto* by Mr. John Henry Bertram, and thereupon issue was joined.

Mr. John Henry Bertram, it appeared, is a diminisher of *mauvaise honte*, a promoter of mirth, minstrelsy, and merry matches, a consumer of wax-candle, kid shoes, resin and Roman strings, and a contemner of nocturnal sleep—that is to say, he is a dancing master; and he occupies the first floor of Mrs. Archer's house. Mrs. Archer is a lady of rather acetose temperament, and a great stickler (though but a little body) for clean stairs, and the respect due from lodgers to landladies—between which two classes of his majesty's subjects there is, in her opinion, an immense distance; and for these reasons, all and some, she entertained a rooted dislike to Mr. John Henry Bertram; for his pupils dirtied her stairs, and he laughed to scorn the dignities of landladyship. Having thus stated the relative position and disposition of the parties, we proceed to the matter more immediately at issue:—

One evening as Mrs. Archer was standing at her own proper door, 'enjoying the cool,' and listening to the melodious *twang-lang-a-dillo* of a peripatetic harper, it

so happened that Miss Jemima Brown—a pupil of Mr. Bertram's—pushed rudely past, in her way up stairs to Mr. Bertram's apartments, for the purpose of taking her customary evening lesson on quadrilling. Now, Miss Jemima Brown was the daughter of a respectable *last*-maker, who makes lasts in a snug little shop opposite Mrs. Archer's house; and Mrs. Archer thought it such a piece of vanity in a last-maker to send his daughters *a-quadrilling*, that she had been heard to say 'it was high time he had made his *last* last.' So, when Miss Jemima Brown, the last-maker's daughter, pushed by Mrs. Archer in manner aforesaid, Mrs. Archer caught her at the foot of the stairs, and insisted upon her going back to the door and ringing Mr. Bertram's bell—'For,' said Mrs. Archer, 'no paltry *caper-cutter* shall make *my* hall an open thoroughfare!'—'Upon my word, Mrs. Archer!' replied Miss Jemima Brown—expanding her fair eyes with astonishment; but being a gentle girl, and a good deal alarmed at Mrs. Archer's impetuosity, she went back, rang the bell, and was admitted in due form by an attendant of Mr. Bertram's. However, when she got up stairs, she told Mr. Bertram what had happened; and Mr. Bertram, laying aside his cremona and his patience together, rushed down stairs, and finding Mrs. Archer still standing in the passage, he opened upon her with a 'Pray, Mrs. Archer, how dare you insult one of my pupils?'—'Your pupils, puppy!' exclaimed Mrs. Archer; 'I care no more for your pupils, as you call them, than

I do for you—and you may put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!' Now, Mr. Bertram does not smoke—indeed it would be very unbecoming in any dancing-master so to do; and, therefore, he told Mrs. Archer she was 'a scandalous creature.' This made the matter worse; for, though Mrs. Archer did not much mind the epithet 'scandalous,' she had a particular objection to being called a *creature*, and therefore she told Mr. Bertram she was no more a creature than himself. Whereupon Mr. Bertram, not having the fear of a fury before his eyes, put his hand upon Mrs. Archer's arm—in order, as he said, to make way for himself to go up stairs again to his own apartments, he being resolved to have nothing more to say to her. He had better not have touched her, however, for 'Ah, rascal!' said she, 'you've twelve collars to one shirt, but here goes to spoil *one* of the dozen!' and so saying she flew at him, as the witnesses described it, like a half-famished she-dragon. Mr. Bertram tried to elude her grasp by springing back, but it would not do; catching him dexterously by his nicely starched collar—for, being a warm evening, he had taken off his stock—she began dragging him towards the still-open street door; whilst Mr. Bertram, fearing she should loose his collar and take to his eyes, held her fast by the arms to prevent it; and still, as she tugged him nearer and nearer to the street door, he cried 'What are you about, Mrs. Archer? What *are* you going to do?' But Mrs. Archer made no reply—she tugged and tugged, and at every tug

poor Mr. Bertram was dragged forward; until at last, just as she had tugged him half across the foot-path, the strings of his false collar gave way, and down went Mrs. Archer, in a sitting position, in the gutter —all wet and uncomfortable as it was for such a purpose; whilst Mr. Bertram ran up stairs, clapped on a clean collar, and looked as comfortable as if nothing had happened! Now, had he worn a *real* collar—that is to say, a collar attached to his shirt in the old-fashioned way, there is no knowing where she might have dragged him to; but wearing a *false collar*, he escaped, and therefore his false collar proved a *true friend* to him; and we are convinced they would be found 'mighty convenient' on all similar occasions.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that, when the whole of these circumstances had been substantiated by respectable witnesses, Mrs. Archer was nonsuited, and Mr. Bertram went back to his professional pursuits rejoicing.

TERESA DUCK.

Teresa Duck, a very ragged and sadly be-mudded little damsel, was charged—upon a watchman's charge—with a misdemeanor, in having attempted to defraud one Miss Letitia Stephens—a lady large enough for a Life-guard.

The parties are *Paphian* nymphs of the lowest grade—notwithstanding the height of one of them; and it appeared in evidence that Miss Teresa Duck, meeting Miss Letitia Stephens in the avenues of Covent Garden Theatre, had proposed to her to purchase '*a bootiful goolden* garnet pin.' Miss Letitia Stephens told her she should have no objection, and asked its value. Miss Teresa Duck produced it, and said it was well worth a shilling. Miss Letitia Stephens held it up to the gas, and then—being of opinion that 'd—l a bit of gold there was about it,' declined the purchase. Miss Teresa Duck insisted that it was real gold; talked of prosecuting Miss Letitia Stephens for scandalizing her pin; told her she knew no more of gold than a cat knew of curing corns; and, finally, refused to let Miss Letitia Stephens pass about her business unless she recanted the slander by buying the pin. In this unfortunate dilemma Miss Letitia Stephens had no resource but to call the watch, who speedily relieved her by conveying Miss Teresa Duck to the watch-house.

Miss Teresa Duck, in her defence, said a gentleman had given her the pin for *waluable* consideration; she offered it to Miss Stephens on speculation, and, *werrily* believing it to be *goold*, felt *werry* much insulted by Miss Stephens speaking of it so disrespectfully.

The charge of attempted fraud was quashed, and the unfortunate Teresa Duck was sent to expiate her disorderliness by one month's imprisonment in Bridewell.

EMERALD CUT EMERALD.

My masters, are you mad? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Shakspeare.

ROBERT HENRY CALLAGHAN and STANDISH O'GORMAN, Esquires, a couple of very fine-spirited young gentlemen, fresh from 'the Emerald gem,' were charged with having assaulted and otherwise *illtrated* one Peter Hivers—a worthy who drew his first buttermilk among the green hills of Erin, but has long been naturalized in Bainbridge Street, St. Giles's, and is at present a guardian of the night in the Haymarket, St. James's.

'An plase yer honour,' said Peter—addressing the magistrate—'an plase yer honour, these here two gentle-

men com'd along by the Haymarket Theatre at two o'clock on Sunday morning, hallooing and hooting, and making a great big bother. "Don't be making all that noise!" says I to 'em; and that there gentleman (Mr. Robert Henry Callaghan) comed up to me momently, and "Who the devil are you?" said he. "Faith, sir," says I, "I'm the watchman in this, for want of a better."—"Are you a *watch*-man, or a *clock*-man?" says he. "A *watch*-man, sir," says I. "Well, then," says he, "how dare you, being ounly a watchman, have the impudence to be after talking to a gentleman?"—"I don't know, sir," says I, "but may be it isn't the first time."—"You scoundrel!" says he, "I've been dining with Sir Richard Birnie, and I shall get him to give you a small taste of the tread-mill for your insolence!" and with that he put his fist to the face of me, your honour, and 'tother gentleman (Mr. Standish O'Gorman) backed him at it; and so I got help and took 'em both to the watch-house.'

'Is it possible, sir,' said Sir Richard, addressing Mr. Callaghan, 'that I should have had the honour of your company to dinner without my knowing it? My dinner party was but small—as it always is, indeed, and yet I have not the pleasure of recollecting *you*.'

'By my soul, sir! there was not a word said to him about dining,' replied Mr. Callaghan, and so said Mr. Standish O'Gorman; and then they gave their account of the matter; by which it appeared, *firstly*, that there was no noise or bother at all; *secondly*, that Mr. Callaghan

civilly asked Peter Hivers what o'clock it was; *thirdly*, that Peter Hivers, most uncivilly, told him to find it out; *fourthly*, that Mr. Callaghan said to him, 'You scoundrel! is that a way to talk to a gentleman?' *fifthly*, that Peter Hivers instantly laid hold of Mr. Callaghan by the collar, and swore he would take him to the watch-house; *sixthly*, that Mr. Standish O'Gorman said, 'If that is the case, I will go to the watch-house too!' *seventhly*, that Peter Hivers insolently replied, 'It doesn't matter about your *will*, for you *must*!' and thereupon he took them both to the watch-house, though Mr. Standish O'Gorman had done nothing worthy of it.

The magistrate ordered that Mr. Standish O'Gorman should be discharged forthwith, and that Mr. Callaghan should put in bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions. 'And observe,' said his worship, as the parties were retiring, 'I will not allow this matter to be made up; because, as the gentleman had been dining with me, I might be accused of partiality!'

PRIDDLE *versus* POPKINS.

This was a case of domestic assault; and, the parties holding a respectable rank in society, the magistrate heard the matter privately in the library.

The defendant, Mr. Theodosius Popkins, is a young

man, who, about twelve months before, entered the holy bands of matrimony with Miss Constantia Priddle's *mama*. Miss Constantia Priddle is a fair young lady of sixteen or seventeen years of age. Shakspeare says, 'If ladies be but fair and young, they have the gift to know it;' and this was exactly the case with Miss Constantia Priddle; and the knowledge, moreover, made her somewhat *hightaperical* in her general demeanour,—not but what she was described as a very excellent young lady—any thing herein contained to the contrary thereof notwithstanding, as the lawyers have it. But to come to the assault complained of, and for which her youthful *papa*-in-law was brought before his worship in custody of Peter Perry, an excellent officer, who, from his height and capacious rotundity, is commonly denominated 'Peter the *great*'—it was thus:—

One evening Miss Constantia Priddle was practising at her piano in the drawing-room, when her papa-in-law, who was talking to a lady at the other end of the room, desired her to desist, as the '*noise*' was unpleasant to him, and prevented him hearing what was said. Now, whether it was the term *noise* which offended Miss Constantia, or the tone in which the reproof was delivered, we know not; but certain it is, that, instead of desisting, she immediately began sounding the instrument from its lowest note to the very top of its compass with all the vigour and velocity her little fingers were capable of. This was a sort of defiance which no papa-in-law, however young he might

be, could suffer to pass unnoticed; and Mr. Popkins instantly determined on the line of conduct it would be proper for him to pursue. In the first place he took away the music-book from before her; but this produced no effect, for she rattled away upon the keys as fast as ever. Secondly, he took the candles from the instrument, but she pursued her object with redoubled vigour, and the whole house reverberated with the discordant clashing she produced. Thirdly and lastly, having lost all patience, he took her round the waist, forced her away from the piano, and seating her upon a sofa, he held her there, in spite of her struggles, till she could struggle no longer, and she then went to bed weeping and completely exhausted.

This was the assault she complained of—the carrying away from the piano-forte, and the forcible detention upon the sofa—both terrible indignities, certainly, for a young lady of any spirit to endure; and so she flew to the laws for redress, determined not to endure them peaceably. Unfortunately for this her determination, however, she gave her evidence with so much vigour—bethumping the magistrate with words, almost as vigorously as she had before bethumped the poor piano with her fair fists—that at last his worship began to think her juvenile papa was perfectly right in the coercion he had used; and, upon her declaring that if she could have got her hands at liberty, whilst her said juvenile papa was holding her upon the sofa, she would have scratched his eyes out—his worship

was perfectly convinced Mr. Popkins was right, and dismissed Miss Priddle's complaint.

But the misfortunes of Mr. Popkins were not to end here; for no sooner had the magistrates pronounced Miss Priddle's complaint groundless, than she said her *mamma* had a complaint to prefer against Mr. Popkins!

This assertion was but too true; and Mr. Popkins had the mortification of seeing his venerable spouse come forward, and declare upon oath that he had *pinched* her, his said venerable spouse, upon various occasions, till she was black and blue! and upon this declaration poor Mr. Popkins was compelled to enter into securities not to pinch her again during the space of twelve calendar months then next ensuing.

FAST FRIENDS.

David Bryan was charged with having stolen a gold repeater, and other articles, the property of Daniel Hickey.

David Bryan is, or rather *was*, groom to Colonel Stanhope, of the 17th Lancers; and Daniel Hickey is groom to David Latouche, Esq. David Bryan and Daniel Hickey have been comrades together in the army, and the hardships they have undergone, and the fun they have enjoyed together in many different parts of the world, had made them fast friends.—If David was in luck, it was no luck to

David unless Daniel shared it; and if Daniel met with a *sky-fall*, David was sure to be the better for it. One day David went to Daniel, at his place in Blandford Mews, and said to him, 'Faith, Daniel, but there's an order of *filly-ation*, and the warrant's out agen me, and I wants a place to hide my head in till my master comes to town to settle it.' Daniel was sorry to hear this, and instantly offered David an asylum in the hay-loft; and, in the evening, David made his bed among the hay, and went to sleep there. Next morning, Daniel went up into the hay-loft with some breakfast for his friend David; but David was gone, and with him Daniel's gold repeater, and many articles of *toggery*, too tedious to be here set down. Then Daniel saddled one of his master's horses, and went in pursuit of David; and after having rode, day by day, almost all over London, he met David upon Westminster Bridge. David took to his heels the moment Daniel saw him, and would have escaped, but Daniel took to his tongue, and cried 'Stop thief!' and David was stopped by one of the horse patrol, who happened to be passing that way. 'Divel burn me, but this is bad luck!' said the breathless David; and so it was—for Daniel's gold repeater was found in David's fob; and Daniel's stable jacket on his back; and Daniel's shoes upon his feet; and in his breeches pocket were pawnbroker's tickets for all the rest of Daniel's property.

When the magistrate asked David what he had to say in excuse for this bare-faced ingratitude, David assured

him that there was not a bit of ingratitude in it—'For,' said he, 'Daniel told me he'd spent his master's hay-money, and asked me to pledge the things to make it up; and surely I did; but, before I got back to him, I tumbled into a public-house, and fell upon some drink, and the drink got the better of me, and the money was missing, and I was ashamed to go back to him till I got it again. Some friends I had gave me money yesterday, and I got the watch out of pawn, and was bringing it to him when he met me.'

'Then why did you run away from him?' said the magistrate.

This question completely *bothered* David. He had no answer at all; and he was committed to Newgate for trial.

THE BATTLE OF WALHAM GREEN.

Vexing the dull and drowsy ear of night.
Shakspeare.

In the dead of the night, between Saturday and Sunday, the inhabitants of Walham Green were roused from their peaceful slumbers by the cry of men, the barking of dogs, and a dreadful clatter of sticks and staves. They looked from their windows—some with night-caps on, and some without—and many of them caught sad shocking colds without being able to ascertain what the hubbub was about. They could see coatless gentlemen, in

nankeen pantaloons, hauled to and fro amidst a black and moving mass of ordinary men; they could see the glancing of clenched fists, and the flourishing of truncheons; and could hear the oft-repeated *thwank* and *punch*, with accompanying *grunts*: but they could learn nothing of the cause of all these horrible doings, except what they could gather from such vociferations as these —D—mme, sir, I will be satisfied!—D—mme, sir, you shall, to your heart's content!—Sir, you're a blackguard!—Sir, you're a liar! Go it! Come on!—Hah! Oh!—Where's my hat!—Halloo, Mister!—Knock 'em down!—Hah!—No kicking!—Keep the peace!—Go it!—Leave go, you rascal!—Hah! Oh!—D—n *that!* Where are they!—Blackguards!—Rascals! Oh dear!—Put up your swords!—Down with 'em! Go it!—Help! Help!—Come along!—Take *that!* Hah! Oh! oh! oh!' &c. This continued for a full half hour. Many a young man, the pride of Walham Green, slipped on his trowsers and rushed towards the dreadful scene (regardless alike of the remonstrances of the calico-clad damsels at the windows, and his own safety); and the alarm became general throughout the whole neighbourhood.

At length the cause of all this uproar was discovered. A celebrated comedian, who occupied a house on the Green, was quietly taking his supper with his wife, when some mischievous wag gave a thundering rap at his door. Up starts the indignant comedian, and, rushing out of

door, he seizes the first person he could get his eyes on, by the collar, and gives him a lusty shake. The person he so seized turned out to be a Mr. W. W. (a very respectable gentleman of that neighbourhood); and he, not liking to be shaken, resented it vigorously, by shaking the angry comedian almost out of his boots. A *scene* was the consequence; a crowd was collected, part siding with the comedian, and part with Mr. W. The constables came up, and endeavoured to keep the peace by *nobbling* the combatants; the comedian took refuge in his house; Mr. W.—foiled of his *satisfaction*, insisted on his coming forth and finishing the affray; the peace-officers opposed his so doing—they were resisted, the row became general, and eventually Mr. W. was safely shut up in the *cage* at Fulham.

Next morning the matter was brought before the magistrates at this office—the constables being the complainants, and Mr. W. with his arm in a sling, and a green shade over his eye, the defendant. But then he was surrounded by a host of respectable friends, who had witnessed the affray;—and even the comedian appeared upon his part, notwithstanding they had shaken each other so angrily.

The examination was long, and much louder than needful. The peace-officers swore positively that, in endeavouring to keep the peace, they were grossly assaulted and beaten by Mr. W. and his friends; that their staves were wrested from their hands; and that their persons

were repeatedly placed in imminent jeopardy. Mr. W. and his friends, on the other hand, declared that the peace-officers increased the disorder instead of quelling it; that they conducted themselves most outrageously and improperly; and that they drew a cutlass, and talked of having '*blood* for supper.'

The magistrate, after having taken infinite pains to ascertain the real merits of the case, said there was the positive oath of the officers that Mr. W. had assaulted them, and therefore that gentleman must put in bail to appear at the Quarter Sessions, where he would have an opportunity of making his own innocence appear if he was falsely accused, and of punishing those who had so accused him.

Mr. W. put in bail accordingly; cross indictments were preferred at the Sessions, and it was said that Mr. W. came off victorious (*minus* some ten or twelve pounds only).

A SHIRT CASE.

——Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant—
Brav'd to my own face by a skein of thread!

Shakspeare.

Just as the magistrate was about to retire from the office one night, a tall, portly, well-dressed personage

advanced to the table, and requested him to remain, as he had a case of great importance to introduce to his notice.

'What case is it?' asked the magistrate.

'Why, sir,' said the gentleman, 'it is a shirt case.'

'A *shirt case!*' said the magistrate, with some surprise—'I never heard of such a thing. Pray what is it like?'

The gentleman explained. It was not a shirt-case, properly speaking—that was to say, a case to contain a shirt; but a case, or question, relating to shirts.

This point settled, his worship desired him to proceed, and he did so, very energetically, thus:—

'Your worship is aware that there are many dishonest tradesmen in this town—men who make their trade a stalking-horse for imposition of all sorts; and I have too much reason to know that I have fallen a sacrifice to the abominable arts of one of them. You must know, sir, that I had occasion for *a set of shirts* lately, and therefore, having first determined on the number I would have, I went to the shop of a tradesman in Leicester Square, and I said to the man in the shop, "Pray," said I, "how much India long-cloth will it require to make me six shirts?" The man looked at me deliberately from head to foot, and replied "Twenty-one yards." "Very well," said I, "so be it.—Show me some India long-cloth." He then showed me some India long-cloth of different qualities; and I, having fixed upon that which I thought most

suitable for my wear, told him to cut me off twenty-one yards, and I would send him a pattern shirt to get them made up by;—six shirts, as your worship will please to bear in mind—'

'Really, sir,' said his worship, interrupting him, 'I must beg that you will come to the point at once.'

'Well, sir,' continued the gentleman, with undisturbed gravity—'Well, sir, would you believe it!—though he had a pattern shirt to make them by, when the six shirts—came—home—there—was—not—one of them that would reach below my hips—not below my *hips*, sir, —only think of that! and as to *width*, sir! as to *width* —a lad of sixteen could hardly have crammed himself into them!'

'A very annoying piece of business, certainly,' said his worship, smiling; 'but pray, sir, what would you have *me* do in such a case? Had you not better consult your *solicitor*?'

'That would not suit my purpose, sir,' said the gentleman; 'the law's delay is proverbial, and I wish to punish the imposition *summarily*. There is nothing like promptitude in these cases, sir. And besides, the man is here—I have brought him with me, and I shall take it as a great favour both to myself, and the public in general, if you will allow me to call him before you.'

His worship, still smiling at the gentleman's earnestness, said, 'If he chooses to come before me I have no objection to hear what he has to say; but I think he may

as well save himself the trouble; for it is a case in which I have no jurisdiction whatever.'

The portly gentleman went out, and returned almost instantly, followed by a meagre, stooping, bald-fronted, bilious man, with a large bundle of rumpled shirts under his arm, and a quantity of long dangling shreds and clippings in his hand.

'Now, sir!' said the portly gentleman—placing the man-milliner before the magistrate, and, somewhat roughly, laying hold of the bundle of shirts—'Now, sir, produce your *pattern* shirt.'

The man-milliner resisted—'Sir! I know what I am about, sir!—I can produce everything in good time, sir, without *your* assistance, sir!'

The gentleman, by a dexterous twitch, got the shirts from him, and very deliberately spreading 'the *pattern* shirt' upon the table, he laid one of the new ones upon it; and then, stepping back a few paces, he pointed at them with a stretched-out arm, exclaiming—'There! your worship!—only look!—It isn't *half* the size!—Was ever anything so infamous?'

'*Infamous*, sir! What do you mean by that?' retorted the waspish man-milliner. 'I'd have you to know, sir, our shop is a respectable shop, sir! a respectable shop—and I am a young man,* sir, that never was abused so before, sir—never was abused, sir, before, sir; but it

* Rising forty-seven.

was just the same, sir, with your wife's gown, sir; and we had better never have seen you, sir. When we had made up your wife's gown, sir, with—'

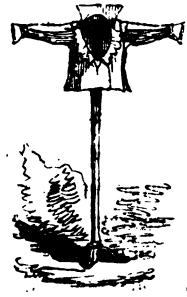
'Don't tell me about my wife's gown, sir!' said the enraged gentleman.

'Yes, sir—I will tell you about your wife's gown, sir,' continued the man-milliner—'When we had made up your wife's gown, sir—body—skirt—and frilling complete, sir—with slash'd tops, sir—for your wife, sir, to wear when she got to Paris, sir, you returned it upon our hands, sir! He did, your worship—he did, indeed!'

'And didn't I take it out in other goods?' demanded the gentleman, very soberly; but, without noticing him, the almost breathless man-milliner continued—'And here, your worship—here are six shirts got up, your worship—with *hip bits*, and *wrist bits*, and *neck gussets*, double stitched in the most completest manner, your worship;—and he wants to throw them upon us, your worship, like he did his wife's gown—though it was the fault of his own stinginess, your worship, in not having more than twenty-one yards—you know it was your own fault, sir—your stinginess, sir—every body knows that *India long-cloths* won't cut up so advantageously as *Irishes*, sir, and you ought to have had more, sir—you had, sir. Every bit of it was used up, sir; and our shop's a respectable shop, sir;—and there are all the scraps that are left, sir—and you may take 'em, sir—and you may—you may—*stuff your wife's pincushion* with them, sir!'

All this time the poor misfitted portly gentleman could not get a word in edgeways—'so *swift* and voluble was the man-milliner's discourse'—though he made many a vigorous attempt to do so, in spite of the ill-suppressed laughter of every person present; and at length the magistrate, wearied with the noise they made, peremptorily ordered them to withdraw, as it was a matter in which he could not interfere.

They were, however, so full of their dispute, that the officers were under the necessity of gently enforcing his worship's order, and at last they retired—each of them with some of the shirts under his arm, and gabbling at each other with all their might.



POLITICS AND LEATHER BREECHES.

Cot splutter hur nails man, hur knows hur own consequence!
Wynkin ap Griffith.

Mr. W. Cauldwell, a respectable upholsterer, was brought up on an assault warrant, to answer the complaint of Mr. Humphry Phillips, a journeyman bricklayer.

Mr. Humphry Phillips, who wore his eyes under a large green shade—or, rather, who wore a large green shade over his eyes—as soon as the case was called on to be heard, made his bow before the bench, and said—'May it please your worship, Mr. Cauldwell, here, gave me this thump which you see;'—and, so saying, he lifted up the large green shade before spoken of.

The magistrate looked under the shade, and then observed that he could see no *thump*, but he could see something like the *consequences* of a thump.

'That,' said Mr. Humphry Phillips, 'is the thing I go upon;'—and when he had so said, he drew the shade over his eyes again, slided his hands into his pockets, and looked round with the air of a counsel who thinks he has made out his case completely.

'Well, sir, go on!' said the magistrate, 'we must have something more particular than this: why did he give you the *thump*, as you call it?'

Mr. Humphry Phillips replied, 'We had some words—a few words.'

'Really one would suppose so,' said his worship, 'for you appear to be a man of few words indeed. What were these words about?'

'Pretty well upon *politics* and *leather breeches*,' replied Mr. Phillips.

His worship now began to manifest symptoms of impatience; and, having made a remark, *en passant*, about pot-house politics, journeymen bricklayers, &c. asked Mr. Phillips whether he had any witness who could give a better account of the affair than himself.

Several persons who had witnessed the affray now stood forward; and, from their united testimony, it appeared that Mr. Humphry Phillips, journeyman bricklayer, &c. &c. went into a public parlour where Mr. Cauldwell was sitting with some other company, and Mr. Phillips, having 'some *other* Welshmen' with him, was desirous of showing off before them, as they were but newly come to town. With this view he called for a glass of negus, and another, and another; and this not producing show enough, he boldly called for a bottle of wine. The waiter brought it in the black bottle, and this afforded Mr. Phillips an opportunity of showing off still further: he furiously rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to take the black bottle away and decant it off—'fit for a gentleman to drink.' This was done, but still he was not satisfied; and, after drinking a glass or two of the wine, he told the other Welshmen, loud enough for all the company to hear, that he had never been used to sit down with 'fellows in leather breeches

so greasy as to be fit only for razor-strops.' This remark was pointed at a very respectable gentleman who was quietly smoking his pipe on the other side of the room, and whose galligaskins were somewhat superannuated.

[Here the gentleman alluded to produced the breeches in question; and the magistrate complimented him and the breeches too—him for his economy in wearing them so long as he appeared to have done, by their *shining*; and the breeches for enduring so much wear.]

The witnesses continued, that the gentleman in the leather breeches felt a good deal annoyed by the remark about transforming his galligaskins into razor-strops, and ventured an observation or two on the poverty of Welsh bricklayers. Mr. Humphry Phillips was extremely annoyed at this, and told his countrymen not to mind what *blackguards* said. This was not noticed; and he then observed that he used to have the rule of that room—to be the *oracle* of it, indeed; but there was no good to be done in these '*levelling* times, when nasty greasy *Scotch brokers* were allowed to sit down in the company of *gentlemen*.' By '*Scotch brokers*,' he meant Mr. Cauldwell; and by '*gentlemen*,' himself and the other Welshmen. He then went on to descant upon *levelling* and *radicalism*, and the obnoxious effects such things were producing in the world, interlarding his discourse with frequent allusions to Scotch brokers, and greasy leather breeches, till at length Mr. Cauldwell took it up seriously, and proposed that he should be turned out of the room. Mr. Humphry Phillips,

by way of showing off still further, immediately made a blow at Mr. Cauldwell, but missed; and Mr. Cauldwell instantly knocked him down; and this they declared was the whole, full, true, and particular account of the whole affair.

The magistrate discharged the warrant; at the same time telling Mr. Phillips (*Humphry* Phillips) he was perfectly at liberty to indict the defendant at the Sessions, if he was anxious to 'show-off' still further.

PLUCKING A PAWNBROKER.

Mr. John Low, ex-messman to the Royal Staff corps, was charged with raising a mob about the shop of a pawnbroker in the Strand, and with assaulting one of his shopmen.

John Low was sometime messman to the Royal Staff corps, but he is now occupied in casing the *understandings* of the London lieges with leather; and, though his name be *Low*, he is lofty in stature, and not much given to sobriety.

It appeared in evidence, that this ex-messman went into the pawnbroker's shop and pledged a piece of linen. By-and-by he returned to the shop, saying that he had left a piece of carpeting on the counter, and demanded to have it again. The shopman told him he had left no carpeting there. The ex-messman insisted that he had,

and accused the shopman of having concealed it. The shopman told him he was drunk, and desired him to go about his business. High words ensued; and, a crowd collecting about the door, one of the shopmen ran out for a constable to come and quell the ex-messman. 'A fig for the constable!' cried the ex-messman; and, reaching across the counter, he got the other shopman's head under his arm—in *chancery*, as it were, and began plucking off the top of his Titus by thumbs-full—just as a poulterer's 'prentice plucks the toupee of a turkey! The poor young pawnbroker wriggled about, as well as he could, to get his head away; but the malignant ex-messman held it fast until he had plucked it as much as he pleased; and then, letting it go, he would have *bolted;* only the constable met him at the door and took him into custody.

The magistrate said he had never before heard of such a queer assault; and asked the ex-messman what he had to say in his defence?

'A good deal, your worship,' replied the ex-messman; and, taking from his pocket-book a piece of well-handled parchment, he handed it in as a seven year's character of him—setting forth his conduct and capacity whilst serving the office of cook-military to the Royal Staff corps; all which was duly signed by Sir Robert Dundas.

'And what of this?' said his worship, 'What has this to do with your plucking this young man's hair off his head?'

'Why, your worship,' replied the ex-messman, 'I think it's a pretty good proof that I am not a man likely to do any thing wrong. Sir Robert would never have given me that character unless my conduct had been perfectly satisfactory.'

'That may be,' said the magistrate, 'but your conduct does not seem to have been very satisfactory to this young man; and I again ask you why you assaulted him so strangely?'

The ex-messman, finding his seven years' character was of no use, put it in his pocket again, and went at once into his defence. He declared that he actually did leave a piece of carpeting on the counter, and that when he went back to ask for it the shopman sneered at him.—'And that's the reason why I cuff'd him,' said he; 'but I don't *believe* I plucked his hair off.'

His worship observed that the pawnbroker in question was a most respectable man, and he did not believe any of his people would have kept the carpeting if it had been left there.

The shopmen both solemnly declared on their oaths that they knew nothing of it; and they added that the messman was so drunk he did not know what he was about.

'Nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!' exclaimed the ex-messman—'its come to a pretty pass if *pawnbrokers* are to judge whether a man's drunk or sober!'—and the magistrate ordered him to find bail.

SALOONERS.

> The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
> As is the razor's edge invisible.
>
> *Love's Labour Lost.*

Among the nocturnal *detenus* brought before the magistrate one morning was a lady and gentleman, who gave their names—Frederick Fitzgerald, Esq. and Miss Mary Anne Dornton: and, as far as appearances went, they certainly were a rather squirelike and ladylike couple. Their affair, in the journal of his honour the N. C. was entered thus:—'Frederick Fitzgerald, Esquire, charges Miss Mary Anne Dornton with assaulting and beating him; and Miss Mary Anne Dornton charges Frederick Fitzgerald, Esquire, with assaulting and beating her,—the said assaultings having been committed in the English Opera-house.' It was very evident, however, that the *lady* had got the worst of it; for her upper lip was so swollen that it projected over the under one like a pent-house,—the ribands of her bonnet were sprinkled with blood, and she had wept—until her eyes and once fair nose were as red as *Zamiel's wrap-rascal*;—whilst Mr. Fitzgerald was quite in apple-pie order—fresh as a bridegroom, with his chin new reaped, and every curl of his luxuriant crop redolent of Rowland's curl-creating unction. He came attended by two witnesses; and Miss Dornton by one only—and that one (a lady) in some de-

gree implicated in Mr. Fitzgerald's charge, she having instigated Miss Dornton to do as she had done.

Mr. Fitzgerald, it appeared, was with his two friends at the English Opera-house, on the preceding night. They were not there for the purpose of listening to the wild witcheries of Weber, or laughing at the Yankeyisms of Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins; but they were there for the more gentlemanly purpose of promenading the saloon and the lobbies; and whilst they were thus promenading they met with a damsel whose *nomme de salon* is Miss Elizabeth Ferrers—the very lady above mentioned as having instigated Miss Dornton to beat Mr. Fitzgerald—or to *lallup* him, as Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins would say. Now Miss Elizabeth Ferrers was not unknown to Mr. Fitzgerald—how, when, or where they became acquainted, it matters not; she knew him, and he knew her; and therefore she required him to treat her and her friend Miss Dornton with 'a plate of pears.' So he treated them with a plate of pears, and thought nothing of it, as he said; but they had no sooner '*engulphed* the pears' than Miss Ferrers demanded money to pay for a coach to carry her home that night; and because Mr. Fitzgerald demurred to this demand, Miss Elizabeth Ferrers called Mr. Fitzgerald 'a *bilk!*' (a term well known among the ladies and gentlemen of the saloons—signifying a *cheat*.) Mr. Fitzgerald thought no more of this than he did of the plate of pears; and would have continued his promenade of the saloon without resenting it,

but Miss Dornton said to Miss Ferrers—'D—n it! for the ladies of the saloon *can* swear, when they wish to create a sensation—'D—n it! I'd never leave him till I got something out of him!' And from that moment Mr. Fitzgerald had no peace, nor amusement whatever! If he approached the conservatory to take an ice, or a little cherry bounce, or what not, the ladies Ferrers and Dornton exclaimed 'May it choke the *bilk!*' If he sat down, it was 'There sits a *bilk!*' If he stood up—it was 'There stands a *bilk!*' 'If he promenaded'—it was 'There swaggers a stingy *bilk!*' If he accosted a lady—it was 'Take care of a *bilk!*' If he left the saloon and took refuge in the boxes—it was 'There hides a *bilk!*' If he changed his box—it was 'Make way there for a *bilk!*' In short, it was bilk! bilk! bilk! all night long, and it was really enough to drive any poor gentleman mad—except Mr. Fitzgerald, who bore it very patiently; until, as he was leaving one of the boxes, he accidentally trod upon Miss Dornton's French-kid-clad toe, and she boxed his ears with her *reticule*. Nay, he would have thought nothing of this—if her boxing had been confined within any reasonable compass; but she continued to box him all through the lobby, and she made such a desperate attempt to tear his coat up the back—by taking a skirt in each hand, that he was compelled to 'fling out,' in order to disentangle himself from her. By this *flinging out* Mr. Fitzgerald saved his coat, at the expense of Miss Dornton's lip; and then, by the advice of his friends, and

to avoid the crowd, by this time assembled, he took refuge in the *dress* circle—where ladies of an *uncertain* description are never admitted. Here he was joined by his friends, and they sat very snugly—nothing doubting but Miss Dornton was done with; but they were mistaken; for when they left the theatre, at the close of the performances, there was the indefatigable Miss Dornton waiting for them in the vestibule, and she followed them through the streets with 'immense clamour,' until she gave charge of Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Fitzgerald gave charge of her, and they were both carried before his honour the night constable as aforesaid.

Thus far was Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the matter, and it was fully substantiated by both his friends—one of whom took the trouble of seven times repeating that 'he considered the conduct of the ladies as a complete system of annoyance to extract money.'

Miss Dornton began her defence by accusing his honour the night constable of malversation in the execution of his office. 'I was the injured party,' said she, 'and it was I who first gave Mr. Fitzgerald in charge; but he had money, and I had not, and so he was allowed to go at large, after he had treated himself and the constable with *brandy*, whilst I was locked up down below and denied even a drop of *water*.'

From this charge the constable defended himself as well as he could; Mr. Fitzgerald declared that he sent for the brandy because he found himself 'in a state of *excessive*

perspiration;' the magistrate said he should report the constable to the parish authorities; and Miss Dornton proceeded with her defence. She assured the magistrate that she did not assist in the persecution of Mr. Fitzgerald as he had represented. The whole head and front of her offending, she said, was the having reproached him for pushing rudely against her friend, Miss Ferrers; and for so reproaching him he brutally struck her on the mouth. In proof of these premises, she very dexterously turned her upper lip inside out for his worship's inspection, and produced a cambric pocket-handkerchief stained with her crimson blood.

Miss Ferrers corroborated all Miss Dornton said, and added certain particulars touching her first acquaintance with Mr. Fitzgerald, which we have certain reasons for not repeating; and then the magistrate ordered Miss Dornton to find bail, on the ground that however illiberally a gentleman may behave towards a lady, the lady cannot be allowed to hunt him through a theatre like a mad dog.

TUB LAW.

Mr. Timothy Shearcroft was charged with an assault and battery on the person of Mr. Zacariah Jones. Mr. Timothy Shearcroft is a stuffer of sausages; Mr. Zacariah Jones is an ex-grenadier in the Hon. East India Company's service; they are fellow-lodgers in one house —the sausage stuffer uppermost; in length of years they

are equal—say three-score and ten each; but in length of person the ex-grenadier has the advantage of the sausage stuffer by at least half-a-yard.

The ex-grenadier deposed that though he himself is the most peaceably inclined man in existence, the sausage stuffer will never let him be at peace, but is continually stirring up conspiracies against him, and putting ill languages upon him—whether he is going in or coming out, sleeping or waking, eating, drinking, or smoking his pipe; and that on a certain day named, as he was peaceably pacing to and fro in the passage leading to his own apartment, the said sausage-stuffer did wantonly and maliciously *teem* one *tub* of cold water upon his head—'Whereby,' continued the ex-grenadier, 'I *premonstrutted** with him in respect to that regard; by which means he and others *ascended* upon me from above stairs, with unlawful weapons of all sorts, and laid open my head, as your worship may perceive.'

The sausage-stuffer and seventeen witnesses answered this charge simultaneously. Young men, maidens, ancient dames, children of three spans long, and even his own daughter, all opened upon the unfortunate ex-grenadier at once, and laid sins enough to his charge to furnish out a whole regiment of grenadiers.—He was as *idle* as a pig, as *sly* as a fox, as *greedy* as a wolf, as *drunken* as a *lord*, as *thievish* as a cat, and as *libidinous*

* Premonstrutted. *Query*, remonstrated.

as a cock-sparrow; and upon the occasion, when the *tub* was *teemed* upon his wicked head, he had just been caught in the fact of taking '*ondecent* liberties with a young woman *what* was going up stairs—'

'I *detest* my innocence before God and man!' exclaimed the ex-grenadier, when he heard this last charge.

'Don't believe him your worship—he's *culpable* of anything!' cried the sausage-stuffer. 'Don't believe him—he's a dirty, good-for-nothing, rascally, old toad,' reiterated all the witnesses; and his worship decided that the ex-grenadier and the sausage-stuffer should *both* give bail to keep the peace towards all the king's subjects in general, and towards each other in particular.

PETER FREESTONE.

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Othello.

Mr. John Tompkins sought to have Mr. Peter Freestone held to bail for an assault and battery alleged to have been committed by him, the said Peter Freestone, upon the left eye of the said John Tompkins, against the peace, &c.

John Tompkins is a stout, good-looking, curly-whiskered, young currier, and a bachelor moreover—living here and there and every where almost at free quarters. Mr. Peter Freestone, on the contrary, is a sober, staid, el-

derly importer of piping bull-finches—a married man, many years established in one abode, in Bedfordbury.

John Tompkins deposed, that between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, it so happened that as he was passing by the shop of the said Peter Freestone, he stopped, for the space of about two minutes, looking at the piping bullfinches and other singing birds therein set out, and having so done he passed on—unconscious of having given offence to any living soul. But he had not walked many yards before some one came behind, and gave him such a thump in the left eye as made fire fly out of it!—Whereupon he turned himself round about, and saw, with the other eye, that it was Mr. Peter Freestone who had thus assaulted him; and he now called upon the magistrate to grant him redress by holding the said Peter to bail to answer it at the Quarter Sessions—for, as he said, 'there was end to every thing, if a man must have his eyes *assassinated* with *impoonity*.' He then lifted the green silk shade which covered his left eye, pointed out the damages it had received—blue, yellow, red, and green; dropped the silk shade over it again, and said—'that is my case.'

The magistrate could not believe that Mr. Peter Freestone, who seemed to be a very harmless old gentleman, would be guilty of such an attack without some provocation; and he asked Mr. John Tompkins whether he could account for it.

Mr. John Tompkins replied, that he had not the most remote idea—Mr. Peter Freestone seemed to bear him

some ancient grudge; but why, or wherefore, he knew no more 'than an unborn babe *what* never saw the light.'

'Well, let us hear what Mr. Peter Freestone has to say about it—perhaps his memory may be more retentive,' observed the magistrate.

Mr. Peter Freestone immediately stepped forward and unfolded circumstances of very *crim. con.*-ish import. He averred that John Tompkins had supplanted him in Mrs. Freestone's affections, whilst he was collecting piping bullfinches in Germany, some ten or twelve months ago;—nay, that he had even gone so far as to take his place at bed and board during his absence; and, not content with this, he was continually pestering Mrs. Freestone with love letters up to that very day. On the afternoon in question he had the audacity to station himself opposite the window, under pretence of looking at the bullfinches, but in fact to peep at his wife—thus getting a peep under false pretences. It made him mad to see such impudence, and therefore he rushed out after him, determined to spoil his peeping, if possible; and he thought he had 'savage cause' for so doing. He admitted that upon overtaking him he did strike him in the eye—but not from behind, as John Tompkins had alleged; on the contrary, he came in front of him, and, before he struck him, he called him a sneaking scoundrel; so that he had plenty of time to defend himself, had he been inclined; but there is no true valour in a bad cause; and, having received the blow in his eye, he clapped his hand

to it, 'and sneaked off like a dog that has burnt his tail,' quoth Mr. Peter Freestone.

John Tompkins bitterly denied having done the things imputed to him. Peter Freestone asked him if he would deny having written letters to his wife. John Tompkins dared him to produce any such letters. Peter Freestone replied that he might have produced them had not every one of them ended with 'commit this to the flames as soon as read.' John Tompkins said it was all a dream. Peter Freestone declared it was all too true; and——

The worthy magistrate dismissed the warrant. He had no doubt, he said, that Mr. Freestone had cause for his suspicions, and John Tompkins had no business to go peeping about his house, and trifling with his feelings, even admitting that he had no real ground for those suspicions.

THE JEW & THE ROUGH EMERALDS.

Mr. Thomas O'Toole and Mr. Barney M'Flinn were charged with an assault upon Mr. Abraham Moses.

Mr. Thomas O'Toole and Mr. Barney M'Flinn were deputy bricklayers, at the time of the alleged assault, engaged in repairing a house in Catherine Street. Mr. Abraham Moses is a peripatetic dealer in shabby-genteelleries—vulgarly, an old clothesman. He was passing the place where the defendants were at work, when Mr. Thomas O'Toole called after him, 'Musha, Mr. Smouch!

SPIRITS OF WINE.

and what would you give us for a second-hand brickbat, little the worse for wear?'—'Or a mortar-hod with the nap rather turned?' added Mr. Barney M'Flinn. 'How long is it since you were at *Vinegar Hill?*' said Mr. Abraham Moses in reply, and thereupon they seized, and almost *strangled* him.

Before the magistrate they denied the assault—'There was nothing at all to assault about,' they said, 'for the Jew had given them no offence.'

'Then you did not understand what he meant by *Vinegar Hill?*' said his worship.

'Divel a bit of it at all!' replied Mr. Thomas O'Toole; and Mr. Barney M'Flinn declared he never heard of the place in the *wool coorse* of his life; but his worship did not believe them, and they were both held to bail for the assault; a measure which furnished them with six weeks' board, washing, and lodging, at the county expence.

SPIRITS OF WINE.

Wine, mighty wine, &c.
Universal Songster.

'YOUR worship sees these here three gemmen,' said a guardian of the night, pointing to three well-dressed choice spirits, just brought to their account with all their imperfections on their heads;—'your worship sees 'em?'

'Very plainly,' said the magistrate.

'Why, then, me and my partner had a terrible tussle with 'em just at break o' day, in Leicester Square, this morning,' continued the guardian of the sleeping public. 'There was four of 'em at first, please your worship, and they comes along, all a row, singing summut about wine curing of the cholic, and the like of that. "Don't make such a clamour," says I, "waking honest inhabitants up out o' bed afore the time."—"What's that you say, fello?" says the tallest one. "Now I'll tell you what, master Charley," says he, "I'll jest give you a manny-fist-ation of mighty *champagne*, my old boy!"—"Let me tickle his toby with the *black-strap!*" says another. "Demme, I've a vast mind to *hock* the base-born brute!" squeak'd another; and "Devil fire him!" says the one in the carrotty whiskers, "if I'd get a civil twist of him, I'd tache him the power of a pint of *burnt brandy!*"—"Lord help you," says I, "why, your legs arn't so thick as a pair o' bacca pipes!" and with that every man Jack of 'em lets fly at me, right and left, up hill and down dale; but I soon untackled my cudgel, by means of which the *burnt-brandy* gemman tumbled heels over head—the *black-strapper* went to the wall with a pain in his side—and the *hock*-er waddled off like a good one. But this here tall *champagner* stuck up to me tightly, till my partner came to my 'sistance, and we tuck these here three to the watch-house.'

'Were they drunk?' asked the magistrate.

'*Full to the neck*, every one of 'em! your worship,' replied the watchman.

The unfortunate gentlemen had nothing to say in their defence, except that they had been 'supping out,' and were so full of wine that the spirit of it got the better of their judgment, and they had no perfect recollection of anything.

The magistrate ordered that they should find bail for their appearance to answer for the assault at the Sessions; but eventually, at the *disinterested* intercession of the watchman, they were permitted to go home to their disconsolate friends.

CRUEL COPPLESTONE AND THE COFFEE-SEEKER.

THERE was a tall, square-built, middle-aged, solemn-looking personage, in black, brought from that inclement dungeon St. Clement's watch-house, charged with two very unsolemn-looking-personage-like crimes; to wit—trying to poke out a man's eye with an umbrella, and tearing to tatters an unoffending shirt—the said eye and shirt both belonging to one George Gulley, who is no relation whatever to the *great* Gulley, but a very inoffensive young man, who sometimes officiates as a waiter at Copplestone's coffee-shop, in Wych Street.

When the case was called on, the solemn-looking personage placed himself, with his legs *a-la-caret*, before the bench; and, taking his tablets from his pocket, he very

deliberately wrote a formal request to the magistrate, begging he might be permitted to keep his *surname* to himself, inasmuch as its publication would cause him serious inconvenience, and could have nothing at all to do with the merits of the case:—at the same time he was willing to give his *two Christian* names, viz. *John William*, and these, he thought, would be quite sufficient for the purpose of the present investigation.—To this formal request his worship vouchsafed no immediate reply; the investigation proceeded forthwith; and therefrom we gathered the following interesting particulars:—

On the previous evening—which was a very rainy evening—Mr. John William, the solemn-looking personage aforesaid, was in the city. What business he had there is nothing to nobody; it is sufficient that he was there, and that he waited with much anxiety for the rain to give over raining,—but it would not. Where he waited is, also, nothing to nobody; it is sufficient that, by so waiting, he became dripping wet; and, being dripping wet, he took it into his head that a comfortable cup of Copplestone's coffee would be a very good thing to take into his stomach. So he left off waiting for the rain to give over raining; and, with a well-soaked umbrella over-head, he paddled through mud and mire down Ludgate Hill, up Fleet Street, and through Temple Bar, to Copplestone's coffee-shop, in Wych Street—*juxta* the Angel Inn gateway, at the back of St. Clement's—where he had taken many a good large cup of coffee, at a small

price, many a time and oft. When he reached the door of Copplestone's coffee-shop he found it shut, though it was then only half-past nine o'clock, by St. Clement's Church; and, as he did not understand the meaning of this, he knocked boldly at the door—thinking, peradventure, the door had been closed merely to keep the rain out. He knocked once, and there was no answer; he knocked a second time, and still there was no answer; and he was beginning to knock a third time, when a voice came through the key-hole, saying, 'What the plague do you want? and who the devil are you?' Now, this was but an inhospitable and un-coffee-shop-like query to propound to a tall, solemn-looking, dripping-wet personage on such a night—for still the rain kept spitefully spattering away, until his umbrella became a mere portable shower-bath. But nevertheless John William, the solemn, kept his patience unruffled; and, stooping down, he placed his mouth to the key-hole and replied, 'It is I—Mr. John William ——, and I want a cup of coffee!' —'Then you must go somewheres else and get it,' rejoined the inside voice; 'for we never serves anybody after nine o'clock.'—'But I have come all the way out of the city for a cup of coffee, Mr. Copplestone—and surely, surely, Mr. Copplestone, you won't be so cruel as to refuse me such a trifle on such a night as this!' said tall John William, the solemn. 'You can't have any coffee here, I tell you!' replied the inside voice; and there the key-hole conversation ended; for, though the solemn

coffee-seeker poured his pathetic plaints through the key-hole until his back ached with stooping, no answer of any sort was returned. Here was a pretty predicament for a tall, square-built gentleman, who verily believed himself to be a person of pretty considerable consequence! Was it to be supposed that such a person would suffer his stomach to be thus trifled with? Was he to stand shivering outside the house with his boots full of rain-water, and his mouth full of other water for want of a cup of coffee, when he could hear the coffee cups gaily clattering within? Or was he to go sneaking for coffee elsewhere when he had set his heart upon *Copplestone's* coffee? Certainly not;—either alternative would have been totally derogatory; and, therefore, he did what any man in that longing condition would have done—he doubled his fist, and beat upon the door with all the fury of insulted dignity; when, just in the midst of the thundering volley, out pops the aforesaid George Gulley and pushes him off the steps, with a 'Go along about your business, you blackguard!' This was worse and worse; and tall Mr. John William resolved to resent it. So, grasping his umbrella, firelock-wise, he charged upon George Gulley with all his might; and, as George Gulley said, he charged right at his *left* eye, with the malicious intention of poking it out. However, George Gulley bobbed his head on one side, and the door-post caught the poke. Then John William, the solemn, vigorously poked at George Gulley's *right* eye; but he missed again—for George Gulley bobbed his head

on the other side. And thus they stood—one poking, and the other bobbing, to the very great amusement of divers persons then and there collected, until George Gulley bethought himself of calling the watchman. The watchman came at his call. 'Take this madman into custody!' cried George Gulley. The watchman seized the tall solemn-looking John William by the collar of his coat, and would have walked him away to the watch-house; but the tall John William caught George Gulley by the collar of his shirt, and George Gulley caught hold of the door-post; and the watchman pulled, and John William pulled—and George Gulley held fast by the door-post as long as he could—even until his shirt was torn to tatters—to very rags; and then—fearing his inexpressibles might go next—he loosed his hold upon the door-post, and away they all went slap upon the muddy pavement. Tedious it were to tell what next ensued; it is sufficient that, after many ups and downs, and kicks and cuffs, inflicted and endured on all sides, George Gulley returned home without shirt enough to swear by—and the square-built, solemn-looking John William was put to bed, coffee-less and sadly soaked, on a three-inch plank at the watch-house.

Mr. John William, in his defence, pleaded firstly, the cruelty of the Copplestone people in refusing to admit him; secondly, the cuff he received from George Gulley instead of coffee; thirdly, the impossibility of his making much noise upon a door when he had nothing in his hand

but his fist; and, lastly, he declared that he ought to have been the complainant in this case and George Gulley the defendant.

The magistrate, however, had received too much evidence on the other side to be of Mr. John William's opinion, and therefore he ordered him to find bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions.

DUNSTABLE DEMOLISHED.

Mr. Obadiah Taylor, a *tailor* by trade, but a coachman in appearance—being enveloped in a huge pearl-buttoned, white poodle upper benjamin—was charged with having *kicked* Mrs. Elizabeth Turnbull, widow; and moreover with having split, torn, and totally demolished the best *Dunstable* of the said Elizabeth, at twelve o'clock at night, in New Street, Covent Garden.

Mrs. Turnbull very eloquently described the manner in which this '*tailor-like* achievement,' as she called it, had been perpetrated. She was going about her lawful business with a friend, she said, when she met the defendant and two other tailors—all drunk; and she herself *remarkably* sober. This being the case, the two other tailors pushed the tailor defendant against her; and, because she remonstrated against such rudeness, the tailor defendant kicked her; and, because she remonstrated against being kicked by a tailor, he 'took up his fist, and, at one blow,

totally demolished her last new Dunstable—trimmed with figured *leeluck ribbins* of two shillings a yard!'

Mr. Obadiah denied the premises. He confessed that he was a tailor, and that he was in company with two other gentlemen of that profession at the time stated; but he solemnly denied both the drunkenness and the demolition of the Dunstable—not but what it was very possible the Dunstable might have been demolished, but *certes* he was not the man—if he might be allowed the expression—he was not the *man* what did it. The fact was, he said, that he was unfortunate in the colour of his coat—the upper benjamin before mentioned—which, being *white*, was remarkably conspicuous by night; and he was caught, whilst his darker-clad companions escaped scot-free. Then as to the drunkenness charged, it was a strange misapprehension; for he and his companions had not left the board—

'The *board!* What board?' said the magistrate.

'The *shop*-board, your worship,' replied Mr. Obadiah, and then resumed—for he and his companions had not left the board more than one hour when the affray took place; and he humbly submitted that it was almost, if not altogether, ridiculous to suppose that any man—letting alone a tailor—could, by any means, get so drunk in *one hour* as all that here what was talked about.

The magistrate held that it was *very* possible; and ordered that he should either satisfy Mrs. Turnbull for her Dunstable, or put in bail for the assault. He chose the former alternative, and was discharged.

UNGENTEEL TREATMENT.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me.
Lady Constance.

One Mistress Alice M'Dermot, a melancholy matron, in time-embrowned black crape, complained to the magistrate that, being 'a poor lonesome widow, because her husband was dead,' one Mr. Benjamin Steel, a fellow-lodger of her's, was continually taking advantage of her loneliness, to '*trate* her very *ongintalely*.' On one occasion—not having the fear of Lord Ellenborough's Act before his eyes—he had seized a hatchet and threatened to let out her *contestines* with it! and she verily believed he would have done it, had she not taken the hatchet from him and locked it up safe in her cupboard! She told him, at the time, that such conduct, towards a *lone widow*, was quite *ongintale* and ridiculous; and, as he promised not to repeat it, she intended to forgive him; but not long after, he took upon himself, basely and wickedly, to call her a *she heretic!* and therefore she besought his worship to punish him with the utmost *dexterity* of the law.

Mr. Steel, apparently a very good-humoured harmless little subject, replied that Mrs. M'Dermot saw things 'through a false medium.' 'She has mistaken me *in toto*,' said he; 'for I never owed her no ill-*will*—not a *mossel*, upon my *veracity!*—and for that matter, your vurship, there is neither man, voman, nor child, as *trawerses* this

here habitable globe, would I *wiolate* on no consideration whatever!——'

'But,' said the magistrate, 'she accuses you of calling her a *she heretic!*—Are you a *Catholic*, Mr. Steel?'

'No, your worship, I'm a *tailor!*' replied honest Mr. Steel; 'and, though I say it as should not, I thinks everybody oughts to go to heaven their own way—for as I says to my vife, says I, "there's more vays to Primrose Hill besides the *Noo* Road."'

'Well, but about the hatchet, Mr. Steel,' said his worship; 'you threatened to let out her intestines with a *hatchet*, she says?'

'Oh laws, sir! *me* a hatchet! I declare and wow I've no edged veppun in existence—except the *shears;* and your vurship knows I couldn't follow my calling without the shears! Its k'vite entirely a false medium, your vurship; and she might as vell svear I run her through the body vith a No. 7 *needle!*'

The magistrate smiled, and so did everybody else, except Mrs. M'Dermot, who seemed to think that even this mentioning of a needle betrayed bloody-mindedness; for she shrunk away from the side of Mr. Steel with an expression of horror on her countenance as he uttered the words. But there was so much good-humoured artlessness in Mr. Steel's manner, that his worship said, he could not but think Mrs. M'Dermot's fears of him were groundless, and he advised her to think no more of it:—adding, 'If he is not quiet, you know, you can come here again.'

'Ah! your worship!' said the melancholy Mrs. M'Dermot, with a deep sigh, 'I don't know how I'll do *that* if he lets my *bowels* out!' So saying, she walked slowly out of the office; whilst Mr. Steel leaned across the table, and whispered to the magistrate, that in future he would 'make a point of *coaxing* that here lady!' and then, making his best bow, he withdrew.

SHOOT 'EM, SIR! SHOOT 'EM!

This was a queer piece of business—began in an overweening affection for poultry on one side, and winter tares on the other; carried on in anger and mutual abuse; and ending in gunpowder and the Quarter Sessions.

The complainants, Mr. John Nokes and Mr. Thomas Stiles, occupy distinct cottages in Wellington Place, Vauxhall; and very sweet little boxes they are said to be —with French windows, nice light verandas, and all that sort of thing, quite genteel and comfortable. Mr. Nokes has many children, and more chickens; with cocks and hens, and everything of that sort, in proportion.

The defendant, Mr. Brown, is a little old gentleman with a large fortune, and a snug freehold, consisting of sundry gardens, a field, and a well-built barn, abutting on the cottage premises of Messrs. Nokes and Stiles.

Now it appears that Mr. Nokes's children and chickens are in the habit of trespassing on the field, gardens, &c. of Mr. Brown; and Mr. Brown, with a view to abate the

trespass, has stationed his servants in his barn, with orders to shoot the chickens, and frighten the children, whenever they came into his field. The servants have obeyed the order with great vigour; and thus things went on, from bad to worse, till it was found necessary to bring the matter before the magistrates.

Mr. Nokes, for himself, deposed, that the lives of his children and himself had many times been placed in imminent jeopardy by the discharge of fire-arms from Mr. Brown's barn, and particularly two days before, when a gun was discharged from the barn, in the precise direction in which he and his children were standing; and had it not been that one of his fowls was in the way to receive the shot, he verily believed his own or his childrens' lives would inevitably have been sacrificed—nothing could have saved them if that unfortunate pullet had not very fortunately been there. As it was, he was not quite sure but he himself was struck, for he afterwards found some of the shots close to his feet. Mr. Nokes having stated these things, and expatiated on them *ad libitum*, produced a very neatly drawn plan of the premises, in which the barn, the cottages, the field, and the situation of himself, his children, and the slaughtered pullet, at the moment of the discharge above stated, were very carefully laid down; and, having put it in as an illustration of his evidence, he made way for his friend and neighbour, Mr. Stiles.

Mr. Stiles, after describing the state of alarm in which himself and family had been kept by the violent attempts

of Mr. Brown to exterminate Mr. Nokes's poultry, deposed that, on a certain day, he was sitting in one of the front rooms of his cottage, being at the moment under the hands of his barber, when he heard the discharge of a gun, and in the next instant the rattling of shots against his windows. He felt considerable alarm at the circumstance; for, as he said, had the charge been a little stronger it might have killed him, and the barber that was shaving him. Nor was this all; for Mrs. Stiles, with an infant in her arms, had passed that very window not two minutes before; and he could not but consider her escape as quite providential. In conclusion, he declared that he apprehended personal danger to himself and family unless these outrages were discontinued.

Mr. Brown now entered upon his defence; and a very warm defence it was, beginning with—'This fellow;' but, the magistrate desiring him to keep his temper, he modified it into 'this *man*.' This man, meaning thereby the complainant, Mr. Nokes, kept a great many cocks and hens and *vagabond ducks*, who were continually waddling and wandering about his field and gardens; tearing and scratching, and ferreting up his crops, stocks, and vegetables, in a most vexatious manner, not to be endured. Thrice this season had he sowed one piece of ground with winter tares; and thrice had Mr. Nokes's confounded ducks, and things, rooted every tare of them up; and he had his gardeners now present to prove the provoking fact. Besides this, the little Nokes's were continually breaking down his fences, and playing all sorts of mis-

chievous pranks, so that he had no peace of his life. He had often desired Mr. Nokes to keep his children and chicks at home; but it was of no use—he only got laughed at. At last he applied to a magistrate for advice what to do; and, when he had told him how his property was destroyed by these confoundedly-vexatious ducks, and things, the magistrate said '*Shoot* 'em, sir! *shoot* 'em! its the *best* way, the *easiest* way, the *surest* way, and the *cheapest* way of getting rid of 'em!' He did not know the name of the gentleman who gave him this advice, but he thought it very good advice—very good advice indeed; and therefore he had followed it. But he denied that either Mr. Stiles's windows, or Mr. Nokes's children had been in any danger in consequence; for his people always fired out of a hole at the top of the barn, right down upon the ground; and he was very sure nothing had suffered but the 'confounded ducks and things.'

His worship observed that the indiscriminate use of fire-arms, in such a situation as the one described, was extremely improper, and was punishable as a misdemeanor—

'Well but, sir,' interrupted the angry Mr. Brown, 'I can prove that *this fellow* offered a man ten pounds, *and all his expenses*, if he would only just shoot *me!* I have the man in court now to prove it, sir! What is to be done about that?'

The magistrate remarked that if Mr. Brown really conceived that such a silly offer had been made, and apprehended danger from it, it might be made matter for a

separate information; but it had nothing to do with the question then before him.

'Why, sir,' again interrupted the testy defendant, 'why, sir, he actually calls me—the fellow actually calls me *Guy Fawkes!!* What am I to do, sir?'

'Sir,' replied the worthy magistrate, 'you are to accommodate yourself to the law.—Your conduct in employing people to shoot amongst your neighbours, as I have already told you, amounts to a misdemeanor; and you must enter into recognizances to meet the charge at the Sessions—unless you can come to an amicable understanding amongst yourselves.'

Mr. Nokes said his only object was to prevent a recurrence of the outrages of which he complained, and if——

'Oh! I'll have nothing to do with you,' interrupted Mr. Brown, 'I'll meet your charge; I'll put in bail; and I'll go further—I'll exhibit articles of the peace against *you*, for my life is in danger!'

There was much further conversation, in which Mr. Brown was very anxious to obtain the advice of the magistrate as to how he should proceed against the *confounded* fowls and *vagabond* ducks, and his worship declined giving him any on that subject; observing, 'We see what you have made of the *advice* which you *say* was given you elsewhere, and therefore *I* shall only *advise* you to take *advice* from your *solicitor*.'

Mr. Brown seemed to take this very unkindly, and withdrew to give the necessary recognizances.

MUNSTER *agin* CONNAUGHT.

Where art thou, Genius of Riot?
Where is thy yell of defiance?
Why are the Shea's and O'Shaughnessies quiet?
And whither have fled the O'Rourke's and O'Brien's?

Up from thy slumber, O'Brannigan!
Rouse the M'Shane's and O'Haggerties!
Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole!—be a man again—
Never let Heffernan say what a braggart 'tis!

Och! when a *row* is so feasible,
Where is the kern would be slinking off?—
Con of the battles! what makes ye so peaceable?
Nial the Grand! what the dev'l are ye thinking of?

Irish Melody.

THIS was a case of assault, battery, and biting, originating in a feud between some gentlemen from the rival provinces of Munster and Connaught, assembled at the

Pig and Whistle tavern, in the parish of St. Giles. A warrant had been issued, at the suit of one Mr. Corny Tobin, against Messrs. Corny Keogh, Patrick Byrne, and Michael Moore—commonly called *Peter* Moore, on account of his being 'always on the opposition side in every *row* he comes to,' as Mr. Corny Tobin observed. Of these, Mr. Corny Keogh was missing—not being to be found at that time at all; and, Mr. Patrick Byrne and Mr. Michael Moore being put upon their deliverance, Mr. Corny Tobin, supported by divers credible witnesses, proceeded to 'swear informations agin 'em' to the following effect:—

On the preceding Sunday morning, the parties, with many other ladies and gentlemen from 'the *Emerald gem* of the western world,' were taking their '*morning dthrops*,' at the Pig and Whistle aforesaid, when Mr. Corny Keogh took upon himself to be setting up Munsther above Connaught, by calling Mr. Corny Tobin 'A poor Connaught *thing*'—in regard of his coming from Connemara, at the further end of Connaught, and refusing to purchase peace of the Munsther boys, in St. Giles's, by 'standing another can of the cratur at that same time.' Whereupon Mr. Corny Tobin, being a man 'paceable inclined,' mighty civilly requested Mr. Corny Keogh to 'shut his potaty-trap, and be aisy for that.' But 'Aisy to the divel!' cried Mr. Corny Keogh; and then, agreeably to the good old Irish rule for raising a *skrimmage*, he forthwith took off his cloak, and, trailing it along the

ground behind him, he invoked the '*Janius* of Riot,' by daring any one to tread upon the said cloak.—'*Shillahoo!*' cried he; '*Who durst tread upon that?—Is it yerself durst set yer ugly foot upon it?—Munsther agin Connaught any day, and bad luck to beggarly Connemarrah ev'ry day in the year! Shillahoo!! Shirrugh whack!!!*' This beautiful 'yell of defiance' was quite entirely thrown away upon Mr. Corny Tobin—'in regard of his being the only Connaught-man then to the fore;' nor would he fight at all, though Mr. Corny Keogh 'knock'd his chin up three times to get him in the humour for it;' but an English friend of Mr. Corny Tobin's—one Mr. Jonathan Smith—indignant at seeing a peaceable man thus maltreated, undertook to give Mr. Corny Keogh as much fighting as he liked to take; and he did—for, in about five minutes, Mr. Corny Keogh went away with 'a stummick-ful of it.' Then the other Munster-men took up the *row*—because of the 'English *basting*' Mr. Corny Keogh had received; and Mr. Michael Moore got Mr. Corny Tobin's right-hand thumb in his mouth, and '*grunch'd* it like a bit of tough beef, whilst Mr. Pathrick Byrne punch'd away at the head of him.'

'Look at me *thumb*, yer honour!' said Mr. Corny Tobin in conclusion—at the same time thrusting it forward for the magistrate's inspection—'and sure I wouldn't know where to be lookin for me *head* this blessed day, if Misther Smith and the beadles hadn't come and *driv* 'em off of me!'

'Is it *biting* yer taalkin' of?' said Mr. Michael Moore, who had hitherto listened to the complaint in sulky silence—'is it *biting* yer taalkin' of?—'Fait then, if I'd get yer thumb in me mouth at all, I dare say I'd just bite it clane off at the knuckle!'

Mr. Corny Tobin disdained to reply to this remark, and said he would 'lave it all to their worships.'

Their worships asked Mr. Michael Moore what he had to say in excuse for such a ferocious attack upon his countryman?

'Why then,' said Mr. Michael Moore, 'Corny Tobin ramm'd his thumb in me mouth to give me a jawlock.'

'A *what?*' said the magistrate.

'A *jawlock*, yer honour,' replied Mr. Michael Moore, thrusting his fist into a mouth wide enough to hold a two-pound potatoe, by way of showing the magistrate how Mr. Corny Tobin had endeavoured to give him a *locked jaw*. 'I would be a big fool, yer worship,' he continued, 'to take me enemy's thumb into me own mouth for him to serve me that trick!'

The other defendant, Mr. Pathrick Byrne, gave a rather different account of the affair. He would have it that Mr. Corny Tobin's thumb *slipp'd* into Mr. Michael Moore's mouth '*accidantically*;'—'And when it was there,' said he, 'Corny wouldn't take it out again at all, till meself give him a punch in the eye as sent him *backert!*'

'Fait, that's just it!' exclaimed Mr. Michael Moore,

as if suddenly enlightened—'Fait, that's just it; and the skin was peel'd off the thumb agin the edge of me teeth, when it follow'd him!'

'Let them both find bail,' said the magistrate; and the gaoler led them away.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in—to make all split!

Bully Bottom.

A MAN of middle age and very respectable appearance, who gave his name Orlando, was charged with having attempted the life of Mr. Jaggers, the landlord of the Army and Navy coffee-house, St. Martin's Lane, by charging upon him with a *bed post!*

Mr. Orlando arrived at the Army and Navy Coffee-house, from Liverpool, and in due time went to bed—as the people of the house supposed; but in three quarters of an hour afterwards they were alarmed by hearing a gentleman, who slept in the next room to him, calling out, 'Take care of yourselves below there!' In the next moment the prisoner rushed down stairs armed with a bed post, and, without uttering a word, charged with it, full tilt, at the astonished landlord, just as a soldier uses his musquet and bayonet when charging the enemy in

battle; and the poor man narrowly escaped being run through the body with it, by jumping behind the bar-door. He charged with such vigour, however, that the gunnel of the door was shattered by the blow; and he was preparing to mend his aim, when several persons, there present, rushed in upon him at once, and with great difficulty disarmed him.

The singular weapon was produced before the magistrate. It was tipped with an iron spike of two or three inches in length, as bed posts usually are; and it certainly appeared well calculated to do 'bloody execution,' when wielded by a powerful man like our prisoner. The chambermaid of the house said he had literally torn it from the bedstead. Nobody could tell his motive for such an outrageous attack, for no offence whatever had been given to him; and whenever he had visited the house before he always conducted himself with propriety. When conveyed to the watch-house, his conduct was equally mysterious; for, though he went to bed there quietly enough, he afterwards got up and alarmed the whole neighbourhood, as the constable of the night said, by 'shouting ten thousand murders!'

The magistrate asked him what he had to say to all this; and, notwithstanding his previous impetuosity, he made a very meek defence; though, perhaps, not a very reasonable one. In the first place he attributed his fury to long fasting!—having been so busy travelling, and *drinking*, during several days last past, that he had quite

forgotten to *eat* anything. Secondly, he attributed it to having been in *Dublin*, lately; thirdly, to the effect of violent *sea-sickness;* fourthly, and lastly, to his having served with the army in India! These circumstances, either all, or in part, he alleged, had turned his senses out of doors for the moment; and, fancying he heard somebody attempting to enter his chamber, he tore off one of the posts of his bedstead, and rushed forth as had been described. But he was extremely sorry for what he had done, and was willing to make the most humble apology to every one he had offended.

'And pray, sir, what are you?' asked the magistrate.

He replied that he was a lieutenant in the army, on the half-pay list, and he made some other disclosures with respect to his family and affairs; but as he pathetically declared that a public exposure of them would utterly ruin him, we, in mercy, withhold them.

Eventually the magistrate told him his conduct had been so singularly outrageous, that he should not be doing his duty to the public if he did not cause him to find sureties for his more peaceable behaviour in future; and he was then, in spite of his earnest entreaties to the contrary, consigned to the custody of the turnkey; but, in the course of a day or two, he was set at liberty on the intercession of the landlord himself.

CAPTAIN MUGGINS.

These fellows will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy!* which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Doll Tearsheet.

Mr. Maximilian Muggins, a *soi-disant* captain in the Columbian service, a rather meagre and sallow-faced young gentleman, in a gold-banded seal-skin foraging cap, and black-braided blue surtout, was brought up from the dungeons of Covent Garden watch-house, where he had lain all night, charged with divers disorderly doings in one of the theatres.

Two check-takers, one treasurer, and three constables, were his accusers, and they laid many queer things to his charge. He had long been in the nightly practice of annoying the theatre by manifestations of extreme *corinthianism*, insomuch that, at one time, the proprietors were under the necessity of suspending the admissibility of a free admission which he had purchased; but, upon his earnest entreaty, and promises of amendment, they were induced to relax in this particular, and he was again admitted. On the preceding night he came into the theatre with five or six other gentlemen, all of the same *caste*, and all very *drunk*, and attempted to get up a sparring match in the pit. Foiled in this, he went out, and returned with a woman's bonnet upon his head; and,

mounting on one of the benches, he exclaimed, 'I am *Muggins the bold!*—is there any gentleman here who would chuse to have a *slap* at me?' A cry of 'Turn out the *fool!*' now resounded through the house; and the constables, conceiving that the said cry had reference to Mr. Maximilian Muggins, proceeded to turn out Mr. Maximilian Muggins; and, during the operation, he not only repeatedly threatened to stab them in the *belly*, and cut off their *heads*, but he actually broke his stick over their *backs*. Finally, he was got out, and deposited in the watch-house; and, in conclusion, the witnesses, one and all, declared that, in their humble opinion, Mr. Maximilian Muggins was *rather cracked*.

Mr. Maximilian Muggins listened to these charges with a contemptuous curl of his nether lip; and when asked by the magistrate what he had to say in reply, he cleared his speech-pipe with three distinct 'hems!'—placed himself in the tea-pot attitude, and, with his foraging-cap rolled up *a la baton* in the spout arm, he delivered himself as follows:—

'*Hem!* in the first place, sir, I am charged with being *cracked;* but I appeal to your worship's discrimination whether I am either cracked, crazed, or mad? Secondly, I am charged with threatening to stick, stab, and decapitate, certain constables:—I reply, that I never carry a knife—*consequently* the charge is false. Thirdly, I am charged with sparring in the *pit*. This I deny;—what sparring there was—if sparring it may be called, which

sparring was not—took place in the *lobby*. Fourthly, I am charged with wearing a lady's bonnet, to the great annoyance of the audience. I admit the *bonnet*, but I deny the *annoyance*;—a lady snatched my cap from my head, and, by way of reprisal, I snatched her bonnet.—What had the audience to do with that? Fifthly, and lastly, with respect to the general charge of long continued disorderly conduct, and I know not what all, I have only to observe, *me nemo impune lacessit*—that is to say, if any man takes me by the nose, let him look to his *own* proboscis; most assuredly it shall not escape scot free!'

So having said, he beckoned with his seal-skin baton to two young men, who thereupon came forward as witnesses in his behalf; but, unfortunately, the constables instantly recognised them as having assisted Mr. Maximilian Muggins in the fooleries aforesaid, and they had therefore enough to do to defend themselves. Eventually, however, they were suffered to depart unscathed, and Mr. Maximilian Muggins was ordered to find good and sufficient bail for his better behaviour in future.

A CROSS-LEGGED GIOVANNI.

The tailors are really becoming the most rumbustical part of mankind. Out of every ten disorderlies brought to this office, you shall have at least nine tailors. The

rogues no longer 'creep about to find themselves dishonourable graves;' but they will 'swear, drink, dance, revel the night,' and break a watchman's head as gallantly as the best gentleman in St. James's Street. 'And, moreover,' many of them will intrigue, and carry on amours, forsooth! with as much confidence as though the bolt of Cupid were a Whitechapel needle, and a love-suit nothing more than a suit of superfine Saxony!

One of these cross-legged *Giovannis*—a slender, thread-bare, parchment-cheek'd, biped—was brought from one of the watch-houses, charged with having unlawfully *insinuated* himself into the front area of a portly phlegmatic personage, who called himself a *nooz-wender* and stationer.

'This fellow,' said the stationer, 'haunts my house against my will; and though, six weeks ago, I told him if ever I catched him there again I'd send him to the watch-house, he had the impudence to come again last night. I expected there was a tailor in the wind, and so I went to bed, and said nothing; but after a while I got up again, and, going down stairs, I found the rascal in the area; and with that, I did as I said I would—sent him off to the watch-house.'

'And what do you suppose he wanted in your area?' said the magistrate.

'Heaven above knows!' replied the stationer—'nothing *good*, I'll be bound.'

The tailor smiled all the time the stationer was making

his statement, and, when it was his turn to speak, he treated the matter very lightly. 'I didn't go to his house without an *inwhy-tation*,' said he, 'and he knows it, though he seems so strange about it now. But he's made his charge against me, and here I am. There's his *daughter Mary* at the door, let her speak;—I dare say *she's* no objection.'

'Don't tell me of my daughter Mary!' said the stationer, 'I'll have no idle *married* men lurking about my house, if I'd a hundred daughters; and so I've told you often enough.'

'Ay, well, never mind,' rejoined the tailor, 'married or not married, you can't prove it; and I haven't married *your* daughter *yet*, you know.'

How long this talk might have gone on, or how far Miss Mary might have been committed therein, there is no knowing, for the magistrate cut it short, by observing that every man had a right to choose his own visitors; and as the tailor persisted in visiting the stationer's house against the stationer's will, the tailor must find sureties for his not repeating those visits.

'Very good, your worship,' said the tailor—stretching his hat upon his fingers so as to give it a knowing cock, and gaily following the gaoler to the door;—at which door he was received by a young woman, who 'looked unutterable things' at him; but, whether it was the identical Miss Mary above mentioned, or not, we had no means of ascertaining.

MR. JONATHAN CRUMP.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor good, to fire his blood,
That's press'd wi' grief and care.
There let him bouze, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
And minds his griefs no more.

Burns—Proverbs of Solomon.

Among the disorderly subjects from St. Martin's watch-house was an elderly man, who called himself 'Mr. Jonathan Crump.' The watchman had found him, in the middle of the preceding night, lying at full length in a gutter in Chandos Street. He appeared to be dead drunk, and as they were carrying him to the watch-house several sovereigns trickled from his pocket on to the pavement. The constable of the night had him searched carefully, and one hundred and seven sovereigns, with about six pounds in silver money, were found upon him.

The magistrate called upon Mr. Jonathan Crump to account for himself and the money.

Mr. Jonathan Crump said the money was his own—it was the produce of the sale of a little *estate* of his in Hertfordshire—or rather it was the residue of the produce; for he had spent three times that sum in *trying* to keep a public-house.

Having satisfied the bench of the truth of this account respecting the money, he next proceeded to account for himself:—He had a wife, he said, who thinking herself a *desperate sight cleverer* than him, was for everlasting pecking at him; till at length his nerves were so *ramshackled* by her that he could bear it no longer; and so, putting all the money in the house into his pocket, he sallied forth, determined to leave her for ever, and let her wear the breeches by herself. With these feelings he very naturally went to a public-house, where he drank and drank all day long till he was quite '*hellywated*, in a manner;' and finding, when he got into the street, that he could not *walk* comfortably, he laid himself down and went to sleep.

His money was restored to him, and he was discharged with a recommendation to return home immediately.

DONKEYOLOGY.

Kim hep, ye varmint! d'ye think I stole ye?
Cockney Donkey Driver.

William Brodie, an old man, and George Dean, a lad, were charged with having stolen one brown bob-tailed donkey, the property of Thomas Wadham, of the Horseferry Road, Westminster.

Messrs. Brodie and Dean were observed by some of the day patrol driving the donkey up St. Martin's Lane;

and as Mr. Brodie was known to them as a general appropriator of other men's property to himself, they suspected the donkey was not *exactly* his own. They therefore looked after him suspiciously; and their suspicious look was not thrown away upon Mr. Brodie, for he directly clapped Master Dean on the donkey's back, and gave the poor devil such a thwack over the crupper that away he went, with a speed which would have done credit to a better-bred brute. This proceeding confirmed the suspicions of the patrol; and, going in pursuit, they took them all three into custody—Mr. Brodie, Master Dean, and the donkey; and they afterwards ascertained that the donkey had been stolen from Mr. Thomas Wadham, of the Horseferry Road, as aforesaid.

Mr. Thomas Wadham deposed, that the donkey was indubitably his property, it having been '*brought up in his own family.*'

The magistrate asked him how he knew it to be his; and Mr. Wadham replied—'First, and foremost, I know him by the loss of his latter end, your worship; but, most of all, I know him by his *rum tricks*, and I'd tell him amongst a thousand donkeys, if I could only once catch holt of the stump of his tail! Besides,' he added, 'Bill Brodie has been tried for stealing him once before, and he knows it!'

Mr. Brodie admitted that this was not the first time the same donkey had brought him into trouble. 'But, please your vorship,' said he, 'vee'd no notion of stealing

him this here time. Vee lives in Vestminster, your vorship, and vee vere taking a bit of a valk up the Hossferry Road, and vee sees a passel o' chaps a ill-using of the donkey, and vee druv 'em avay—for I've a nattrul liking to' donkeys, see 'em vere I vill; and so ven vee'd druv them here chaps avay, vee *borrowed* the donkey to take us up to St. Pancras for a narrand, and shud ha' brought'n him back agen in a k'vaurtur of a nour if the padroll had lett'n us alone.'

Master Dean said nothing in his defence—he seemed to think his patron, Mr. Brodie, had said quite enough for both of them; and they were both fully committed for trial.

A CONTENTED CUCKOLD.

It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Horns! even so. Poor men alone!—no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthy than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

> The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
> Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
>
> *As You Like It.*

JEREMIAH SIMPSON was placed at the bar, charged with being an accomplice in robbing Sampson Holbrook, and also with feloniously receiving the property stolen from the said Sampson.

Mr. Sampson Holbrook, who is a tailor, told a long and remarkably incomprehensible story about gratitude and gold rings, broad ribands, a ten pound note, satin spencers, kid shoes, 'and caps, and ruffs, and fardingales, and things,' all of which, he said, had been stolen from him by Mrs. Simpson; aided and abetted by her husband, the prisoner.—But he ended by declaring he had 'no wish to *hurt* him.' 'Then what did you bring him here for?' asked the magistrate; to which Mr. Sampson Holbrook replied, 'Only that your worship

might give him a little bit of advice about giving me the things again.'

The prisoner, Mr. Jeremiah Simpson, better known by the melancholy appellation of '*Dismal Jerry*,' now claimed to be heard, and his speech threw a considerable light on Sampson Holbrook's obscurity. He spoke of having had at one time a warm heart, both for love and friendship, and of his susceptibilities in those matters having been grossly outraged. He had taken unto himself a wife, who was dearer to him than life itself, and a friend whom he valued beyond all things—except his wife. That friend was Sampson Holbrook! In the sincerity of his own heart he had taken Sampson into his house as a bosom counsellor, and Sampson had availed himself of this confidence to make *crim. con.*-ish attacks upon his wife, dazzling her eyes and bewildering her brain by the splendour of his presents; and at length persuading her to elope with him to a lodging he had provided for her in a distant part of the town. Repentance, however, took possession of his wife, and she returned to his bosom, bringing with her all the presents she had received from Sampson, her seducer. This, doubtless, cut Sampson to the heart, and in his rage he charged her with *stealing* the said presents, and her unfortunate spouse with receiving them. In conclusion, he declared, that though Sampson had thus injured him, he freely forgave him, and had no sort of objection to admit him once more as his friend.

The magistrate observed that this being the case, he would recommend them to depart in peace.

The seducing Sampson instantly extended the right hand of fellowship; dismal Jerry received it with a hearty squeeze, and they departed the office arm-in-arm, to the great amusement of all present.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN STICK TO HIS TEXT.

Among the watch-house prisoners there was an ill-matched pair whose appearance and adventures excited some surprise. One of them was a full-blown, bouncing, raspberry-complexioned damsel of two-and-twenty; and the other was a sedate-looking elderly citizen—spare in person, and pale as a lily.

This same pale-faced elderly, it seemed, had, on the preceding evening, fallen in love with the raspberry-faced damsel. Why, or where, or how, he fell in love with her did not appear, nor is it, perhaps, of much consequence; —it is sufficient that he was indiscreet enough to let her lead him to her bower—'like a *nor* to the slaughter,' as he said; and there, whilst he was pouring out his protestations, she picked his pocket of a crown! This unkind conduct, so different from what he had expected, converted his love to anger; and, calling in the watchman,

he had the damsel conveyed to the watch-house—there to learn better manners.

The magistrate asked him if he meant to prosecute her.

'Why—no—I *rather* think not,' replied the poor gentleman; 'but I do think it was a *leetle* hard that I should be locked up in the watch-house all the livelong night.'

'Locked up!' said the magistrate—'pray, Mr. Constable, why did you lock up the *prosecutor?*'

'Your worship,' replied Mister Constable—'it was only the night before that this here gentleman brought another lady to the watch-house, and charged her with robbing him of four sovereigns; but he never appeared to support that charge before your worship, and so this time I locked him up to make him *stick to his text!*'

His worship asked what watch-house it was; and, upon being told it was St. Clement's, he said he was not at all surprised. 'But,' he added, 'let me advise you, Mr. Constable, not to try this experiment again. You will find yourself in an awkward predicament, even now, should this person commence an action against you for false imprisonment.'

The damsel was then discharged, the crown-piece was restored to her elderly ex-lover, and he left the office declaring he *verily believed* he should enter his action against the constable.

ENJOYING THE THING.

Enjoyment—happiness, fruition.
Pocket Dictionary.

Some twenty or thirty respectable-looking people, headed by a remarkably patriotic auctioneer, and followed by the constable of St. Clement Danes, with a couple of Milesian bricklayers in his custody, came tumbling into this office, about eight o'clock one night,* in a dreadful state of agitation—that is to say, the twenty or thirty respectable-looking people and the remarkably patriotic auctioneer were dreadfully agitated; for as to the constable and his Milesians, they were as cool as so many cucumbers. Nobody could imagine what could be the matter with the patriotic auctioneer and his twenty or thirty. Some of them had large whitey-brown stains on their backs; others had the same sort of stains on their hats; each man's hair stood an end with terror and perspiration—'like quills upon the fretful porcupine;' and, with mouths and eyes wide open, they all swarmed round the sitting magistrate, each man trying which should get closest to him—as though he would have crept into his worship's ear, and told him matter deep and dangerous. 'Oh, sir! a most shameful piece of business!' cried one breathless, pale-faced, black-coated gentleman. '*Bricks*,

* Consequently, this was not a 'Morning'—but a *Night* at Bow Street.

sir! and *mortar*, sir,' cried another. 'Yes, sir! a gross attack upon the *public*, sir!' cried a third. 'Never witnessed such an outrage in my life, sir!' cried a fourth. '*Mortar*, sir!—mortar from an amazing height!' cried a fifth. 'Only two of them caught, sir!' cried a sixth. 'No police! no officers! no constables! and bricks, sir! brick-*ends*, sir!! brick-*bats*, sir!!!' cried a seventh. 'As big as my head, sir!' cried an eighth.—'And as *hard*, sir—as iron, sir!' cried a ninth. 'Shameful! shameful! shameful!' cried the whole body.

'What *is* the matter, gentlemen?' said the astonished magistrate—'is any body hurt?' But he asked in vain; every one seemed to feel himself so full of intelligence as to be in danger of bursting unless he poured it out instantly; and so they all poured it out, tops and tails together, with amazing velocity, but nobody could tell what it was all about—except that it was pretty clear something very dreadful had happened.

At length the magistrate peremptorily ordered them all to stand back and be quiet; and, when this order was in some measure obeyed, he fixed upon one of the least horrified among them, and desired him to state coolly what was the occasion of all this hubbub. The person he so fixed upon was a respectable sort of a Mr. Figginsworth-looking man; and having, at his own request, been first duly sworn, he deposed as follows:—

'I was standing in Portugal Street, sir, this afternoon —or rather this evening about six o'clock—I believe it was six, wasn't it, Mr. Mudge?'

'*Eleven minutes* past,' replied Mr. Mudge.

'Very good,' continued the speaker. 'And as I was standing there, your worship, I saw one small boy daring another small boy to fight. The boy that was challenged had a *beg* (a *bag*) in which he seemed to have *a something* which made him in twenty minds whether to fight or not. What the *something* was that he had in the *beg*, I can't take upon me particularly to say—because I did not open the *beg*; but it was evident there was a something in that *beg* which he was very anxious about; and I and the public were quite delighted to see the struggle in the boy's mind between his care of the *beg* with its *something*—whatever that might be, and his wish to repel the aggression of the other boy. At last one of the public—a very respectable gentleman, who I believe is here present—undertook to hold the *beg* for him; and the caution with which he delivered up the *beg* to this gentleman did him great honour, certainly; and I have no doubt in the world the boy is a great acquisition to his employer, whoever he may be. Now, sir, when the gentleman had taken hold of the *beg*, the boys set-to regularly; and the boy to whom belonged the *beg* was getting rather the best of the *thing*, when *dab* comes a quantity of *wet mortar* down among us! I looked round to see where it came from; but not being able to ascertain the fact, I turned to a gentleman who stood near me, and said to him, "Pray, sir, could you be kind enough to inform me whence came that there wet mortar?" "Yes, sir, I believe I can," said the gentleman very civilly. He

then pointed with his fore-finger to a building just by, under repair; and I, following the direction of *his* finger with *my* eye, plainly saw a man looking out at an upper window of that building. "There, sir," said the gentleman to me, "that man I verily believe to be the man who threw the wet mortar!"—And upon the oath I have taken, your worship, I verily believe the gentleman was right. However, to make sure, I called to the man, and said, "My good fellow, did *you* throw that wet mortar upon us? because, if I thought you did, I would punish you with the utmost rigour of the law." Now, sir, it is worthy of remark, that the man, whoever he may be, instead of answering my question, instantly drew in his head; and in the next moment *dab* comes down some more wet mortar upon the public! This was not to be borne any longer, sir; the fighting boys were deluged with it; I received some of it upon my skirt; other gentlemen were very shamefully splashed; and one gentleman in particular, who is now here present, received such a *severe weight of mortar* on his back, that he was almost bent double!'

Here the poor gentleman alluded to was pushed forward by his friends; and, turning his back before, for his worship's inspection, it certainly did appear that he had received such mortar thereon; for, from the collar to the hinder pair of buttons, his blue coat was one complete patch of whitey-brown.

The witness then proceeded to state how the *public* became enraged at having their backs thus plastered with

'nasty dirty mortar;' how they were convinced that the said nasty dirty mortar was ejected from the aforesaid building by some evil-disposed person or persons; how, under this conviction, some part of the said public attacked the said building with *brick-bracks;* how the two bricklayers, now present in custody, returned the said brick-bracks, with astonishing interest; how the public endeavoured to carry the gateway of the said building by a *coup-de-main;* how the said two bricklayers and their coadjutors proceeded to barricade the said gateway with ladders and scaffold poles; how they did not completely succeed in the said barricading; how the public pushed on through the gateway in the hope of capturing the said two bricklayers; how Dan Murphy, one of the said two bricklayers, defeated the said hope, by charging upon the foremost of the said public with a certain weapon called a scaffold pole; how the constable came to the assistance of the public, and instantly suspended the siege of the aforesaid gateway; how the said Dan Murphy and his aider and abettor, John Thomas, instantly laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion to the said constable; and how, in the opinion of witness, it was an immense shame that a large party of gentlemen, constituting a respectable part of the public of these realms, could not *enjoy the thing*, of a fight between two small boys, without being subject to an inundation of wet mortar.

The magistrate, however, was of a different opinion—he thought the shame lay with the gentlemen who could

find enjoyment in seeing two children beat and bruise each other; and he immediately dismissed the affair as a *parturient montes*.

N. B. Notwithstanding all the inundations with wet mortar, and the discharge of *brick-bracks*, and the charging with scaffold poles, nobody received bodily hurt except poor Dan Murphy, who 'got a *bugle* thump on the mouth of him,' from the fist of a tall gentleman in a short coat, who was not 'to the fore' in this investigation.

AN ACTOR RAMPANT.

Sir, I lack advancement! *Hamlet.*

A JOLLY sort of gentleman, who absorbed at least a teaspoonful of Scotch snuff every minute, and very pompously and syllabically, as it were, gave his name John—Stephen—Ward, was charged with having frightened every body out of their wits, at the Orange Tree tavern, Bloomsbury Place; and also with having assaulted one of the patrol.

This Mr. John—Stephen—Ward stalked into the parlour of the Orange Tree on a Sunday night, about nine o'clock, and, taking a pistol from his pocket, declared he would *shoot* any man who might dare to treat him with *disrespect!* There were several Sunday gentlemen peaceably sipping their gin and water there at the moment, and they were so astonished at the warlike tone of this threat, and the lofty bearing of the threatener, that they deserted their gin and water, and made the best of their way out of

the room. Mr. John—Stephen—Ward was graciously pleased to construe their retreat as an act of *disrespect*; and, agreeably to his threat in that case already made and provided, he sallied forth after them, pistol in hand, to inflict the punishment due. Some of them rushed at once out of the house, but others took refuge in the tap-room—hiding themselves under tables, in clock-cases, &c. whilst Mr. John—Stephen—Ward roved round the room in quest of them (like a lion in his den), and exclaiming continually, 'Come on, ye cowards!—ye were born in fear, though ye were got in—Bloomsbury!' The comely landlady shut herself up in her bar and called for help through the key-hole; the pot boys and scullions scampered up stairs into the garret; the gin and water gentlemen trembled in their hiding places; one of them 'was so frightened that you might have knocked him down with a straw;' and all was breathless and perspiring terror, when—as good luck would have it—a party of the Bow Street patrol, going their rounds by the door, heard several strange noises issuing from the interior of the house, and, instantly going in, they found things in the state above mentioned. Now the Bow Street patrol are not so easily terrified at the sight of a pistol as some people, and one of them disarmed Mr. John—Stephen—Ward in the twinkling of a truncheon; and then it was discovered that the deadly weapon was—not charged!—neither had it any *lock!* and these things having been fully ascertained, the gin and water gentlemen emerged from their concealment. Mr. John—Stephen—Ward,

however, though disarmed, was still unquelled, and thundered out the anger of his heart with impetuous volubility; till at length his valour so far got the better of his judgment that he struck Amsden, the patrol, on the head, and there his achievements ended; for in the next minute, almost, he was under lock and key, in that comfortless cooling-place called a watch-house.

This was the substance of the complaint against him; and having obtained permission to speak in his defence, he began—'Most potent, grave, and very learned signiors, that I have ta'en away these poor men's wits (hiccup) it is most true. True I have *bothered* 'em.—I fluttered your Volscians in Corioli like pigeons in a dove-cote, (hiccup) and here I am. (hiccup). 'Twould have done your worship's good heart good to see the fat fellow try to (hiccup)—to squeeze his belly into the clock case. (hiccup. "Ah! rascals," (hiccup) said I, "avaunt ye vermin!" and they fled like mice before grimalkin. Said I, "Well, cavalero justice?" said I, "well?"'

'Very well,' replied the magistrate, 'and now you have nothing to do but to put in bail for your appearance at the Sessions.'

'And shall I go hang for that, my dear, and shall I go hang for that?' sung jovial John; and, so singing, he followed the gaoler to his strong room.

Several persons of respectable appearance then came forward, and spoke of him as a gentleman of great respectability. They said he was a comedian, and that in general he conducted himself with strict propriety; but

that latterly he had taken to drinking excessively, and they were of opinion that something was preying upon his mind.

The complainants and the magistrate were partly of the same opinion, and eventually Mr. John—Stephen—Ward was admonished, and delivered over to the care of his friends.

LIEUTENANTS FOODLE AND FUDGE.

——— Unscarr'd braggarts of the war,
Who wear upon their chins the beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
But, inward search'd, have livers white as milk:
——— Assuming but Valour's excrement
To render them redoubted. *Shakspeare.*

Lieutenants Foodle and Fudge, both officers in the army, were brought up in custody from Covent Garden watch-house, charged with assaulting the proprietor of the *nocturnal* oyster-rooms, in Brydges Street, Covent Garden.

The charge against these gentlemen amounted to this:—That Lieutenant Foodle was extremely disorderly in the said oyster-rooms at two o'clock one Sunday morning; that he refused to go home, though repeatedly desired so to do; that he insulted the sensibilities of the oyster-man's wife, by calling her all sorts of ugly names; and that, when the oyster-man attempted to *turn him out* for these misdoings, he struck the said oyster-man right in the

bread basket!' whereupon the said oyster-man called in the assistance of a constable; and whilst the said oyster-man, and his wife, and the constable, were busily engaged in shoving and *working* Lieutenant Foodle out of the house, Lieutenant Fudge came in, and endeavoured to make them relinquish the operation, first by *words*, secondly by *threats*, and thirdly by sticking his elbow in the constable's throat—whereby he, the said constable, being a short fat man, of sixteen stone or thereabout, was in great danger of suffocation. Moreover, the said Lieutenant Fudge declared he would knock any peace-officer down who should attempt to take him, the said lieutenant, into custody without a warrant; and that if he had happened to have had a *dirk* in his hand at this time and place now in question, he would then and there have run the said fat constable through his body!—(This was a very foolish threat of the lieutenant's, for he must have known that no *dirk* would have been half long enough.)

Lieutenant Foodle, being first in order in the *of*-fence, was now called upon by the magistrate for his *de*-fence; and he made a very ingenious one. He commenced by stating that the oyster-rooms in question were not *oyster*-rooms alone, but that they were also *billiard*-rooms, *hazard*-rooms, *drinking*-rooms, and rooms in which a multitude of *ladies* sought refreshment after the fatigues of the theatrical *saloons*—that he himself had been robbed of sixty pounds at the billiard-table in those rooms—that he had played at hazard there repeatedly—and that he had

frequently remained there amusing himself with these things till six, and even seven o'clock in the morning. From these premises he came to the following conclusion, viz.—that the blame of any irregularity committed in the said rooms attached solely to the proprietor, inasmuch as if he, the said proprietor, did not supply the liquor, and the ladies, and the means of gambling, people would not stop in his rooms; and if they did not stop in his rooms, it followed, as a matter of course not to be controverted, that they could not kick up a row in his rooms. With respect to the immediate charge of assault, he said an altercation arose about some trivial affair*, between him and the landlady, and in the course of it she took the liberty of telling him he was an associate of housebreakers, and the particular friend of a man who had lately suffered the extremest penalty of the law. This naturally made him indignant, and he replied to it with some warmth; and whilst he was so doing, the master, the landlord, or whatever else he called himself, came up, and seizing him by the collar, began hauling him towards the door: he resisted this violence, and, perhaps, in doing so, he might have struck him; but if he did he was unconscious of it, and he surrendered himself to the constable the moment he was convinced of his authority.

Lieutenant Fudge now addressed the bench. He had been supping at the Shakspeare Tavern, Covent Garden, and afterwards called at the oyster rooms for his friend Mr.

* To wit—half-a-dozen oysters.

Foodle, they having agreed to take a coach home together. On entering the house, however, he found his friend, Mr. Foodle, in the most awkward predicament imaginable: the woman of the house was pulling at his cravat behind, and the master of the house was pulling at his collar in front; so that between them he was almost strangled; and, as if this were not enough, a remarkably fat man was tugging at him sideways. He thought all this very strange, and knowing what kind of house it was, and that his friend Mr. Foodle had considerable property about him, he concluded that he was in bad hands, and rushed to his assistance, when the fat man told him to keep off, as he was a constable. Not feeling himself bound to believe this portly personage merely upon his own *ipse dixit*, he demanded to see his authority, but he declined showing it, and therefore he continued to defend his friend from the violence by which he was beset; but he denied that he had attempted to choke the fat constable; and as for what had been said about running a dirk through him, it was utterly false.

The magistrate said the oyster rooms in question had long been a very great nuisance in the neighbourhood, and they would continue to be so, he was afraid, so long as young men of loose morals could be found to support them. In the present instance an assault had been distinctly sworn to, and both the defendants must find bail. 'This way gentlemen,' said the gaoler, taking out his keys; and Messrs. Foodle and Fudge followed him to his strong-hold.

HOW TO DISCHARGE A WAITER.

HOW TO DISCHARGE A WAITER.

Finem respice!

Sam Vinnicom, a well-known waiter, at a well-known tavern of the third grade in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden Theatre, complained that he had been violently assaulted by his master and mistress at the same time.

Mine host and hostess were therefore cited before the magistrate, and when the case was called on, Samuel deposed that his *Missis* felt herself *kegg'd* (offended) because he would not share his *wails* with the kitchen maid, and thereupon called him a thief; that he, knowing himself to be as honest a waiter as ever cried '*Coming, sir,*' had no notion of being called a thief, and therefore he took the liberty of telling *Missis* he would make her prove her words; that she, instead of attempting to prove any thing, instantly took him a smart box on the ear, and, whilst his ear was still singing like a tea-kettle, his master took him a kick behind; that, not content with all this, his *Missis* seized him by the nose, and led him along by it, while his master continued kicking at his other end, and in this queer way they finally ejected him from the premises.

The magistrate said it was too bad to attack him at both ends at once, and asked mine host and hostess what they had to say to it. . . . . .

Mine hostess said nothing; but mine host made a very voluble defence, wherein he denied both the kicking and

the pulling, and accused Samuel of sundry *saucinesses*. He admitted that Samuel was a very excellent waiter when he was sober, but was apt to get his brains turned by trifles, and to listen to bad advisers in the parlour.—'You know, Samuel,' said he, turning to him, 'you know you have never been right since you received that unfortunate two-and-twenty shillings from the dinner party?'

'*Dearee* me, sir,' replied Samuel, 'how can you say so? I'm always right; and it was only for sticking up for my right that *you* kicked me along at one end, whilst *Missis* pulled me along by the other!'

At length his worship cut short all farther altercation, by recommending the parties to withdraw and come to some amicable adjustment; and they did. But if Samuel is subject to fits of sauciness, we would recommend him to carry a little soft soap about him in future. We knew a gentleman, of the *genus irritabile*, who never ventured to be saucy without first anointing his nose with it; and he found great advantage by the process—for no nose so anointed can be made a handle of.

DISADVANTAGE OF A GOOD APPETITE.

Captain Hector Maclachlan, of the half-pay list, applied to the magistrate for his advice and assistance in the undermentioned predicament:—

Seven days before, he had taken lodgings in the house

of a Mr. Smart, in Surrey Street, Strand, at the rate of twelve shillings a week, he undertaking to supply himself with fire, candles, and, in short, with every thing he required. Having occasion to go out of town for some time, he had that morning asked for his bill, when, to his utter astonishment, Mr. Smart charged him seven shillings for *cooking!* He assured the magistrate that he had lived in many lodging-houses, but he never before heard of a charge for *cooking*. He thought it a gross and extravagant imposition, and he wished to know whether there was not some means of punishing such conduct.

The magistrate replied, that he could not interfere. 'If your landlord has made an unjust demand upon you, I should suppose that you will refuse to pay it, and there will be an end of the matter.'

Captain Hector Maclachlan intimated that this would not be exactly the case—for Mr. Smart detained his luggage as a security for its payment.

'Then,' observed his worship, 'the shortest way would be to pay his demand; which appears to be only *seven shillings*.'

Captain Hector Maclachlan replied, that the *seven shillings* was certainly a trifle, and of no consequence to him; but he was fearful, if he paid it, that it might be used as a precedent by these lodging-house keepers, and operate to his disadvantage hereafter.

The magistrate repeated, that it was an affair which

did not come within his cognizance, and recommended the captain to advise with his solicitor.

The captain said he had no solicitor.

'So much the better,' observed the magistrate; 'you are a lucky man.'

Still, however, Captain Hector Maclachlan was not satisfied. It was very grievous, he said, that a gentleman had no other remedy against these people than going to law with them; which was at best a tedious and expensive mode of redress, and proverbially uncertain.

The magistrate again repeated that he could not possibly interfere.

The captain then complained that his refractory landlord, besides unjustly detaining his property, had used the most provoking expressions towards him.

Magistrate—If you can swear, sir, that he used those expressions with intent to provoke you to *fight a duel*, I will have him brought here, and bound over to keep the peace.

Captain—Oh, my dear sir!—He is a *tailor!!*

Magistrate—Well; I don't see why a *tailor* has not as much right to get his brains blown out as any other man, if he likes it.

A gentleman present observed, that perhaps the objection was to *one* tailor, *solus*; and if he could get *eight* of his brethren to join him, they might, in a body, be eligible to fight any man.

The worthy magistrate said, in his opinion no man, or

tailor either, ought to fight a duel; and added, that he did not profess to understand the laws by which that mode of warfare was governed.

Captain Hector Maclachlan, however, cut the conversation short, by informing his worship that *tailors*, whether *sole*, or *en masse*, were altogether out of the question in these matters—Whereupon his worship replied, 'So much the better for them.'

The captain now observed, that though all mention of a duel was quite *outre* upon such a subject, yet the tailor in question had unquestionably endeavoured to excite him to break the peace by striking him— with a view, he had no doubt, of turning the blow to pecuniary account.

Upon this showing, a *summons* was issued for the appearance of Mr. Smart, and he shortly made his bow before the bench, attended by Mrs. and the Misses Smart, when the captain repeated a number of abusive epithets which he said they had applied to him, with the intention of exciting him to a breach of the peace; and the magistrate asked Mr. Smart what he had to say to it.

Mr. Smart replied, in the first place, that he had kept a lodging-house many years, but never met with so troublesome and haughty a lodger as Captain Hector Maclachlan; and he remarked that he thought his name admirably suited to his disposition. He then detailed a number of little disputes which had occurred between them; particularly one in which the gallant captain peremptorily required Miss Smart to *wash his feet*; and

she as peremptorily refused; at which the captain was so angry that he took every opportunity of *hectoring* and domineering in the family. At the end of the week the captain called for his bill, which was sent up to him, with a charge of seven shillings for *cooking*. The captain refused to pay this bill, alleging that it was a *monstrous* imposition; but he (Mr. Smart) contended that it was no imposition at all; but, on the contrary, a very paltry remuneration for the trouble they had been at;—Miss Smart having actually fried four pounds of beef steaks per day for the captain's use, viz. one pound at breakfast, one pound at lunch, one pound at dinner, and one pound at supper! With respect to the irritating language complained of, he assured his worship that the captain had 'out-hectored Hector' in that particular, and had even put his doubled fist in the face of himself and the ladies too.

Mrs. and Misses Smart fully substantiated the whole of this statement, and showed a readiness, indeed, to enlarge upon it *ad infinitum;* but the worthy magistrate declared that however important the parties concerned might consider the affair, he really had no more time to bestow upon it; and, again recommending the captain to apply to a solicitor if he actually considered himself aggrieved, he dismissed the business altogether, to the manifest chagrin of Captain Hector Maclachlan, and the equally manifest delight of Mr., Mrs., and the 'Misses' Smart.

MARTIN *versus* SOLOMONS, &c.

For my part I have an answer will serve all men, as fit as ten groats is to the hand of an attorney. Try me, now.

I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

O lord, sir! there's a simple putting off. Thick, thick, spare not me.

Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

O lord, sir! there's another exquisite putting off. Come, try again.

You were whipped lately, I think, sir.

O lord, sir! come on—spare not me.

Indeed your '*O lord, sir!*' is very sequent to your *whipping*; you would answer very well to your whipping if you were but *bound* to it.

All's Well that Ends Well.

MESSRS. JOSEPH SOLOMONS and MICHAEL ISAACS were charged with having assaulted Mr. David Martin.

The parties are all Israelitish orange merchants in Covent Garden market. Mr. David Martin deposed that, as he was standing by his merchandize, about the hour of ten in the morning, counting some money he had just then taken from a customer, he suddenly received 'a squashy, well-damaged St. Michael's, *vop* in his right ear;' and upon his turning round his head to see where it came from, he received another, equally squashy, *nop* in his left ear. Then, turning his head to the left, he received another in his right ear; and so on—left, right, left, right, for nearly two hours, without his being able

to find out where they came from. 'But at last,' said he, 'by a curious *skvint* of my two eyes at *vonce*, I catch'd both these here gemmen in the fact.'

Messrs. Michael Davis and Joseph Solomons solemnly denied having done any such thing, and assured the magistrate that Mr. David Martin was 'a man what wasn't to be believed upon his oath.' Nay, Mr. Joseph Solomons offered to prove this, before his worship, if he would give him leave.

His worship gave him leave; and setting his arms a-kimbo, whilst he stared Mr. Martin full in the face, he demanded—'Now, Mister Martin—for that's your name you know—you have been sworn, haven't you?'

'Ver goot,' replied Mr Martin, 'I have shworn.'

'Very well then,' continued Mr. Solomons; 'now, upon the solemn oath you have *took*, didn't you—this very morning—whilst I was calling out to Aaron Levi—didn't you throw a great, big, rotten orange smack into my mouth?—'

'That is where oranges ought to go!' observed the magistrate, interrupting him.

'But not *rotten* ones,' your worship, rejoined Mr. Solomons; and then he continued his cross-question to Mr. Martin. 'I say—Mr. Martin—didn't you throw a great, big, rotten orange, which took my customer on the whisker, and came slap into my mouth, just as I was calling out to Aaron Levi; by which means I was almost choked?'

'Upon—my—solemn—*oat*—I did not,' replied Mr. Martin, with much emphasis.

'Oh Lord!!' exclaimed Mr. Solomons—and he and his friend were both held to bail, to answer it at the Sessions.

FAMILY PRIDE.

——Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty!

Shakspeare.

Mr. George King was charged with an assault and battery on the person of Mrs. Mary Ganner.

Mrs. Mary Ganner is the sister of Mr. George King, and whilst she was Miss King, there never was a kinder brother than he was; but when she married Mr. Ganner all his brotherly kindness was at an end, for Mr. Ganner is a *costermonger;* and Mr. George King, being the lineal descendant of a long line of *chimney-sweepers*, and himself a chimney-sweeper of no ordinary talent, he considered it as extremely derogatory that his sister should marry a costermonger. So he not only withdrew his countenance from her altogether, but he has never met with her since that he has not manifested his anger either by words or blows; and, in almost every instance, he has given her the blows first, and the explanation of

them afterwards. This conduct was the more cruel, as Mrs. Ganner said, inasmuch as her husband, Mr. Ganner, 'is a little *tizziky* man,' and, therefore, quite unable to protect her. However, she bore it as well as she could, until a day or two ago, when she 'met him *proimiscously*' in the Strand, and he then and there took upon himself to *kick* her! And not content with kicking her, he told her to go along for 'a dirty donkey-driver's *drab*;' and, not content with this, he encouraged 'the woman he *goes habiting** with' to abuse her.

Having stated this much, Mrs. Ganner proposed that a jury of matrons should be impannelled from the ladies then present in the office, in order that they might depose to the consequences of the kick in question; but the magistrate told her such an investigation was not at all necessary, and he called upon Mr. George King for his defence.

Mr. George King stood before the bench boldly, in all his sootiness, with his little daughter in his hand; and when his worship asked him what he had to say for himself, he replied—'Say for myself, your worship! Why, I've this here to say—that she's only *wex'd* becoz I won't let my little daughter, here, *wissit* her; and the worst and the best what I said to her was, "Poll, don't put yourself in a passion!" That's all I've got to say, your worship, for I never kicked her, not by no means.'

He was ordered to find bail for his better behaviour towards her in future.

* Query—*cohabiting*.

CAPTAIN DOLLUPSON OF THE ARMY.

Captain! thou abominable d—d cheater, if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. *Shakspeare.*

A LARGE dirty personage, with scratched cheeks and bloody cravat, calling himself 'Captain Dollupson of the Army,' was charged with having assaulted one of the dismounted horse patrol.

The 'captain,' it seems, by way of a little '*life*,'* was amusing himself with a knot of costermongers in a back yard behind Little Russell Street, Drury Lane; and doing his utmost to 'knock up a mill' between two of them. The costermongers, however, would not 'come to the scratch' to please the captain, who thereupon felt his choler rise; and the costermongers venturing to laugh at his captainship, he boldly seized one of them by the cravat, and twisted it so that the poor costermonger was all but strangled. The others rushed to the rescue of their companion, and the captain's face was sadly scratched in the scuffle. At this moment the patrol passed by the end of the yard, and having been told what was the matter, he observed that the captain ought to be ashamed of himself, whereupon the magnanimous captain darted upon him and knocked him down by a tremendous blow on the eye.

* This was when blood-shedding, blackguardism, and debauchery, was called 'life.'

His worship made some remarks upon the unofficer-like *amusement* of the *noble captain*, and then called upon him for his defence.

'Your worship,' replied he, 'this *scoundthrell*, who had no business whatever to intrude himself among *us*, called out to me "Come here, *blubberhead*, and I'll *whop* you!" That was language, your worship, which no *gentleman* could put up with, and therefore I knocked him down.'

'And, therefore, you will put in bail for your appearance to answer it at the Quarter Sessions,' rejoined the magistrate; and the captain was instantly removed by the turnkey, but not before some of the costermongers had offered to prove that he was not called '*Blubberhead*' by *any body*; and that *every body* called him '*Thickhead*.'

His worship observed that the distinction was immaterial, and other cases were called on.

NEW MODE OF DISTRAINING FOR RENT.

Mr. Dennis O'Reilly appeared to answer the complaint of Mrs. Catherine Donaghue. Each party was attended by a host of friends—as every *Irish* party invariably is; and, as usual in such cases, the clamour of tongues was great.

'Many long lives to your honour!' began Mrs. Donaghue, with a curt'sy so low that she almost lost her balance—'Many long lives to your honour! and plase your wurchip, its meself was complately upset with Misther O'Reilly, becase I ax'd him for the key of the yard saving your wurchip's presence! and he wouldn't give it to me that night at all, nor all the long day before, but he tripp'd up me heels instead—plase your wurchip.' This said, she stepped back to make room for seven or eight ladies, her friends, who all declared that they saw Mr. O'Reilly *skrimmaging* with Mrs. Donaghue, and, when the skrimmage was over, Mrs. Donaghue was down on the broad of her back—*lying flat, right, down.*

'Fait then, your honour, an that's a *downright, flat lie*!' exclaimed Mr. O'Reilly, bowing down to the ground—'An I'll tell your honour what it is now, if your wurchip's honour will plase to hear to me.'

The magistrate assured him of a patient hearing, but requested him to make his speech as short as possible.

'Is it a *short* speech your honour likes?' cried Mr. O'Reilly; 'fait, then, I can do that aisy, and make it as short as a pennirth of whiskey in a hard frost. An first, your honour, this Mrs. Donaghue is a complate nuisance in the place, as your honour may see by the looks of her; for she's ugly for handsome, and not over clane, and for an honest woman she isn't a bit of it (*another low bow*). Look to me, your honour!—Is it meself that would be after striking a woman?' (The magistrate told him he

was inclined to think better of him.) 'Och! surely, your wurchip, an I wouldn't do it! But Mrs. Donaghue was *heaviest at top*—for she'd got a drop in it that time, an I ounly put me hand to her shoulder, "An go along with you," says I, "Misthress Donaghue."'

Here Mr. O'Reilly suited the action to the word so intelligently, that the magistrate, catching the idea, said—'Ay, and so you just put your hand to her shoulder—and down she tumbled?'

'Be the powers! and your wurchip's as right as if ye'd been at it your own self!' exclaimed Mr. O'Reilly, with a long scraping bow; and then, drawing nearer to the table, he added, in a confidential under tone—'But I'll tell your wurchip all the rest of it.—Misthress Donaghue owed the landlord fourteen pounds for the *rint*, an he couldn't get it out of her, nor her out of the plaace, by no manes, an so, your wurchip, what do you think he did, now?' (His worship shook his head, as who should say, 'I really cannot say.') 'Why, then, he took away from her the key of the—of the—*water closet!*—saving your wurchip's presence—just to see what that would do; and, by th' powers! it made her pay the *rint* in no time!'

Mrs. Donaghue seemed much scandalized at this unnecessary explanation of Mr. O'Reilly's; but as every body else laughed, she laughed *likewise*; and, without much ado, the parties were prevailed upon to retire and shake hands.

DESERTED WIFE.

A too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And *feeds* from home.

Comedy of Errors.

A YOUNG man named Barrier was brought before the magistrate, charged with having neglected to maintain his wife—Mrs. Deborah Barrier; and also with having repeatedly assaulted the said Deborah, contrary to, and against, his matrimonial vow.

Mrs. Deborah detailed a long string of miseries—her husband was idle and inattentive to his business; rarely at home; and his love for her was changed to gall and bitterness; so much so, that if she only opened her mouth, just to tell him of his faults, she was sure to feel the weight of his right hand. He was once, she said, as nice a husband as any woman need wish for; but he was sadly altered of late.

The magistrate asked her to what she attributed the change—had he taken to *drinking*?—had he any *unlawful love* that drew him from his house?

'No,' replied the afflicted Mrs. Deborah—'no, it was neither of these—it was *stewed giblets!*'

'Stewed giblets!' said the magistrate, with a very natural surprise—'Stewed giblets!'

'Yes, your worship; he is so fond of stuffing his guts

with *stewed giblets*, that he leaves me pining at home upon potatoes and salt; and his good-for-nothing, old, methodistical, rascal of a father encourages him in it.'

Mr. Barrier, sen. the good-for-nothing, old, methodistical, &c. immediately stepped forward, and begged to be allowed to inform his worship of the true state of the case; and, having received permission, he very methodically took up the narrative from the very infancy of his unhappy son; but he was so redundant in figure and digression, that the magistrate cut his speech short, even before he had got to the end of the exordium.

It appeared, however, that it was an unhappy match from the beginning—the lady having wheedled the gentleman into the conjugal noose when she was five-and-twenty and he only eighteen; that she was so much given to a certain concoction of corn spirit and juniper, as to be often incapable of attending to her domestic affairs; that every thing went wrong in consequence, and the husband having been by these means reduced from a thriving jeweller to a mender of boots and shoes, they separated by mutual agreement, and he had given sureties to the parish for her maintenance in a stipulated sum. As to the *stewed giblets*,' and the *beating*, they were positively denied; and Mrs. Deborah failing to prove any of her averments anent the same, the whole matter was dismissed, with an understanding that the parish officers would receive the lady into the work-house if she were not satisfied.

PIG, PARKINS, AND PIPKINSON.

Sweetest joys are fleetest—
Those who've felt them know;
Moments held the sweetest,
Lead to deepest woe!

Mr. Launcelot Parkins was charged with having feloniously ridden away with one *fat bacon hog*, the property of Terence Mahoney—pig and poultry fattener, in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane; to which charge Mr. Launcelot Parkins pleaded, that the said fat bacon hog did maliciously run away with *him*; and thereupon issue was joined.

Mr. Launcelot Parkins was born and bred a working watch-finisher; and having, by the labour of his fingers and the curbing of his appetite, realized a pretty little independency of ninety-six pounds *per annum*, he retired to a pleasant second floor, in Leg Alley, Long Acre—a sprightly bachelor of fifty-seven, with a very slender pig-

tail, a pair of silver-mounted green spectacles, a snuff-coloured surtout, drab gaiters, and nothing at all to do. But 'Leisure opens the door to Love,' saith the proverb; and Mr. Launcelot Parkins soon found the truth of it, to his cost; for, being a man of somewhat social habits, well stored with words of wisdom, he had a knack of spending his evening and his sixpence once a week at the King's Head and Fireshovel, in that long lane called Short's Gardens; and there it was that he first fell in love; and love brought him into his present unpleasant predicament. It so happened that the house next adjoining to the King's Head and Fireshovel was occupied by Mr. Terence Mahoney; and, as Mr. Terence Mahoney had the honour of being an Irishman, he knew how to make the most of a house: so, in the front parlour he fattened poultry; in the back parlour he fattened pigs; in the front chamber he fattened his wife (to the best of his ability); and the back chamber he let off to one Mrs. Aurelia Dobbs Pipkinson—relict of one Mr. John Dobbs Pipkinson, a once celebrated manufacturer of lollypops. This Mrs. Dobbs Pipkinson, being a widow, was often out of spirits—notwithstanding she had a pocket-bottle frequently replenished therewith at the King's Head and Fireshovel aforesaid; and it was during her goings to and fro for these spirituous replenishings that she saw Mr. Launcelot Parkins, and he saw her, and they two felt an inclination to become one. How strangely they were united, for a time, will appear from the following examination, at

"Plaze yur honour, this little ould jintleman in the green glasses stole my biggest *bacon pig* last night!" began Mr. Terence Mahoney, the pig fattener, pointing to Mr. Launcelot Parkins.

"Friend, it was thy bacon pig that stole *me!*" said Mr. Launcelot Parkins.

"Plaze yur honour, he rode away with the pig clane out of the *primayses!*" said Mr. Terence Mahoney. "He purtended to be coortin Mrs. Pipkinson, in the passage, yur honour, but in a minute after he comes riding out o' the passage up o' the top o' my biggest bacon pig, yur honour, bad luck to him! an I never seen it since. Indeed an he did, yur honour, for my wife had her head out o' the first floore front window, a listenin to them coortin, an she seen him come gallopin out up a top o' the pig—just like mad, yur honour, said Mrs. Pipkinson squalling in the passage at the thoughts of it!"

"At the thoughts of what?" asked the magistrate.

"At the thoughts of an ould man like him kivin off his coortin to ride away with my best bacon pig, yur honour!" replied Mr. Terence Mahoney. "It was Mrs. Pipkinson he was coortin, and she squealed at the thoughts of it, yur honour, for she knowed I wouldn't ha' tuck a ten pound note for the pig—let in alone the *offer!*"

"And pray who is Mrs. Pipkinson?" inquired his worship.

"She's fat widow Pipkinson, as lives in my one pair back, stitchin stays, by raison of her husband, the lollypop-

maker, being dressed away from her these three years—an honester woman isn't to the fore, in regard she always pays the rint honourable, plase your honour,' replied Mr. Terence Mahoney.

Mrs. Aurelia Debba Pipkinson—the 'fat widow' herself—now came forward, and begged permission to explain. 'I am the lady in question,' said she, 'and, with your worship's kind permission, I will postpone my feelings so far as to give your good worship a thorough explanation of this, to me, extremely unhappy affair. Your worship, this gentleman on my right hand—Mr. Batmealed Parkins—thought proper to do me the honour to behave himself very much like a gentleman towards me—in short, your worship, there was some concurrence of a very tender nature between us;—I trust your worship will spare me the particularities.'

Here Mrs. Pipkinson paused; and his worship having assured her that he would gladly spare the *particularities*, in the hope that she would the sooner come to the pig, Mrs. Pipkinson proceeded:—

'Your worship is very kind;—you will please to understand, then, that I had a resignation* with Mr. Parkins one evening. We met in the passage of Mr. Mahoney's house—it is an open passage, your worship—to which, as I occupy the one pair back, I conceived I had a right to

* Probably Mrs. Pipkinson meant an *assignation*, though she certainly seemed to be a very resigned sort of person.

introduces any gentleman upon honourable principles,—and those were the principles Mr. Parkins exhibited towards me upon all occasions. Well, sir, we had not been there many minutes—assimulated in tender concurrence, of course; but nothing at all improper, I do protest to your good worship; when, just as Mr. Parkins was communicating some pleasing ideas to me, "Merty on us!" says I, "Mr. Mahoney's *pig* is got out of the parlour!"—for I heard it snuffling and trotting about at the further end of the passage. "Nonsense! my love, what is the pig to us?" said Mr. Parkins; but, before I had time to reply, "Grumph!" says the pig—and along the passage he came—scuffling and squeaking, and scampering along, quite awful. "Fly! my love, fly!" cried Mr. Parkins, and I flew through the front door like lightening; but poor Mr. Parkins,—I shall never forget it!—not being able to follow so fast as I could wish, and finding the pig close behind him, he strided his legs, thinking the pig would run between them; but, whether he didn't straddle them wide enough, or how it was, I don't know; but he stuck upon the pig's back, and out at the door they came—and away they went—rushing—just for all the world like *St. George and the dragon!*'

'Is all this true?' inquired the magistrate of Mr. Parkins.

'Precisely so—even to the utmost scruple of a syllable,' replied poor Mr. Parkins—whose own little personal pig-tail stood perpendicularly out of his collar.

'And pray what became of the pig?' inquired his worship.

'That is a question more easily propounded than resolved,' replied Mr. Parkins; 'the pig bore me through divers obscure lanes and alleys whose topography I know not. His velocity was amazing—his knockings were horrible—my hat flew off, and was lost—and I was utterly astounded. Verily, thought I, the pig is possessed—and so I believe he was; for, though we saw sundry persons, none essayed to stay our course, until a watchman threw his staff at us as we passed. That staff struck me upon my bare head—I tumbled from the back of the pig—the pig bounded forward the lighter for losing me—and whither he went, or what became of him, I know not; but when I came to myself, I found myself very nicely, and surrounded by a crowd of pitying people, who, like good Samaritans, led me to my home and assisted in putting me to bed.'

'A very likely stoory!' exclaimed Mr. Terence Mahoney, as soon as Mr. Parkins had made an end of speaking;—'a very likely stoory!—that my pig should come out of his own parlour to run away wid the likes of you;—when all the neighbours know he was a mighty well-behaved pig indeed—barrin he isn't insulted at all. But its shame for ye, Misther Parkin, to be coortin me out of me lodger I had three years, and riding me pig away from me at the same time!—an I hope yur honour's worship will give me the law upon him—for he'd better kill

and murther me at once, as take me lodger and me pig too!'

His worship, however, was saved the trouble of resorting to the law; for, just as Mr. Terence Mahoney had ended his speech, a watchman came in and reported that 'the pig was in the pound.' He had found the pig astray, early in the morning, in Long Acre; and had taken it to the Green Yard.

This announcement put an end to the matter; for his worship ordered that Mr. Parkins should release the impounded pig, by paying the Green Yard fees; and so Mr. Terence Mahoney got his pig again, very little the worse for wear;—though, in all probability, it was not long before he lost his lodger, Mrs. Aurelia Dobbs Pipkinson, by her becoming Mrs. Launcelot Parkins.

AN ABLE WITNESS.

One who shall speak more in two minutes than you shall understand in ten. *Old Play.*

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were charged with an assault and battery on the person of Mr. Samuel Ivory.

Mr. Ivory, being a man of few words, deposed generally that he had been grievously battered and bruised by Mr. and Mrs. Jones; and then called a witness, one Mr. Humphrey Muggleton, who, being blessed with that faculty which the learned call 'the gift of the gab,' gave the magistrate the following account of the matter:

'May it please your worship,' said Mr. Humphrey Muggleton, 'as Mr. Ivory was a walking *promiscouslee* past the house of them here Joneses, they both rushed out upon him *simpletaneously* and put him down amongst the mud; whereby he gathered himself up and asked them what they did that for; and, as such, Mrs. Jones told him her husband should fight him for a sovereign; which this Mr. Ivory gave them no offence whatsomsoever; and with that this Mr. Jones began *licking* Mr. Ivory; and in consequence, with that, Mr. Ivory *parodied* his blows off, successfully considering; by which, when Mr. Jones was *exfugated* with loss of breath, Mrs. Jones laid down her little one, and proclaimed "Let *me* have a slap at him;" and, as such, she did—right and left, without so much as by your leave, Mr. Ivory!'

The magistrate asked Mr. Humphrey Muggleton what offence Mr. Ivory had given to the Jones's, to induce them to use him so ill.

'None in the universe, sir,' replied Mr. Humphrey Muggleton; 'only he, in the heat of anger, called Mrs. Jones a ——; in short, he used a *probious epitaph!*'

It appeared, however, by the defence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, supported by divers witnesses of theirs, that the '*epitaph*' was not the only offence Mr. *Ivory* had given them—he having, on a former day, taken the liberty of cracking one of Mr. Jones's *ivories* with a certain instrument called a quart pot; and therefore his worship directed that Mr. Ivory should be non-suited.

LABOUR AND LIBERALITY.

LABOUR AND LIBERALITY.

Och! fait, never mind the weight of it, yer honour;—I'll step along under it, beautiful! *Milesian Matron.*

Mrs. Kathleen Murphy, a short porter-ess of long standing in Covent Garden Market, and as civil a one as ever bobb'd curt'sy to the tune of 'Did yer honour want a basket woman this blessed morning?' was charged, by one Mr. Bogsby, with *mobbing* his house, *disparaging* his character, and *battering* in one of the pannels of his front door.

Mr. Bogsby is a gentleman who has only one leg left, and that is the right; the office of the left (which, in fact, was not left, but taken away) being at this time performed by an oaken deputy. Independently of this dissimilarity of leg, Mr. Bogsby is an elderly gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and pretty considerable munificence—as the sequel will abundantly show.

He had engaged Mrs. Murphy to carry certain vegetables, which he had purchased in Covent Garden, to his house at Battle Bridge, for which trifling service, when completed, he tendered her no less a sum than fourpence of good and lawful money;—that being one penny more than he had been used to pay; but Mrs. Murphy, being a woman of unconscionable greed, tossed the fourpence in his face, raised a mob about his house, and finally battered

his door until she had completely battered in one of the panneals.

The magistrate said he thought the payment tendered was by no means commensurate with the service performed; but it did not follow that his property was therefore to be destroyed; and he asked Mrs. Murphy what she had to say in reply to this charge of mobbing, disparaging, and battering, preferred against her by Mr. Bogsby.

'Och fait! he is'na worth talking about,' said Mrs. Murphy, folding her arms across her apron strings, and turning her back upon tall Mr. Bogsby—'Divel burn him! he's'na worth talking about at all.'

'But we must talk about him Mrs. Murphy,' said his worship, 'and therefore I advise you to make the best defence you can.'

'Well, then,' said Mrs. Murphy, 'Are you a basket woman?' shys he to me. "Yes," says I, "sure him, anthere's my basket to the proof of that," says I. "You know Gray's Inn Lane?" says he. "Ay, fait do I well enough," says I. "Then come along with me," says he. So he put *praturs* into my basket, and he put *turdipe* into it, and *carrits*, and divel knows what he put into it; but it was heavy enough to crush the ould dirtelshecall clain deep into the ground it was; and he went stumping afore me with his wooden leg till we comed all the way to Battle Bridge—two miles and a half, and myself like to drop with the load, cracking my neck and flattening my head like a halfpenny muffin; and when we comed there

—of! Here's *fourpence* for ye!" said he. Och! by th' powers! but I could ha' put the fourpence into the guts of him for me;—and three childer at home to be fed and feeded for!'

The magistrate told her if she was not satisfied with what he offered her, she should have sued him in the Court of Requests for a more reasonable remuneration; and not have battered his door to pieces.

'Wouldn't I have my *row* for my money?' cried Mrs. Murphy.—'Och, fait, but I would though, and I'd *row* him again when I get out of this!'

Mr. Bogsby assured his worship that he had never before paid more than *three* pence for the same journey! He therefore thought he had offered *very handsomely*; and he declared he should consider his life in danger if Mrs. Murphy was suffered to go at large.

His worship would willingly have persuaded the indignant Mrs. Murphy to compromise the matter in some way, but she persisted in declaring she would have her *row* for her money; and therefore she was ordered into custody until she should pay for the broken door, and find sureties for her more peaceable behaviour in future, both which she did without delay; and she was then permitted to return to her labour in *the Garden*.—'Did yer honour want a basket woman this blessed morning?'—if you did, you could not employ one more able and willing than Mrs. Kathleen Murphy.

MR. BALL.

Shakspeare.

Mr. Thomas Ball, a small young man in a little round coloured surtout, was brought up from Strand Lane Watch House, charged with having wantonly demolished one black willow bonnet, the property of Martha Grig, spinster; and Messrs. Henry Potter and John Brown, a couple of rather genteel-looking youths, were charged with aiding and abetting him therein.

Miss Martha Grig is a lady who gets her living by lovers, as *Miss Harriette Wilson* once did, only upon a more humble plan; and she deposed, that as she was promenading in the Strand at two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Ball and his companions obtruded their company upon her, contrary to her inclinations; they being, she said, '*too far frustrated in liquor* for any lady's society;' and because she civilly desired them to keep themselves to themselves, Mr. Ball jumped up at her bonnet, and tore it all to tatters. In proof of this statement she produced the said *tatters*, and called upon the magistrate for redress; assuring him, upon her *honour*, that she did not give the gentlemen 'the slightest *provocation* in the *universe*.'

Messrs. Potter and Brown very modestly declined saying any thing in their defence; indeed there was no great occasion for any, for nothing particular was laid to their charge, but it was far otherwise with little Mr. Ball.

Though his body was little, he knew how to make the most of it, as little folks generally do. With one hand stuck manfully in his breeches pocket, and the other arm a-kimbo, he listened to Miss Grig's complaint with a contemptuous curl of his nether lip; and as soon as she had done speaking, he boldly ejaculated—'*Pish!*'

'What are you, sir?' said the magistrate, addressing himself to Mr. Ball; and it instantly became manifest that nine hours repose in the watch-house had not completely sobered Mr. Ball; for he only twinkled his eyes in reply.

'What are you, sir?' repeated the magistrate, in a louder tone; but it was of no use;—a small hiccup, and another twinkle, was the only answer he received.

'The magistrate wishes to know what you are?' said one of the officers—gently shaking Mr. Ball by his *kimbo* arm, with a view to rouse his slumbering faculties, and it did; for Mr. Ball immediately replied—'A bookseller—I am a bookseller.'

'An *apprentice* to a bookseller?' said the magistrate.

'No, sir,—not an apprentice,' replied Mr. Ball, rising a little upon his toes.

'What then, a *master*?' said the magistrate.

'No, sir,—not a master,' replied Mr. Ball, letting himself down to his ordinary level.

'Then you are a *journeyman*, perhaps?' said the magistrate.

'Yes, sir—I'm what is called a journeyman bookseller,' replied Mr. Ball, again rising on his toes.

though he felt himself fully equal to any master in Christendom.

'And pray, sir,' said the magistrate, 'what can you say in excuse for having assaulted this young woman? Don't you think it was a very foul display of your manhood?'

'A mistake, sir—that is I—' replied Mr. Ball, 'I—that is to say—these two gentlemen and *myself*; we had been stepping together, and of course we were on our front flicks through the Strand, when we met this lady, and I very civilly asked her to take a pinch of snuff; for which she kicked my—that is, she kicked the hinder part of my dress, and of course I retaliated the insult as well as I could.'

'Let the journeyman bookseller find bail, and the others be discharged,' said his worship; and thereupon Messrs. Potter and Brown made their bows and withdrew; and Mr. Ball was locked up to wait for bail; and Miss Martha Grig gathered up the tatters of her black willow, and departed despondingly, she having calculated on a *neat honour*.

A SUDDEN WHIM.

I'll ride thee, like a mare o' th' night!

Mr. Nicholas Griggs, a spruce young fellow in a tuffcoat, and new jockey-boots, was charged with having *ridden a watchman*, without the consent of the said watchman being first duly had and obtained.

'Your worship,' said the watchman, 'I had just

doing calling the hour of twelve o'clock last night, this here little scamp——'

'Scamp!—who do *you* call a scamp?' demanded Mr. Nicholas Griggs.

'Why, I calls *you* a scamp,' replied the watchman—'for there's nothing of a gentleman about you—but your jacket and boots; and I've seen as good upon a *groom*, many a time.'

'Well, go on, fellow,' said Mr. Nicholas Griggs.

'Go on! ay, I shall go on—without asking your leave, you may depend upon it;' rejoined the indignant guardian of the sleeping public; and then he went on—'As I had just done calling the hour, your worship, and was rising me up from tying my shoe-string, this little scamp jumps upon my back; and without saying *by your leave*, or with your leave, or any thing of the sort, he takes and rides me more than twenty yards before I could shake him off. "*Ya-hip!* go along sprightly, my charley lad!" says he; and he kept gripping me with his knees, and kicking me with his heels, and whisking me behind with his little ash-plant; and "*Ya-hip!*" says he—"go along sprightly, charley lad!" says he.'

'The more fool you to suffer him!' observed his worship.

'Why, your worship, he took me at a *non-plush*, as it were, else I'd ha' seen him hanged afore he should ha' rode me; but ride me he did—more than twenty yards, just like a *monkey* riding a *bear*, as I may say.'

'A very just comparison, no doubt,' said his worship; 'and what have you to say in excuse for your foolery, sir?'

'Pon my honour, I've nothing at all to say!' replied Mr. Nicholas Griggs—'I might have ridden him—or I might not;—if I did, it must have been from a *sudden whim*, taking me in the head, I presume; but I know I was rattled off to the watch-house in a very ungentlemanly way.'

'Very likely,' rejoined the magistrate; 'and now you will either put in bail for your appearance to answer the watchman's complaint at the Sessions, or satisfy him for his trouble. Having had your ride, it is but fair that you should pay for it.'

The parties withdrew, and Mr. Nicholas Griggs was allowed to back out of his predicament by paying the watchman a sovereign. So that his ride cost him exactly a shilling a yard.

A SHARP, A FLAT, AND A NATURAL.

If the springe hold, the cock's mine.
Autolycus.

A PALE-FACED little man in a sailor's dress, calling himself John Williams, was brought in by one of the messengers from the Navy Pay Office, in Somerset House, charged with having defrauded Daniel Jenkins and Michael Slattery.

Daniel Jenkins is a tailor, and keeps a little shop for the sale of read ymade apparel. One morning, this John Williams went into his shop and talked very largely about his having been out six years on voyages of discovery, of his having two hundred and seventy pounds due to him at Somerset House, for wages, and of his wanting an outfit of coats, waistcoats, jackets and trousers, fit for a person just coming in to such a pretty property. The tailor bowed, rubbed his hands, and said he should be happy to serve him, and he might depend upon it he would serve him as well as any tailor in the trade. 'Good,' said John Williams; 'but I have no money in my pocket just now, for, when I went to Somerset House, they told me I must leave my papers to be examined, and call again for the two hundred and seventy pounds. By-the-by, I should like to get some decent tradesman like you to go with me and see that its all right, and help me to put two hundred pounds of it in the Bank—for I think the odd seventy pounds will be enough to keep for my

own private use at present;—don't you think so?' The tailor bowed, and said he thought seventy pounds a very handsome pocket supply for immediate use. 'Good,' said John Williams again;—'and, as I have no money, I am like to go without breakfast unless you ask me to have a bit.' The tailor bowed the third time, told him he was kindly welcome, measured his outside for the coats and things, filled his inside with bohea and hot rolls, and then they both sallied forth to Somerset House for the two hundred and seventy pounds wages, as jolly and comfortable as possible—at least, the tailor was quite comfortable, not having the least idea but John Williams was an honest man and a good sailor, and would be a capital customer. As they went along, John Williams told the tailor some fine tough stories about his discovery voyages; he spoke of the icebergs, and icicles as big as scaffold poles; of he and she Esquimaux huddling together for six long months in snow feather-beds by the light of their own grease; and he spoke of many other northern matters, all of which appeared very wonderful to the tailor.

Arrived at Somerset House, John Williams told the tailor to wait at the door of the Navy Pay Office whilst he went in to see if his wages were ready. The tailor waited as he was desired; and, in a minute or two, John Williams came out again and said to him—'There are fifteen shillings to pay for d—d stamps before I can get the *blunt*!—Can you lend me as much?' The tailor replied that he had not such a thing as fifteen shillings

about him—but he had eleven, which he might have. 'Hand it over,' said John Williams, 'and I'll get them to make shift with that.' The tailor did hand over his eleven shillings, though his heart sadly misgave him; and John Williams walked back into the Pay Office; but in the next moment he was walked out again by one of the cock'd-hatted, scarlet-coated porters of the place, and, as he passed by the wondering tailor, he handed back his eleven shillings to him, saying,—'Here; I reckon I shan't want it now.'

It seems John Williams had no claim at all upon the Navy Pay Office, though he had frequently brought people there to pay for his stamps, and had afterwards given them the slip, leaving the payers to complain to the porters of the trick he had served them; and so, when he appeared on the present occasion, they took him into custody, and brought him before the magistrate.

The other person who now appeared to complain against him was an honest Irishman—one Michael Slattery, who gets a little bit of a living by selling a trifle of fruit in the streets. John Williams went to lodge in the same house in which Michael Slattery lived; and fine tales about his two hundred and seventy pounds wages, and the North Pole, and the frosty savages, and the brandy, and the blubber, and the short allowance *backey*, did he tell to the landlady of that house; and he asked her to lend him ten shillings to pay for his stamps, but she couldn't. 'And one morning,' continued honest Michael, 'he says to me,

"*Mike*," says he, "I want ye to go down to Somerset House with me," says he. "Do ye," says I; "well, I will go with ye," says I, and I did sure enough; and going along, "*Mike*," says he to me again, "can't ye be after taking that smock off ye, to look a bit genteeler?"—"Sure I can," says I, and I tuck it off me back at that time, and rolled it up under me arm quite dacent; and when we comed to Somerset House, "*Mike*," says he to me again, says he, "ye haven't five shillings in yer pocket for me," says he, "till I get me two hundred and seventy pounds," says he. "No, I haven't," says I, "but I've four and fippence." "Well," says he, "that will do for me."—"But what shall I do for meself," says I, "if ye don't get the wages?" says I. "Oh, never mind," says he, "if there's little to-day there'll be plenty to-morrow," says he:' and, to cut short a long story, honest *Mike* lent him the 'four and fippence,' and the rogue left him in the lurch, by going in at one entrance of the Navy Pay Office and out at another.

The magistrate sent for one of the clerks from the Navy Office, who deposed that the prisoner had no claim whatever. The prisoner himself admitted that he had not; and the magistrate committed him for trial on both charges; at the same time recommending that, as the persons defrauded were both of them poor men, the Navy Office should pay the expences of the prosecution; but whether this recommendation was attended to, or not, this deponent knoweth not.

FLYING DUSTMEN.

FLYING DUSTMEN.

> The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
> When through the street a cloud of ashes flies.
>
> *Gay.*

If thou art a Londoner, gentle reader, thou well knowest what a *dustman* is; but if, peradventure, thou art a dweller in the provinces, and thy business or pleasure never led thee to sojourn in that wilderness of human nests which extendeth from Brentford, in Middlesex, unto Stratford-le-Bow, in Essex, and from Camberwell, in Surrey, even unto merry Islington, it is more than probable that thou knowest nothing about the matter; and therefore I will endeavour to inform thee, in order that thou may'st fully comprehend the dusty demerits of the subjoined case—should'st thou think proper to read it. If, on the contrary, thou deem'st it derogatory to thy dignity to read of dust and dustmen, why, shut the book and go thy way—but remember, that thou thyself art dust, and unto dust shalt thou return;—indeed, as all *men* are *dust*, thou art thyself, in some sort, a *dust-man;* and the very dust of which thy particular manhood is compounded, may, as the Lord Hamlet saith, be found some day or other stopping the bung-hole of a beer-barrel!—But go

thy way, with thy dignified dust, for the present, whilst I pursue my dusty record in peace.

Dust is of divers kinds. In London the term *dust* is understood to signify the ashes—not of the *great*, but of the *grate*;—that is to say, *coal*-ashes. Dust-*men* are two legged animals who go about with horse and cart, or with horses and carts, to carry away this dust from the houses of the inhabitants; and these dustmen are divided into two kinds—legitimate and illegitimate. The *legitimate* dustmen are those who collect it for the contractors —persons who, under the authority of a special Act of Parliament, contract with their high mightinesses the parochial authorities for the dust of their respective parishes; and give, in some instances, more than a thousand pounds *per annum* for the dust of a single parish. The *illegitimate* dustmen are those who collect the dust for their own particular benefit; and thereby defraud the contractors. Your legitimate dustman is tintinnabulary; slow in his movements; careless and somewhat saucy in his demeanour—like most other official personages: the illegitimate is silent, obsequious, viligant, and nimble; hence those of his species are denominated *flying* dustmen; and so active are they, that though Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, in his care for the cleanliness of this metropolis, procured the enacting of a Statute subjecting them to a penalty of ten pounds, or three month's imprisonment, for every offence; yet the contractors find

it necessary to keep a number of *inspectors* constantly prowling about the streets as a check upon their dusty depredations.

A brace of these flying dustmen, calling themselves Job Groutage and Bill Sylps, were brought before the magistrate charged by the lawful inspector of a dust-contractor with having unlawfully abstracted the dust from the dust-hole of a gentleman's house, in one of the parishes north of Oxford Street:—

'We catch'd 'em in the very fact! your worship,' said Mr. Inspector—'in the very *indentical* fact! There were Job Groutage—like an old rogue as he is—*shommocking* off with a three-bushel sack full of dust up a top of him; and young Bill Sylps larrupping away at the *daunkey* with a cart full; so that they'd ha' got clean off, only we was a morsel too quick for 'em; and I grabb'd Groutage myself. But, od rot 'em and fetch 'em!—there's no end to 'em. They be flying about here and there and everywhere—always upon the wing, just like so many swallows—with a shovel in one hand and a sack in the other!'

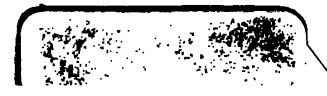
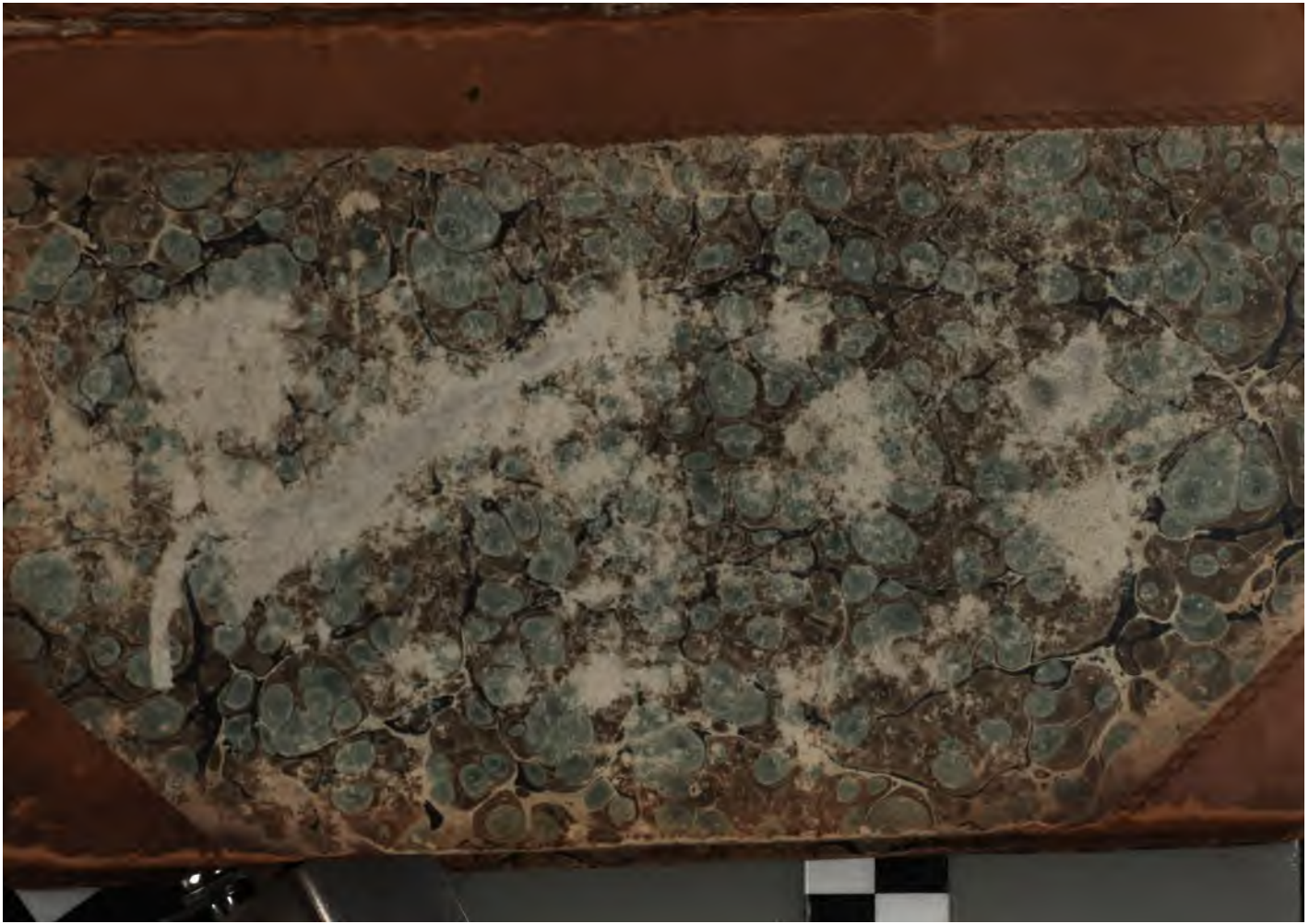
'Well, Mr. Groutage, what have you to say?' asked his worship.

'Why, sir,' replied Mr. Groutage, 'I've this here to say—it's nation hard as an honest fellow, with a wife and seven young uns, can't pick up a trifle o' dust for their bread without being pulled for it a thisn's!'

Mr. Bill Sylps said nothing; and they were both

convicted, under Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor's Act, in the full penalty of ten pounds each. These sums they were utterly unable to pay, and therefore they were sentenced to three months' labour upon the treadmill; at the end of which time they very naturally returned to their dust.

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow these and come to dust!

THE END.

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